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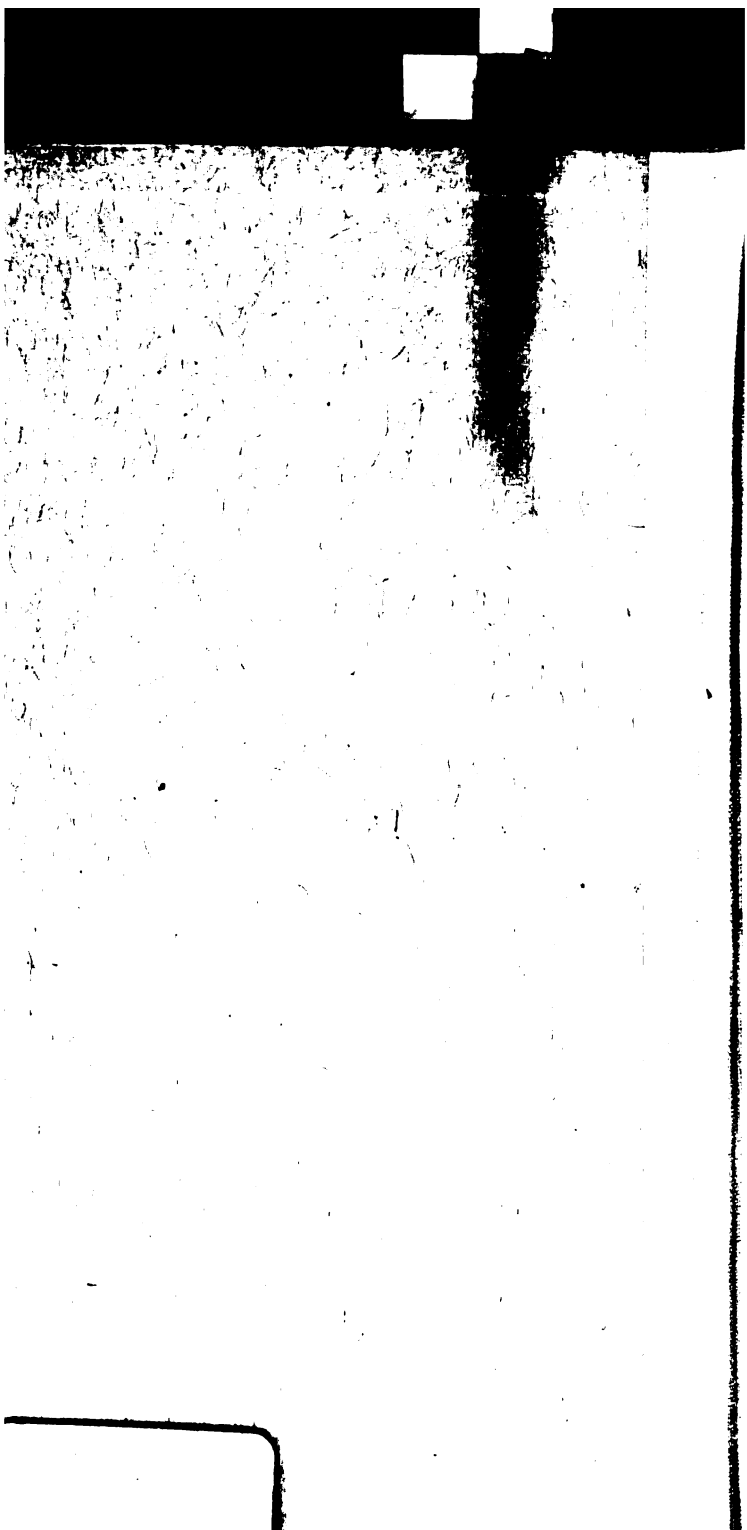
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YESTERDAY IN IRELAND.

BY THE
AUTHOR OF "TO-DAY IN IRELAND."

CORRAMAHON.

THE NORTHERNS OF 1798.

Crowe, Ernie

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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CORRAMAHON.

CHAPTER I.

“Near that famed place where slender wits resort,
And gay Pulvillio keeps his scented court ;
Where exiled wit ne’er shows its hated face,
But happier nonsense fills the thoughtless place ;
Where sucking beans, our future hopes, are bred,
The sharpening gamester, and the bully red,
O’erstock’d with fame, but indigent of bread.”

POEM ATTRIBUTED TO SWIFT.

It was in the year seventeen hundred and thirteen, or, that we may not be too precise, it was not long subsequent to the conclusion of the Peace of Utrecht, moreover November, moreover a day as dismal as that month generally affords to the inhabitants of Dublin, that a gentleman entered one of the most fashionable houses of resort in that metropolis, alluded to by Swift in the above lines, and well-known to him and his contemporaries under the name of Lucas's Coffee-house. The personage wore an air evidently foreign, although this was evinced more by the elegance and scrupulous nicety of his dress and appearance, than by its differing materially from that of the fashionable crowd with which he now mingled. His stock, his ample capeless coat, embroidered waistcoat, and, above all, his peruque, frizzled and parted into two towering summits, form a garb, with which Kneller's canvass has rendered every reader too familiar to allow here any indulgence in its description. This full dress, more strongly denoted by a hat, that, even in traversing several streets of the metropolis upon a November day, had never been protected from its station beneath the arm to cover for a mo-

ment the head for which it was nominally destined, was somewhat in contrast with the less courtly costume of the sparks around. The quick eye of the stranger soon caught this over-precision and elegance in his dress. He seemed particularly anxious not to attract attention ; and his hat was immediately, and for the first time, placed and pressed upon his lofty friz, thus reducing it to the less aspiring standard of the Hibernian mode. His countenance, to complete his picture, was hearty, open, Irish, with a certain air and a premature bronzing about it, from which he might safely be pronounced a soldier, who had seen more service than his years warranted.

The free and easy manners of that day, still savouring of the times of the merry Charles, rendered a coffee-house or other place of public entertainment, a kind of free or neutral port, where strangers laid aside at once the hostility of etiquette, and met on terms of friendship and good will—a state of society very different from that which exists in our days, when not to know a man seems tantamount to despising him, and when persons look upon the honour of their acquaintance in some such light as maidens do that of their chastity, guarding it with a prudery all as scrupulous and strict. The better bred, nay, even the butterfly fops of those days, such as we find depicted in Wycherley and Farquhar, did not esteem their gentility so perishable as, like the hues of an insect's wing, to be brushed away by the slightest contact. The town, a term synonymous with society, was open to all, whether men of fashion or intruders : and the former felt no fear of being confounded in the vulgar crowd, secure of distinction in the inimitability of their lounge, dress, air, and oaths. In our days, if fashionable writers are to be believed, there exists a similar free-masonry of fashion, and the secrets of the "gentle craft" are, it is vaunted, "a marvel and a mystery" to the uninitiated. Perhaps so : but certes, —those *invisible fences* must be found sadly inefficient, since they impart no more ease to external and mixed life, and since, even with their aids, we stand in need of the closer protection of our grim looks of mutual defiance.

Be this as it may, it was no insult in the year of our narration to wish a stranger good-morrow, or even to enter at once upon the discussion of the topic of the day with him. Our veteran was scarcely seated, and had just glanced his

eye over a number of *Pue's Occurrences*, a famous Tory gazette of those days, when he was accosted by a young spark, who, after an introductory pinch of snuff offered and accepted, commenced the conversation with, "Ha!" at the same time fillipping the little journal, "what is old Pue at this morning?" Hammering the Tories on the old score, I suppose—their disbanding the veterans of Blenheim, and turning so many captains loose to half-pay and other men's wives."

"It is a general complaint, Sir, especially among us military, in these times of peace."

"And are you too one of them, old boy? Though, I take it, you never left your colours on this side of the strait."

The dandyism of that day, as of many since, though not exactly of the present one, consisted chiefly in an impertinent address; and presuming on the mild tone and courtly manner of the veteran, the young spark was sounding his way to downright rudeness, that he might enhance his modishness before the crowd of a fashionable coffee-house. The term "old boy," however, and the whole demeanour of his new acquaintance, somewhat discomposed the soldier's grave and foreign courtesy.

"What news from the *Grand Monarque*?" continued the youth. "How many Te Deums hath Lewis sung in honour of the Tories, for having left him his kingdom?"

"*Morbleu*, Sir!" replied the stranger, whose ideas of urbanity, formed in another latitude, allowed him to carry his forbearance no farther, "a young gentleman gifted as thou art, so as to be able to divine at once the movements of a stranger, need ask tidings of no other than his own impertinence."

As a flush arose to the young spark's cheek, his hand wandered in search of the hilt of his sword, but with a movement sufficiently tardy to permit of timely interference on the part of a companion.

"Nay, no brawl, Garret; you forget what is due to a foreigner."

"Odso, do I, comrade!" rejoined the first. "Know I not the Popery Act, and the proclamation against foreign priests and Jesuits? What wager you, that there doth not lie a black tonsure beneath that French perriwig?"

"Then is it in old Ireland I am!" exclaimed the wearer of the perriwig, as much astonished as provoked: "I thought I held a trifling recollection of the little island. But if this be the way in which a stranger is treated on his landing, I have done with it; I renounce it."

Master Garret's suspicion of the senior's being a Jesuit in disguise had escaped neither the ears nor the apprehensions of the rest of the company of the Coffee-house. And as, with the majority of the citizens of the Metropolis, the greater part of those present were Orange and No Popery men, the suspicion was greedily entertained by all around. The foreign garb, tone, and exclamation of the new comer, favoured the idea; and this was not removed by his having sunk in his last sentence into a broad Irish accentuation; a change that was looked on as a fresh artifice to escape detection.

"Come, Father Make-Shift, this will not do," continued the youth, urged on by the passive astonishment of the supposed Jesuit. "Despite your brogue and your black stock, you must to the Castle, where we shall rip from you, I warrant, the last rescript of the Pope."

Many rose at the moment to second the menace, and approve the zeal of its utterer.

"Gentlemen! an' ye will," exclaimed the accused coolly, "I will with ye to the chateau yonder. Though it is the first time, I trow, that Roger O'Mahon was taken for a Jesuit. Only one request I make, which is, to permit me to disprove my being an ecclesiastic on the body of this whipster that confronts me."

The hate of a Jesuit was great among the honest Hibernians; but the love of witnessing a combat was still greater.

"Well offered!—fair play!" cried many voices, "give the Frenchman fair play."

The soldier drew his sword under the sufferance of the company; while his accuser and antagonist, strange to say, displayed no such readiness. Even when at length he did draw his rapier, he blushed and hung down his head before the presence of his senior.

"How now, Garret," cried his companion, "what is this? You, the boldest of our rakes and mohawks, where is your courage fled?"

"It is gone at the sound of that name."

"Nay then, Sir, our acquaintance closes here."

"Hear me," cried the youth; and he whispered his friend, "by the crossed-grained stars, it is mine uncle."

"His uncle, quotha!" muttered the personage, as he abandoned his abashed and confused *friend*. "Then shall the old *put* serve my turn better than the young blood." And he stood, as he had done speaking, at the stranger's side; received his coat which the soldier had stripped off for the rencontre, and stood his second and supporter in the midst of rather a hostile crowd of witnesses.

"This is not to be borne!" cried the youth, whom we have hitherto called Garret, attributing the desertion of his companion to his own seeming lack of courage; "one blow may rid me of a world of trouble, perhaps of my worst enemy." So reflecting, he raised his point, and made no weak nor unscientific lunge at his antagonist. The old soldier, however, was too well acquainted with his weapon, and in a few passes, the sword of the young bully was flung from his grasp, and his life at the mercy of the victor.

"Am I a Jesuit now, you dog?" was the pæan of the latter.

"A hand skilled to homicide is no disproof of your belonging to that fraternity," sullenly replied the discomfited youth, while one or two voices in the crowd still announced their adhesion to the accuser.

"Nay then, if you will see the priest's tonsure, there it is," cried the senior, taking off his peruke, and displaying a scalp bald enough; and moreover, indented with a huge furrow, which the sabre of an enemy had manifestly cloven. "I bear marks of the masses I have said, and many a saint hath uttered less worthy ones."

"Where got you that piece of martyrdom, old saint?" asked one of the suspicious.

"In Flanders, Sir Orange, from a big-breeched follower of thy saint William's. 'Twas the last blow Mynheer ever struck, I promise you."

"Hear the attainted rebel vauntingly confess himself. Look to him, all true men!" cried a voice, and, despite of a partial feeling excited in the stranger's favour by his gallantry and good humour, there was a manifest wish and movement in the assembly to detain him. He himself seemed

passive, and, what tended to disarm the fury of the suspicious, ready to submit himself to legal arrest or examination.

In the moment of hesitation, he who was first introduced as the companion of Garret, the discomfited youth, and who had deserted him, in order, from seeming generosity, to act second to his foe, stepped forth.

"Gentlemen," said he, "it is either law or custom, that a person should not be twice tried for the same offence; and as we have already allowed the stranger that by battle, in which he has cleared himself fully and magnanimously, what would you more? Jesuits are given, as we all know, to poniards and poison; but seldom get their skulls cracked on the field of battle."

"Ay, but he is worse than a Jesuit, an avowed Jacobite. And we are the Williamites to——"

"Fair Sir," said the veteran, "instead of, as you propose, attacking an old soldier in the rear, I pray you do me the honour of placing yourself in the position of that young gentleman who has just picked up his sword."

The Williamite addressed was, however, an honest cit, who offered to play about at quarter staff with the Jacobite, but would have nothing to say, as he vowed, to cold iron.

"Come, come, gentlemen," resumed the mediator, "it has been many an honest man's, and above all, an honest soldier's fate, to have fought on the wrong side. This soldier, and both soldier and Pat he is, I'll be sworn——"

"Without being forsworn, honest Englishman, if I may judge from your accent and your frankness," said the stranger, as he held forth his hand.

"Had the ill luck to have been born a Jacobite."

"Some trifle of that sort of luck, on my faith."

"And the hard fate to have been driven abroad, to serve a foreign monarch for honour and for bread."

"There you have it again."

"Ay, a *wild goose*, I warrant you," remarked one in the crowd, such being the name given to those who had emigrated after the capitulation of Limerick, and to convey whom to the continent in British ships was one of the terms of that capitulation.

"But hold you, my good spokesman, ere you speak more

"I am not given to potations," said O'Mahon, "especially of late; but as both friend and foe, I can't refuse your challenge."

"What shall we have, tent or canary?"*

"No Spanish drugs for me. I am for vulgar claret."

"I am afraid," said Major Willomer, who piqued himself on being a *roué*, a beau, and a *bon vivant* of the first class; "that we shall not here have choice of the *trois cotés* of St. Evremont, which, no doubt, the *petits soupers* of Paris have rendered you a connoisseur in."

"I cannot say that I ever heard of them," replied O'Mahon, to the astonishment of his companion, who was not aware, that wines, like prophets, are least honoured or attended to in their own countries. Major Willomer had gathered his information from the perusal of the fashionable French writer whom he named. The *chef de brigade*, O'Mahon, had frequented the living society of the French metropolis, and gathered none.

The veteran was deaf to all modish and dandy topics. Willomer therefore recurred to Flanders, in the interminable campaigns of which war-beloved land, *Chef* O'Mahon found a theme so sweet to dwell and to dilate on, that two bottles of the vulgar claret had disappeared in time, if not short, unnoted.

"Shall we discomfit any more of these Frenchmen?" asked the Major, causing the empty bottle to tinkle with his nail.

"Rather let us beat a retreat in good order. Let's see: it is now twenty years since I trod the Green Isle; what has it been about, all this time? What is its progress?"

* It may not be uninteresting to Hibernian *bon vivans*, to learn the comparative prices, and consequently estimates of wines a century and a quarter back.

By an order of the Lords Justices Berkeley and Galloway, issued in the year 1700, for fixing the prices at which wine should be retailed in Dublin, the following appears:—

	s.	d.
White Wine, per quart	1	2
Claret	1	2
Canary	2	0
Sherry	1	8
Portugal and Spanish, except Tent	1	2
Tent	2	5
Rhenish	1	4

"The crab's march, I opine; retrograde and crawling——"

"And trodden on. But, I pray you, no more of such similes.—Let us talk of the humanities, as our chaplain used to say, whenever a topic of politics or religion stirred our mess-board. So I say: talk we of the humanities,—the polite arts,—we may judge a country's progress on no better grounds. I came from the land of Despreaux and Racine—whom find I here to match them?"

"A legion—not to stir from this, your island: there's Tory Swift, just made the Dean of your Saint's Cathedral, and Steele, and comrade Farquhar, who hath oft shared my tent in Flanders."

"And yet, I warrant, ye had not a *corps dramatique* and comedies, to relieve the tedious interval between siege and battle in that country."

"No, i' faith: Dutch wenches, greasy cards, and nine pins, formed the *materiel* of our intellectual amusements. And yet I doubt if we should have exchanged Farquhar's convivial face and jest o'er a flagon of Rhenish, for all the ambulatory court stage and magnificence of Louis." The wine had restored to Major Willomer his frankness, and made him almost lose sight of his purpose to flatter and win the good graces of the veteran. Perhaps, however, in this he succeeded best, as he grew more natural and sincere, even though less obsequious. The artful as often gain their purpose in despite of their art, as by its aid.

"Well, well," said O'Mahon, not displeased at hearing the literary pre-eminence of his native country vindicated; "we must have one ready means of judging. The city that boasts a Viceroy, must surely possess a stage. What is the popular play of the time?"

"Gad's my life, what a question! Where have been your ears? Or, have you never read the Guardian nor e'en the Post-Boy?"

"Never."

"Tut, the enormity of your ignorance causes me to forget its excuse,—your expatriation. And yet is it possible, that even in France, in the capital of that Tory-loving and beloved Monarch, thou hast not heard of Addison's Cato?"

"A noble subject."

"Fore Gad, too, Booth is here: the Roscius of the day,

—*the Cato*—the play hath made his fortune, as well as Addison's. And the Whig citizens here are wild in running to witness and applaud the piece. It should be in the bills this night."

"Let us wander thither," said O'Mahon. "The theatre is my old kill-time. And I would fain witness a representation in the metropolis here, ere I betake myself to native Catherlogh."

"Such, then, is your destination," said Major Willomer. "Strange that it is mine own. Our regiment is quartered in Catherlogh. I have just returned from a month's visit to my friends in England, and purpose riding in a day or two to join my corps."

"Then we may jog thither amicably together, and fight a fresh battle in Flanders every mile."

During the latter part of this conversation, the two gentlemen had quitted the coffee-house, and, under the guidance of Willomer, they had taken their way up the street still called, and deservedly, George's Lane; after which continuing Aungier Street, in which the theatre of that day was situated, they found themselves in all the crowd and bustle of its approach.

Both were great, so very great as to impress Chef O'Mahon with a high opinion of town and company. The same observation awakened Major Willomer to a recollection of what his converse with the veteran had totally for a moment dispossessed him, viz. of the day's being the fourth of November, the anniversary of the birthday of King William.

"Cato we shall not see this night, my good friend," said the Major.

"And why?"

"'Tis one of the Orange festivals, the birthday of your old enemy, the Great Deliverer, as they here call him. We might have noticed his newly-erected or re-erected statue decorated for the nonce.* Orange and green will have a tussle. And the theatre is one of Paddy's favourite arenas for strife. Shall we enter?"

* Some time previous, as the Journals of the day inform us, the Statue of King William had met with one of those overthrows, to which, in its present situation, it is to be feared, it will be always liable. It was re-erected; and, by way of *pendant*, a ducking-stool was set up between Ormond and Essex-bridge, for the punishment of the said Statue's female enemies.

"But, yes, now that we have advanced so far. The expression of popular feeling, too, is somewhat new to one who has long inhabited o'ercourteous France, where it is against etiquette even to applaud. A theatrical riot will be a novelty to me."

"What play shall we have, though?" asked the veteran, as they entered.

"Rowe's Tamerlane is always the one upon these occasions. And if party run high at the time, Dr. Garth's Prologue is always added, by way of hot seasoning, or spice for the Papists."

O'Mahon showed some impatience; but such was the crowd, that it would have been impossible to recede. And Major Willomer and his friend accordingly occupied places, when they awaited the commencement of the piece.

The Dublin theatre of that day does not merit or require any accurate description at our hands. It may be supposed not to have rivalled in magnificence its successor of Crowstreet, which Kemble and Siddons trod, and on which the writer of this, in the enthusiasm of youth, and with delight since unequalled, has watched the developement from year to year of the matchless talents of O'Neill. The theatre in question, however, was garnished on this night with a theatre's best ornaments,—a crowded assemblage. And this appeared not only in pit, and box, and gallery, the still received places of an audience, but even the *proscenium*, (I beg pardon for the word,) or that portion of the stage which rests discovered before the curtain, was thickly occupied, according to the privilege of that day, by benches, on which sat the very *élite* of the beaus of the metropolis. In this they seemed to have occupied what might be truly called the post of honour, for it was one of peril. The said beaus, as the cockades of some, and the habiliments of others denoted, were Orange all; while those in the gallery were already beginning to display hostile sentiments by word of mouth, or by such significant emblems as copper Jacobuses, discharges of orange-peel, and masticated tobacco.

"Phipps" seemed the rallying word for that day of the Tory Irish faction. And such cries as "Phipps for ever!"—"little Constantine 's the lad!" burst at intervals from high, and proclaimed the rising vivacity of the gods. Their idol, like so many of his kind, since consigned to oblivion,—if, indeed, Curran's having made use of the name to cover

and convey his philippic against Lord Clare, do not rescue it from that gulf,—was Sir Constantine Phipps, who in that year was accused by the Irish House of Commons of an attempt to subvert by bribery the Whig majority in the Common Council of the metropolis. The circumstances are not sufficiently interesting to readers of the present day to be detailed. Suffice it, that at that period, although Swift compares the squabble to a game of cherry-stones, they caused the greatest excitement and disturbance in the capital, and that the conspiracy of the Jacobite Chancellor put the worthy Corporation of Dublin into so permanent a panic, that it seems not to have subsided to this day.

To give vent to feelings agitated by these things, was the chief incitement which drove the good people of Dublin to their theatre. Indeed, the audience of London itself in those days founded its critical judgments and delight as much on politics as upon taste. And "Cato" was not a little indebted to this for its immoderate success: the Whiggishness of the sentiment it was, more than the dramatic force of the piece, that outweighed all the cavils of Dennis. If theatrical taste was thus modified in London, in Dublin certainly it was, and might, more pardonably, be even more so; and it was less to enjoy the beauties of Rowe's poetry, than the aptness and force of its allusions, that such numbers flocked to the representation of Tamerlane.

The tumult somewhat subsided as the hour of commencement was at hand: it gave way to suspense. The performance of the play itself would not have discontented the Tories—they were prepared even to consider it as a triumph. The prologue was the aggravating point which the Williamites insisted on having, and which their antagonists were prepared to prevent.

In this state of things the curtain rose. No actor presented himself to speak the prologue; and the Prince of Tanais, one of the characters of the piece, made his appearance, and began—

"Hail to the Sun——"

His address to the celestial luminary went no farther, being cut short by the shouts and execrations of those in the pit, and on the sides of the stage. The gallery called aloud that he should proceed, but their battery of cries and missiles was too remote to protect him.

"Here is a scene," quoth O'Mahon, "that a few *musquetaires* would arrange à merveille."

"The remedy," replied Willomer, "seems not preferable to the disease."

"*Mais voyons, sacrebleu*!" exclaimed the Chef: "See, there is my young friend of the coffee-house—*qu'il est brave maintenant*."

The Prince of Tanais had in fact retired, leaving the stage clear for combatants more interested than he was, to struggle upon. The Williamite bloods immediately took possession; and one of them, who proved to be the lately discomfited antagonist of O'Mahon, with play in hand, began to recite forth to the audience the desired and detested prologue.*

There was, as may be supposed, not much of it audible. Willomer and O'Mahon, however, occupying seats near to the stage, caught its import. The latter recognised his master, Louis, as

"——The Turkish monarch crown'd,
Like spreading flame, deform'd the nations round."

And the exultant straining of the spokesman's voice rendered intelligible, in spite of the din, the following lines illustrative of the glorious Revolution of William, under the name of Tamerlane:—

"Some abject states for fear the tyrant join;
Others for gold their liberties resign,
And venal Princes sold their Right Divine.
Till Heaven, the growing evil to redress,
Sent Tamerlane to give the world a peace.
The Hero, roused, asserts the glorious cause,
And to the field the cheerful soldier draws:
Around, in crowds, his valiant leaders wait,
Anxious for glory and secure of fate,
Well pleased once more to venture on his side,
And prove that faith again, which had so oft been tried.
The peaceful fathers, who in senate meet,
Approve an enterprise, so just, so great;
While with their Prince's arms, their voice thus join'd,
Gains half the praise of having saved mankind."

The tumult was excessive, and the gods finding their lungs ineffective, were preparing to descend to close conflict, when a well-directed shot of some soft missile struck the bold spokesman even in the very organ of utterance, and instantly cut

* Some journals of that day assert, that it was Dudley Moore, Esquire, who performed this feat. The documents which afford the materials of this story, furnish it a different hero.

short his prologue. It was a day of evil omen for poor Garret O'Mahon, thus twice discomfited, and twice left friendless; for the shouts of triumphant laughter that burst from the gallery at his disaster, were echoed involuntarily by his very companions and partizans. Even zealous as they were for the glorious Revolution, a blow in the mouth, a stunning, and at the same time an innocent blow, was far too comic, and rendered the stricken person far too foolish to allow of the seriousness of the bystanders. Williamites and Jacobites all joined in a chorus of laughter. Party spirit was for the instant suspended at the expense of Garret, and the mortified and reluctant pacificator made his retreat in a humour of misanthropy, capable of impelling a man of more sensibility to verse or suicide.

France had been called a *monarchie absolue, temperée par des chansons*. This *regime* would seem admirably to suit Ireland, so striking is the affinity between the great and the little country; so mirth-loving and light-hearted are both, so fond of an epigram, that they are ready at any time to barter their liberty for it; and so enamoured of a jest, that even the fiercest resentment is instantaneously sacrificed to the laughter it creates. As, however, in order to render a nation capable of enjoying a jest, it would be requisite previously to give them food wherewithal to support the system, and such a trifle of education as might lift them a degree above the brutes—preliminaries which it seems not in the power, if in the contemplation, of the rulers of Ireland to impart to her—I fear she must yet remain what *she* is, *une monarchie constitutionnelle, temperée par des gendarmes*.*

I borrow the expression from Chef O'Mahon, who soon quitted the theatre, accompanied by his new friend. "Tamerlane" had proceeded—nay, every one said that peace was altogether restored—it was, however, such an uproarious kind of tranquillity, so very Irish a peace, that the French guardsman, his ears yet bearing in recollection the reverential stillness which reigned in the royal theatre at Versailles, commanded too as much by the majesty of Racine's verse, as by that of the Monarch's presence, had risen in disgust.

* The great and infallible *nostrum* of the magisterial Sangrados of Ireland for curing all ills in her body politic, is the *gendarmerie*. The word is naturalized Irish of the nineteenth century. Mr. Grant made a most honourable stand against this unconstitutional principle, for which those gentlemen called him Miss Grant.

The conversation between the new acquaintances, as they wended the same streets home which they had lately paced, turned on the national manners and fate of the Irish. Willomer, though a man of shrewdness, cared not a rush for any kingdom or party. It was evident, when arguing, that he was either mocking or cajoling; so ready was his assent, on so nice a shade of difference was his dissent founded. He put warmth at times, it was true, into his replies, but it was the mere warmth of paradox. His mind was elsewhere bent: it would be difficult to say on what. He was apathetic; and yet he adhered to his new companion, flattered and paid him that attention, which man may not with dignity render to man, except a considerable interval of age or rank separate one from the other. In this case there was not sufficient of either to warrant the one in paying any degree of deference to the other. But that this was produced more by design than respect, was evident from the forgetful and capricious manner in which the tone and deference were shaken off. The conduct and character of Major Willomer perplexed the honest Irish soldier, into whose breast suspicion was the last sentiment to enter. The commerce of conversation, however, becomes neither profitable nor fair, when zeal is bartered for paradox and trifling. Chef O'Mahon felt so, and, turning short, asked, "Who, pray, is the young man that had first the impudence to insult me, and the stock undiminished after his defeat, to commit the same impertinence towards an audience of his countrymen? You seemed at first to have known him, Major."

"Oh! a mere chocolate-house acquaintance. A stranger here, like yourself, I picked up the first puppy I could find for my diversion; 'twas an unfortunate selection, and, 'fore Gad! I had seen the man bold ere he met with you, and of a proper bearing."

"How was he named?"

"I forget," was the reply, after a pause. "To set the old fellow after the young," muttered Willomer to himself, "and have it end in a reconciliation, were to lose both stools; and one I absolutely want." He then continued aloud, "Strange! that I should so soon forget the cursed fellow's name."

"It matters not," replied the Chef; "only it struck me that I had heard you call him Garret."

"What a singular prelude to a beau's name! It is the

domicile, verily, of some few of the wits, my acquaintances; but as to their claiming to be Christians by such a title—”

“It is a good, and an old name of baptism,” said O’Mahon; “it sounds before mine own name in mine own family, if I be not mistaken.”

“That was, no doubt, what put it on your tongue,” said Willomer.

“*Parbleu!* and perhaps so,” was the remark of the unsuspecting soldier, as they parted.

CHAPTER II.

SOME days subsequent to the events just related, Chef O’Mahon and Major Willomer urged their horses in company towards Carlow. They had arranged not to pursue the direct road thither, but to take their course by the sea-coast southwards, which would lead them through the beautiful regions of Wicklow; whence, without much circuit, at least with not more than the scenery would well repay, they might regain their mutual point of destination.

Both men of information and travel, subjects of conversation were not lacking; neither was the will, nor the talent to discuss them. The first remark of either, however, to which I think proper to call the attention of the reader, was one of Chef O’Mahon’s, upon entering the then wild gorge, well known as the Glen of the Downs. Tamed, as the noble defile has been of late with roads and banqueting-houses, and ornamental cottages, the approach to it is still wild. One hundred and fourteen years since, it must indeed have been a scene of rude magnificence.

“Do the Rapparees haunt these regions?” said Chef O’Mahon.

“O’ my faith, I cannot answer,” replied Willomer; “the land is perfect *terra incognita* to me—and lovely it is, as ever that which Raleigh explored. It wanteth but a gold mine to be a perfect Eldorado.”

“That too it hath if tradition speak sooth. But I tell thee, comrade, the coined gold that clinks behind my saddle

interests me more than all the uncoined ore of Lagenia. Therefore spake I to you of these same Rapparees. Hear you aught of them?"

"They are extant, verily. Knaves, like kings, never die. It was but a few days since, I saw in the diurnals, that two Roman and Roman Catholic bishops, sent by your good friend, the Pope, to occupy episcopal seats in this *His* Holiness's kingdom of Ireland, had been landed at Kinsale, but were discovered, and handed over to the authorities of Cork, to be dealt with as the law ordains."

"Poor prelates! they will be reshipped for their pains, if indeed, they be not kept prisoners."

"What a notion you have of the law under which you have come to live!" said the Major. "The poor prelates will be hanged, that is, would be but—"

"Hanged!" said O'Mahon; "but finish me your *but*."

"But that the Rapparees have rescued them."

"And well done, in sooth, for a set of rascals who could have gained nought but blows and blessings for the feat."

"Hush!" said Willomer, "more circumspection here. There are more spies than Rapparees to be dreaded. And even if the latter manned this pass, are we not three mounted cavaliers?"—Major Willomer's domestic rode behind them.

"Mounted doubtless, but unarmed: I have not told you another adventure that befell me in Dublin, another delightful sample of the times. My pistols, mine old companions through all the wars in Flanders, which I valued as the last gift of a gallant friend, had rusted, grown out of order, during my long sea-voyage; I took them to an armourer's, a rogue dwelling nigh to the Castle—I should have suspected the vicinity—and he seemed more than ordinarily civil on perceiving their rich and foreign mounting. When I sought them of him again, however, the rogue was altered. He talked of his perils; of the proclamation; of his oath to deliver arms to none but sure men,—and in short, refused to return me my poor pair of pistols, unless I proceeded forthwith before a magistrate, to take in his presence the oaths of supremacy and allegiance. I grew wroth with reason, blustered, and, I believe, swore; the citizens declared his life in danger from a mad Jacobite, and an emissary of the French King, who had come with French pistols to assassinate him. A crowd collected, an Orange crowd; we had before encountered such a one. Parleying continued: and the

armourer verily did produce to me a list of some dozen of my Catholic countrymen, to whom alone arms were permitted. Some were permitted to carry pistols; others were highly favoured with the grant of carrying a fowling-piece; while to others by name were accorded the mere privilege of wearing a sword.* Methought, that at least was the right of every gentleman. But it was not mine, I found; my name was not in the list. I was astounded. The armourer stretched forth his grasping hand for my sword also; this very rapier by my side. Catinat had worn it."

"How did you rescue it from the Orange armourer?"

"His touch did not dishonour it. My patience, on seeing my sword in jeopardy, was not so exemplary as when it was denied me, being a Papist, the privilege of taking soup or coffee in peace. I drew the blade, struck mine armourer upon the teeth, to their discomfiture; and as I waved it to open a path before me, the Orange crowd acknowledged the virtue of the talisman, for they fled in all directions. I, soon hearing the gallop of horsemen from the Castle, followed their example, and sped, till I was ensconced in mine hotel."

"You should have informed me of this circumstance ere we left the metropolis. It may turn out to be of serious consequences."

"O' my faith, I was ashamed of my own and my country's degradation, and sought to forget it. Had Catholics but foreseen a tithe of these disgraceful oppressions, they would have defended the old walls of Limerick to this hour, or at least buried themselves, and their country's rights, with honour beneath the ruins."

"Now, patience," muttered Willomer to himself: "set an Irish Tory astride that same Treaty of Limerick, and there is no hope, while breath lasts, of his reigning in."

Willomer was right, for the diatribe which followed from the veteran was long; but it was animated and just.

"Ah! that treaty," observed the Major, meditating a reply, with which to extinguish the argument and so get rid of it; "that treaty of Limerick was a sad blunder of William's."

* March 23, 1700. A proclamation was issued, forbidding all Catholics to have arms, except 95, whose names are enumerated; of whom, five are allowed a sword only; eight, a sword and a pair of pistols; the rest, sword, pistols, and a gun. In the November previous, all licenses to carry arms granted to Papists, had been called in.—See the *Flying Post*, and other Journals of the time.

ow?" asked the veteran sharply.

That this Dutchman, after receiving a crown at the hands of the English, on the express condition of securing the nation, no sooner obtained it, than he forgot that command here in this kingdom, after two signal victories, a very way successful campaign, he conceded, simply for the pleasure of gathering laurels on his favourite field of battle, and of indulging his personal enmity to the French ; he conceded, I say, to the Catholics, those sworn enemies of English liberties and religion, more favourable terms than those who placed him on the throne would have given, were one blow had been struck."

Such terms were forced on him," said O'Mahon.

Forced on him ; not by the weakness of England, but by the necessity of the conquest it had begun, but by the necessity of the Prince of Orange was, or felt himself under, to retreat back from Ireland to Flanders."

"rejoined the veteran good-humouredly, "if ye wish to enjoy the advantages of having a Dutch Prince for a king, you must take the disadvantages along with them. The chief one, no doubt, is to be ever ready to defend the indefensible Holland."

"Moreover," continued Major Willomer, who was surprised from his apathy, and who permitted himself to say, once he perceived that frank sincerity and bluntness were to his old companion more than the obsequiousness of flattery on their first acquaintance thought it requisite to say, "William, or his depute, Ginkle, granted more favourable terms than he had either the right or the power to grant."

"William, or his depute, Ginkle, granted more favourable terms than he had either the right or the power to grant."

"*corbleu !* that's a depth of whiggism, beyond even opposition. Your kings, then, have not the power to make treaties?"

"They may make treaties with foreign powers, and even violate the prejudices of the constitution. But it belongs to the legislature alone to deal with subjects, to take away, or bestow privileges : and the legislatures, both of England and Ireland, have done right in retracting the concessions of a king, who exceeded the limits of his authority." "On my honour ! your executive and your legislature are guilty of shameful inventions for allowing you to do what you please, and to shake off the bonds of justice and obligation. The convention was worthy of Machiavel. But a word with

you : you allow your monarch, in kind consideration, the right to make treaties with foreign powers. Now we were a foreign power ; had neither right nor will to own a Dutchman for our king, in lieu of our own hereditary one ; and consequently, the articles granted by William guarantee us, and bind you."

" Foreign ! good comrade : cast your eyes upon a map, and confess that Ireland is geographically and irrevocably joined and appertaining to England."

" It is an island, with a wide channel around it ; and I know nought but love and good-will that can build bridges across arms of the ocean."

" Ye are *subjects* of her glorious Majesty Queen Anne," said the Major, smiling ; " and, what is more, of the House of Hanover, her successors."

The Chef's eyes shot fire.

" And whatever ye may please to consider yourselves, depend upon it, that a stronger than ye will consider ye as *subjects*."

" They do not so, Sir," replied O'Mahon, " neither do we. We are to England a *foreign* country, and a foe, kept down by an army of occupation—and such we will remain, a mutinous country, a gang of galley-slaves ; not repaying our master even the price of our chains, until the articles of the Treaty of Limerick, and the rights of humanity at once resume their force."

" Curse these political arguments," said Willomer, " they ever burst in to interfere with the most promising friendships."

" With no such effect in this case, comrade," said O'Mahon, sinking from his choleric tone. " On the contrary, supporter as you are of injustice, I am aware, or I think it possible, that it is from a love of abstract liberty, from an idea that our religion is hostile to the progress of man's happiness and reason ; and from true though mistaken philanthropy, that you thus abet the persecution, the degradation of a portion of your fellows ; therefore, I respect even your Machiavelism. But I tell you, such arguments and such principles were not made for the lovers of liberty—they will soon be discarded from the mouths and minds of the truly liberal—but, alas ! they will not die—they will be picked up and cherished by the narrow and the prejudiced, the fautors of despotism and bigotry, to whose souls they will be so

nt. And those penal and unjust laws ; those out-
 rich ye have raised to protect the citadel of freedom,
 in time occupied by her enemies, and turned against
 del for its own destruction."

have excused me," said Willomer, "better than I
 ve excused myself. But see, yonder is a little inn,
 d of this green o'ershaded vista. How can we be
 barians as to make this lovely scene resound with all
 on of London coffee-houses? Yonder is Newrath

there again," muttered forth O'Mahon. "Bar-
 ssociation come to disperse the charm of our love-
 ies?"

now?" said the Major.

ely, that while the English soldier is admiring the
 of this sequestered spot, his Irish companion is
 to recollect the hapless females that Coote hanged
 is bridge in forty-two. One of his victims was a
 woman; and he hanged her, as he said, lest she
 ive birth to one more wretched Papist."

those recollections, my good friend; all parties
 ir savages; to whom, be they living or dead, the
 nishment is to forget them."

late, and in the gloom of a winter's evening, that
 ellers reached Catherlogh, or Carlow. Major Wil-
 whose brother officers were expecting him, took
 his travelling companion with a warm shake of the
 d a promise that he would not fail to visit him at his
 house on the morrow, if possible——"

amahon," said the Chief; "but there is no peg
 English recollections, on which you could hang
 ame—however, it is nigh to the dwelling of one Sir
 —"

Christopher Burton's, of Palestine?" said the

same, I suppose," said O'Mahon drily; for that
 is one that he had learned early to hate.

Burton's a gay fellow, and an hospitable, as we of
 e's well know. And Carrymione I know right
 —I have been there, or thereabouts at least," said

ir.

e you—then *à revoir*," and the travellers parted.

O'Mahon felt relieved from the company of Willomer. Not but that he liked passing well the English soldier :— somewhat trifling, perhaps, he deemed him, and displaying a manifest lack of interest upon all points that should touch a generous and a thinking man. He was a man of fashion, a rake *blasé* in fine—and his apathy might, therefore, be accounted for, without attributing it to absolute cold-heartedness. An affectation of this kind too, was, as it is, often supposed to become the soldier ; and much of what in it displeased the more honest O'Mahon, might have been at first put on and worn, as is often the case with affectation, till it had grown habitual, and seemed a part of the character itself.

But however favourable his ideas might be to his new acquaintance, O'Mahon was glad to be allowed to approach alone the seat of his fathers, the place of his birth and of all his young recollections, the house which still held, or should hold, his only relatives, the only objects of a lone man's affections.

The darkness of night was abated, and rendered in a degree "visible," by the clear star-light, aided by one of the early frosts of winter. Chef O'Mahon spurred impatiently his jaded steed through one of the suburbs of Carlow, peering wistfully, as he passed, but in vain, to catch a glimpse of any of the objects that had been in his youth familiar to him. The river Barrow, and the ancient Castle, then, and until a very few years since, one of the noblest ruins in Ireland, he could not have failed to recognise, even through the gloom, but that they were on the side of the town farthest removed from the Dublin road, and consequently out of all reach of his vision.

Without entering the town itself, the traveller struck into another road, which led from it northward, parallel with the course of the Barrow, though against its stream ; and after a smart trot of a couple of miles, he began to feel that mingled and indescribable sensation of nearing home, after an absence long enough to allow oblivion of one's person to have stolen upon every former friend.

"Will they know, will they remember me?" soliloquized Roger O'Mahon. "How have years and cares agreed with Ignatius, though of the latter he ever promised to take little heed? Worn down, I warrant, by his own sloth and others' oppression, more than I, Roger, by some half-score of years' campaigning. And Deborah, my worthy, warm-hearted sis-

ter-in-law ? and little Garret the hope of the family ?—little ! said I : one and twenty round years the stripling hath. Ha !” as the night breeze whistled through a noble line of leafless ash and elm trees on each side of the road, “ I know you too, my old friends ; and this also is familiar to me,” continued the *Chef*, with less buoyancy of tone and gladness, as he marked the corner and continuation of a deer park-wall. The sight seemed to disturb his contemplative mood ; for he immediately spurred on, and did not rein in, until the quick-set brake had replaced the stone-wall by the road-side.

The night became brighter, objects around clearer. Not only did the traveller’s sight, from being for some hours habituated to darkness, become sharper to mark and distinguish ; the moon also, though not visible, began to betray its influence, either from beneath the horizon, or from behind some dull and unseen clouds that lingered there. By her light, in this unwelcomed, O’Mahon discerned on the summit of a gentle eminence, rising gradually from the road, the lordly and castellated mansion of Sir Christopher Burton.

Here again was the spur of the *Chef* applied ; and after another half-mile trot, he turned his horse abruptly from the high road into a lane. The heart of Roger here felt its first misgivings. There was no sign of this being, as in old times it was wont to be, the avenue or track to an inhabited mansion. Boughs of trees and briers hung half-way over, or stretched even farther forward to a loving embrace with their brethren, whilst at every step the traveller’s steed seemed to plunge into some perilous slough.

“ Patience, patience !” muttered he ; “ it is too soon to augur the worst yet, especially considering in what country, and on whose property, please God, I am.”

Just as he spoke, and as he was abstracted by his feelings from that degree of attention which the path required, his steed came in contact with the huge trunk of an elm, that the last equinoctial gales had uprooted, and flung prostrate across the lane. *Chef* Roger was precipitated to a distance, luckily without hurt, except to his habiliments, that licked up much of the puddle ; the poor animal he had bestridden, recovered itself after a short tumble, and trembling awaited till his master had equally righted himself.

“ My poor old charger, poor *Saint Griz* ! the curse of O’Mahon on the road, and the lazy hands that—but come,
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let us first see whom we have to bless or curse—can you on, my good gray, *en avant, Saint Gris*,” and the old horse curvetted, like a dragoon’s steed of the old *manège*: “that’s my gallant *bête*,” said O’Mahon; “I trust you’re no more the worse of it than myself, though it’s an ugly welcome they give us to Corramahon.”

For the rest of the path O’Mahon led his steed by the bridle till he reached the house, now fully discernible by the increasing light of the moon. It was approached through the farm-yard, as was, no doubt, of old, the fashion of both English and Irish houses of the middling rank, and as is still the mode of similar establishments in France, where they are nevertheless honoured with the title of chateaus. It pleased and reassured him to see, amidst much signs of neglect and dilapidation, still many of the outhouses fitly tenanted, so as to denote the residence at least, if not the care, of a proprietor. As he entered the silent bawn or court, and, looking in vain to descry any light in the house, paused with some anxiety, the solemn chewing of the kine, the flutter of the awakened poultry, and the surly challenge of the pig, attracted his attention, and relieved him.

He rapped at the door of the house,—rapped again,—no answer. He retired, and took a survey; came and rapped again. Thereupon he lifted the latch, and penetrated, without meeting impediment, into the old kitchen, which, garnished with all the implements of cookery and housekeeping, seemed by no means to indicate a desert house. This fact was at length proved by an old woman’s springing up from a settle or box-bedstead in the corner of the kitchen, roused from slumbers by the hammering of O’Mahon against its head. No sooner was she aroused, however, than instead of replying to any of the manifold questions of the intruder, she commenced a vociferous and continued cry of, “Murther, murther, och, wirra, murther! what’ll come of us, at all, at all?”

O’Mahon endeavoured to allay her fears. Seeing him so gentle, she knelt at his feet, with, “Oh, then, Master Rap-paree honey, yes, come at last; have mercy on poor Shulah, a *dissolute* ould woman, and a widow this twinty long year.”

“And is it you, old Shulah?” said Roger O’Mahon, fondly and wistfully recollecting the nurse of his youth, as he took her two shrivelled hands betwixt his, and almost embraced her.

"Whethen it isn't evil designs you have on a body, sure snough," cried the astonished hag, drawing back. "Musha now, Shulah agra, be takin care yoursel'," continued the old woman, addressing herself, and gazing fixedly on O'Mahon, as she struck repeatedly her closed fist against her breast,— "and keep off the quare thoughts that be coming to you. No, it isn't," shouted she, "the sorrow a bit if ye, Master Roger, my darling boy." And the old domestic folded the welcomed Master Roger in her arms.

"I am Roger O'Mahon, indeed, Shulah. My brother, how is he?"

"Is it the master?—tight and hearty, as he should be. Och, Master Captain Roger, honey, for that you're at the laste, let my ould eyes luk on ye till mornin' light."

"Come, Shulah, where is my brother Ignatius?—lead me to him. Where is Deb—?"

"Whisht with you now. God rest her sowl, she's gone to Heaven afore us all."

"Good Heaven! Yet something of this kind I should have expected. Is it long since?"

"No, in troth, that it isn't. Rest her sowl, she went in the right time."

"As how, Shulah?"

"You'll larn, Master Roger, you'll larn, all in good time, but not this blessed night, when your own beautiful self is come home from the wars. I'll bring ye to him, sure." And the old woman proceeded to adjust her garments.

"But where, where is he?" cried the impatient Roger. "Can I not find him out myself?"

"Troth then you'd be cuter far nor the blind mare, that knows every lane, and every turn o' 'em twixt this and Balinglass, without hint of man or moonshine—so you would."

"Why, where is he?"

"An' where should his honour be, and the long nights upon us, and the blessed Christmas times comin' on, but—"

"Where, woman! you'd try the patience of——"

"There he goes! Wild Roger all over—sorrow a bit of the gossoon, but 's all in the man—and now you're quiet, I'll ax yoursel' where should Ignatius O'Mahon be?"

"Truly, Shulah, I cannot tell," said the *Chef*, perceiving as well as remembering, that hot words and impatience would never extract aught from the old woman.

"Why, then, his honour's a *coshering*, to be sure, among his own tenants."

Chef O'Mahon here recollected one of the customs of his native land, that he had almost forgotten; which was, that the lord of the soil, instead of receiving his rent in either money or kind, preferred betaking himself with his establishment to the house of the tenant, and there feasting and living at the expense of the latter for a certain period prescribed. This was culled *coshering*, and was a grievance much complained of by the unfortunate Irish serfs in olden time. From such landlords, however, as Ignatius O'Mahon, especially in these later days, when the old native blood and old native manners began, both from neglect, rarity, and disuse, to be more prized, such a visitation, instead of being looked upon as a grievance by the favoured tenant, was esteemed a high honour, and its duration peculiarly devoted to jollity and good cheer.

"Now, Master Roger, honey, I'm ready to go afore ye," said Shulah; "but stop, be asy a bit,—I'll show you a sight 'll do yer heart good, if ye step wid me first."

The old woman seized a rushlight, that she stuck into an iron candlestick, ponderous enough to have supported a torch, and guarding the tiny flame from being extinguished by the wind of the passage, she took her way, followed by the *Chef*, into the house. Roger scanned each room, and turn, and cranny, as he passed, with fond remembrance.

"Ah! ye may look, it's jist the same as you left, sorrow a change. if it warn't for th' holes in the boards that be grown bigger or so, barrin' the one that the master stulk his leg in, and broke it one day. Saving o' that, and a little straw may be haaped now and then upon the thatch, not a stroke of change or of work has been upon Corramahon, inside or outside, since ye marched off to take up wid the Frinchmen."

Shulah arrived at the top of the staircase and the end of her speech together, and then putting off her brogues, stole on tip-toe, motioning Roger O'Mahon to follow her caution and example, into an apartment. He followed, and Shulah pointed out the sight, which indeed, according to her expression, might have "done a body's heart good." It was that of a lovely girl, wrapped in slumber, and reposing on a couch, neatly decked for so neglected an abode. Dark and glossy locks escaped from under her night head-dress,

and strayed over a cheek, whose natural vermillion flushed stronger from the effects of sleep. Her long dark eyelashes had, in that position, all, and more than the expression of what they veiled. The loveliness of the sleeper, and exquisite was that loveliness, did not appear of that commanding, lofty kind, which is generally associated with raven locks, and darkly pencilled brows. It was rather of the infantine, —the more soft and feminine sort: the nose, neither Grecian nor aquiline, was rather the reverse of the latter; and her little mouth, pouting in sleep, I can describe but in the beautiful couplet of the *Roman de Rose*.

“Le bouche petite et grosse,
Et au menton une fossette.”

Roger O'Mahon was about to ask, but the finger of Shulah checked him; and both descended the staircase, stealthily as they had ascended, Shulah leading the way without delay into the open air.

“And what's all this? who's that, Shulah?”

“And who should it be but the mistress's, rest her sowl, Deberah O'Mahon's own daughter,—”

“A lovely creature,—but where is Garret?”

“There, whist again with you, ahager.”

“Surely he is not dead, Shulah; my brother's son?”

“Bother! the likes o' him never die; but it's the night of your coming, Master Roger; Garret's done the thing that he should'n't, let that be enough for you. And sorrow's the onlucky word of him shall cross my teeth again this night.”

So saying, the old woman, allowing time for the *Chef* to put up his steed, and make some other arrangements, flung the external one of her many nether garments over her head, tripped across the lawn, out of the gateway where gate was none, and upsetting in a twinkling a cart and a barrow, which stood together guarding a gap, into an extensive field, she led the way, followed by Roger O'Mahon. “It was a dawny bit of a step, shure, down to Dan Mulligan's o' Crone Bawn. We was all there the day, an' loshins o' faastin', an' fun; only Missie Rachel and mysel' came home to sleep, out o' the rollicking sound of 'em.”

“And would not you and Miss Rachel be safer at Crone Bawn, Shulah, than alone in the old house, and the door unbarred too?”

"Then is it you, Master Roger, ud have me do the on-lucky act to draw boult or bar in the house of O'Mahon? the name was made for them that fright, not fear. Who would harm us that could harm us?"

"You know best, Shulah; but did not you take me for a Rapparee just now?"

"True enough; bad luck to your sweet face, I did. But the fear was in the mouth, not the heart o' me. For the cratures o' Rapparees know friend and foe too well insunder to come to Corramahon. And don't be tellin' that I took you for any sich thing, or they 'd be sticking me up in the thatch, or pouring the likker down my throat, and there ud be no end of laughing at me for a gomeril."

The 'dawny bit of a step' was at length, and not without difficulty, mastered. Roger and his guide approached the farm-house of Crone Bawn, and the din of jovial sounds that reached him without, bespoke carousing and jollity within.

Shulah lifted the latch, and displayed to the new comer a group assembled round a blazing turf-fire, enjoying apparently the contents of a bowl full of good compound that stood near, and doing honour to its inspiration by (if one might judge from the effect) the gayest stories and wittiest of jests.

At an unexpected meeting, Roger, certainly could not have recognised his brother, whom he had left an active and athletic youth. He felt even for an instant reluctant to acknowledge as Ignatius, the bloated and uncommanding personage to whom Shulah pointed as her master, and who, from the carved and lofty-backed oak arm-chair that he occupied, while the other guests sate on humble stools around, could be no other than the O'Mahon. His figure now had swelled to corpulency, his legs too in the same proportion of size and infirmity—a washy red covered brow and cheek alike—the sparkling azure eye was subdued to the lustreless blue of the turquoise; and the long hair, or *glib*, as he called it, which Ignatius cherished as an Irish custom, the more to be revered since English laws forbade the mode, and which his brother remembered to have charmed the maidens of Limerick, was now a matted mass of grey, appended to the skull, and resembling a cap after the Spanish fashion, rather than the veritable growth of the head.

Ignatius O'Mahon raised his eyes, swimming with the effects of joviality past and present, upon Roger, whose

coming even without knowing him, he was prepared to welcome as that of a boon companion additional.

Not so the farmer, who cried out to Shulah, with an oath, "——, which o' the Englishers bring ye upon the *Aireach*,* and he not in his own hall, but *coshering* in a poor *bo-dough's*† cabin?"

"Whist wid your blating, Dan Mulligan," replied the old woman, "you that doesn't know an Englisher from an O'Mahon."

"The cross of —— about us!" ejaculated the farmer's daughter, huddling up into the chimney corner from the the stranger, and crossing herself the while: "whoever seed sich a perriwig as that?"

And the remark made even Ignatius smile, as he rose, the tears of brotherly love at the same time filling his lid, to embrace Roger. The long separated relatives folded each other in their arms, and kissed on both sides of the cheek—still an Hibernian, as well as a French custom—while Shulah applied her apron to her tears, and the farmer swore, with a whack of his hard hand, "that thof he never minded to have seen him afore, yet if it warn't for the French wig, he'd for sartain ha' known Master Roger among a thousand."

Fifteen years and more had elapsed since the brothers had parted; and the tidings received of one another in that time had been scant and uncertain; in the latter years of the war had been totally interrupted.

Ignatius was overcome: for some minutes after he had regained his chair, he sate, turning his eyes from his brother to the glowing hearth, and from the hearth to his brother; who for his part, though as a soldier, accustomed to strokes of good and evil fortune suddenly experienced, and consequently not so moved, yet was unwilling to break by a word the spell of silence and emotion. At length, Ignatius recollected himself, stretched forth the mug, from which he drank, to be replenished, and nodding a mute but expressive welcome to Roger, took the reviving draught. It restored speech to the *Aireach*, and at the same time to all around, who straight poured forth to Roger the *caed millia fealtha*, or hundred thousand welcomes (without allowing the expression to exaggerate) both from their throats in the shape of noise, and down their throats in libations of potent liquor.

* Prince, or Chief.

* A tenant.

Ignatius was very near his last cup, when Roger entered; and although this event afforded a fair excuse for counting all preceding cups on that night as nought, and for commencing a new score; yet, as he could not induce his intellect to resume its freshness equally, it is not fitting to introduce for the first time my reader to the Aireach in his present state. He was joyous at first, but in a little time his re-replenished mugs had the effect, common to him and many other soft-hearted souls, of converting his gladness to pathos. The recovery of a long-lost brother suggested, in the midst of the happiness it created, a thousand sad recollections of the past, in which the imagination of Ignatius revelled, and at length utterly lost both itself and its sister reason.

For the pen to record his remarks, mutterings, and ejaculations, were impossible. The Aireach was *crying drunk*.

CHAPTER III.

IGNATIUS and Roger O'Mahon were the grandsons of an Irish chief or lord, of considerable power and territory in the county of Catherlogh, but who, in the consequences of the insurrection of sixteen hundred and forty-one, had been deprived of two-thirds of his estate. Murrough, such was the old chief's name, had been even driven into Connaught at one time, and compelled to accept a sorry equivalent for even the remaining third of his Leinster lands, in the boggy and rocky soil of the former province. Some of the lenient clauses or accompaniments of the Act of Settlement, however, restored his son to Corramahon.

Nothing could be more iniquitous and unjust than the royal decree which confirmed the spoliation of the O'Mahons. Murrough had not joined in the rebellion of forty-one, in which the sept of the Mac Mahons of Ulster bore so conspicuous a part; on the contrary, he and his race held the northern sept in hatred and abhorrence, as of Scotch and foreign blood, intruded but yesterday upon the island, and yet assuming to themselves the honour of being the true and elder sons of Mahon, an honour due, in O'Mahon estimation, unquestionably to their own family. It was this very

consideration, perhaps, which kept Murrogh from at first joining the conspirators. When Ormond, however, raised the royal standard in Ireland, Murrogh O'Mahon collected his powers, and fought, as Irishmen have ever fought at home, with unsuccessful arms against Cromwell and the Parliamentarians. The consequence was, his being confounded with those who had conspired originally against English power, his being condemned to forfeit the greater part of his property, and to suffer banishment beyond the Shannon. After the restoration, the claims for exemption from Irish forfeiture were so numerous and complicate, that even the commissioners appointed to consider them had not the patience requisite. The family of the Knight Adventurer, also, who had acquired possession of the forfeited property of the O'Mahons, a Royalist too, strange to say, so utter was the confusion of parties, was too powerful to be ousted. And the O'Mahons thus remained curtailed of their hereditary lands, one of the many martyrs to the royal cause.

When Murrogh O'Mahon returned in sixteen hundred and sixty-one, from Connaught to Corramahon, he found this Knight Adventurer, Sir Christopher Burton, installed not only on his forfeited lands, but in a fair castle, which, aware that his right would need defence, he had taken early care to erect upon his new estate. He was a chivalrous old warrior; and although of the reformed persuasion, a great admirer of the times when the Church armed and blessed the champions which she sent forth to adventure. It was owing to this, as well as to the natural beauty of his domains, that Sir Christopher gave to his lands and castle the name of Palestine. Another Sir Christopher, the grandson of the Adventurer, inhabited Palestine at the period of this story.

That the Burtons and O'Mahons lived in hostile and sullen neighbourhood, need scarcely be told. The origin of the feud betwixt the families was one not likely, or indeed possible to be forgotten; and it was kept alive by struggles and debates in Parliament, between the parties to which each were attached. The original owners before forty-one were called *the old interest*; those benefited by the forfeitures were known under the name of *the new interest*.

The accession of James the Second gave great hopes to the former, or Catholic party, of recovering lost lands and privileges. The Lord Lieutenant Tyrconnel, and after-

ward James himself, took every step towards both righting and gratifying them. The O'Mahons were bound to the monarch by interest and gratitude, as well as by inclination. They failed not to join him in the approaching struggle with his competitor. About that time the existing proprietor of Corramahon died, leaving his two sons, Ignatius and Roger, the latter yet in boyhood, to bear arms in the cause of their legitimate monarch, and at the same time assert their right to the property of which the family had been unjustly deprived.

The two Irish youths joined the standard of James, and made their first essay of arms at the Boyne, where Roger, whose years scarcely numbered twelve, but who could not be restrained from mingling in the strife, was cut down by a Dutch trooper, but rescued, and his antagonist slain, by the fraternal resentment and courage of Ignatius. Those afterward acquainted with the young O'Mahons, would have augured the contrary, and deemed it more likely that the naturally inactive though brave Ignatius, would have been saved by the arm of Roger. The contrary however happened; and the elder brother, who had hitherto evinced but a passive sort of satisfaction with the trade of warfare, felt fresh ardour breathed into him by the feat which he had achieved, and the renown which thence accrued to him.

In despite of individual prowess and success, the war was not the less attended with disaster and defeat to the Irish. Their monarch abandoned them, and fled to France; bequeathing contempt, not thanks, to his subjects, who had perilled life and fortune in his behalf. The remains of the army, among the rest the O'Mahon's, shut themselves up in Limerick, which was besieged by one of King William's lieutenants, and defended with a skill and zeal, that showed how far the defeat of the Boyne was owing to the monarch who commanded, how far to the courage of the soldiery. The garrison at length capitulated, on honourable and advantageous terms. By them, Ignatius O'Mahon, as one of the garrison, had Corramahon restored to him, and found himself freed from all hostile claim or prosecution,—a stipulation, which, no more than the general and national one sworn to at Limerick, did he find fulfilled to the letter. Like his countrymen and fellow-religionists, however, he bore up, as best he might, beneath the evil day: and hoped for fairer ones in the future for himself or his descendants.

The younger brother, Roger O'Mahon, took advantage of another article of the treaty, by which all those Irish officers, who so preferred, were to be transported to France. Ignatius in vain endeavoured to dissuade him.

"Is not Corramahon," said he, "still large enough for us both?"

"Truly it may be, brother; and for the fair Deborah Dillon, not the least lovely of the most lovely women in the world, the lasses of Limerick; for she, Ignatius, will ere long be the dame of Corramahon."

"If it be not so, it shall not be my fault, Roger. But surely you do not esteem Corramahon, a poor burgher's house, where the number at the board is daily counted; and couches made, and food prepared, as for a Dutch troop's mess."

"I would it were so, Ignatius; land and lord would thrive the better for it."

"But I tell you it is not, and shall never be the case. Live with us by the old hearth, Roger. Your heart will sink in a land of strangers."

"At home would rot in idleness, and in remorse for the same; unless the heavy hand of the oppressor came to make it rankle, and then—worse might follow."

"Nay, what can be fairer than the conditions of the treaty?"

"The Hollanders make, the Englisher will break."

"Then stay to draw the sword for our right."

"I will go where I may learn to draw it skilfully. Our Rapparee school of warfare does not suit me. Besides, Ignatius, Sarsfield goes."

"You love him, then, better than your brother."

"Let us not be downright lovers, Ignatius, one of the other. You have to take the oath of allegiance to the Prince of Orange. Corramahon is worth the sacrifice, sadly as it would stick in my throat; but for mere liberty to live beneath a Dutchman's rule, it is too much. One of us must suffice to keep the old lands for better times. I will to France, Ignatius."

Roger O'Mahon kept his resolution, and accompanied Sarsfield, Lord Lucan, the general whom he had served under, to France. There, through the recommendation of King James himself, young O'Mahon received a commission in the royal guard of Lewis. In this capacity he fought all

those campaigns and battles in Flanders, Blenheim and Ramilies included, which threatened to be so fatal to the French monarchy—if it had not been ever the fortune of that kingdom to rise to more might after defeat than after conquest. If any be amazed at the assertion, let them recollect that the consequence of our victory at Azincourt was the loss of all English possessions in France, save Calais ; that the victories of Blenheim and Ramilies led to the disgraceful Peace of Utrecht ; and that those of Spain and Waterloo have left a weight on England, that renders her incapable of war, while to the defeated country their reverses restored peace, liberty, overflowing coffers, and a regenerated army.

As soon as war had ceased, a longing to revisit his country and kinsmen seized upon Roger O'Mahon, who had by that time reached the rank of Major, or *Chef de Bataillon*, in the French service. Whether he should altogether abandon that service, and settle in his native land, was a point which O'Mahon had not resolved. Like a wise old campaigner, he determined to reconnoitre the ground once more, ere he pitched his tent there ; and, in case of preferring his adopted to his native country, his plan was to resume the sword and service of the most Christian King.

The return of his brother had determined Ignatius to forego his *cooking*, and to quit his tenant's humble, though joyous abode ; and accordingly the family were, by the next morning, established at Corramahon. There her uncle beheld Rachel in waking beauty ; and her glad welcome and vivacious mirth, took off the gloom which Roger in part experienced at finding the home of the O'Mahons more lonely than he had expected.

It was a wet November day, the brothers were confined by necessity as well as by inclination to each other's company, and to the fire-side. Rachel, accustomed to take her range, to wander and carol, like a bird of the brake, was as unprepared for a rainy day, and as impatient under the privation, as a wild, uneducated, spoiled child could be. The spirits of her father were low, owing, no doubt, to the over-excitement of the preceding night ; and he in consequence shrunk from the discussion of old topics, and from giving the information respecting the fortunes of the family which Roger's inquiries aimed at. He groaned and fidgeted, and was unhappy.

"Poor Deborah !" said Roger ; "I hoped to have seen

my sister." Ignatius took a large pinch of snuff. "And little Garret, whom I have never yet seen---where is he, Ignatius?"

The Aireach put his crutch under his arm as if he would rise and begone; he, however, sate still, and applied its point to the fire, which nowise needed stirring, in some vexation.

"Where is he, brother?"

"He is---the sorrow a know know I, Roger, more than yourself, and I care less---but that usquebaugh of Dan Mulligan's is killing stuff. Dan's a hearty man at his own chimney corner---no *bodough* like him on Corramahon. Do you remember him, Roger?"

"How should I have such a memory, Ignatius, when yours seems to have lost sight of your own son?"

"Ho, ho, ha, ha, ho!" laughed out the Aireach, bitterly, with a kind of mirth that made Rachel flee to the farthermost corner of the apartment, while even Roger looked amazed. "I forget him! No; he has given me deep reason to remember him! Lose sight of him, said ye? Oh, that I could! for it makes my old heart sick to curse him."

His veins swelled, his face purpled, as Ignatius O'Mahon spoke; and his hand grasped the crutch it held, while its trembling denoted at once its feebleness and rage.

"Brother! Ignatius!" cried Roger, rising; but Rachel at the instant stepped to her uncle's side, and whispered to him, in a mingled tone of terror, pity, and petulance. "Uncle, how could you think of stirring father about Garret before his dinner?"

Roger looked at his niece and paused.

"There now, uncle, play a game of trictrac with father. Weary on the rain! it leaves one nothing to do but scold and quarrel; and I have worried Shulah, till I'm afraid of her. Come, let me see if I can do any thing with you."

And she caught up a little wire-strung harp, which lay neglected in a corner, touched its strings, and under the pretence of putting it in order, she played snatches of some old Irish airs, which soothed away all the irritation of the Aireach. At every pause of her music, Rachel scolded the strings for twanging out of tune, or apostrophised her harp, that the pathos of the air might, from being thus interrupted, sooth her father's irritation without affecting him with sadness. The girl had nicely studied her father's

temper, and as her whole occupation hitherto had been to please and rule him, she had, aided by the penetration of her sex, arrived at perfection in this. At the present she had another motive in making a display of the ways of petulance and freedom, in which the Aireach was in the habit of indulging her: this was to acquaint her uncle, the new inmate of Corramahon, of the influence and state of liberty she enjoyed, and to accustom him early to those wilful and capricious humours of hers, which she already began to fear the grave and courteous soldier would be inclined neither to favour nor tolerate.

As Ignatius recovered himself, he smiled, and pointed towards his daughter, mutely expressing to his brother how lovely, how lively, how peerless she was. But the gallant Chef could but partially admire what he witnessed, and although he obeyed her commands, in arraying the table for trictrac, he never executed the orders of a rude superior officer with a greater inclination to mutiny.

The forenoon was soon killed. Dinner, that dispeller of spleen, and allayer of nervousness, that greatest of all blessings to the idle, came to the Aireach's relief: and soon after it, the brothers found themselves together; Ignatius, no longer in that morbid humour, which rendered any allusion to his domestic sorrows a trouble unendurable.

"Now, Roger," commenced he, "that I am sorrow-proof, and can set dull care at defiance, you shall have your questions answered respecting Garret, and the sooner, in truth, that I satisfy your curiosity the better; for the generous liquor that affords me present equanimity will soon destroy it also, at least unfit me for such a subject of conversation."

"Why permit it? Why not resign the cup to the beauty, as soon as the point of equanimity be reached?"

"Have you ever been in love, brother?" said Ignatius.

The Chef blushed at the insinuation, for a reason of which the reader shall hereafter be made aware.

"You, at least have been in action," continued the Aireach. "Now, in the heat of combat, when you saw the enemy routed, and knew that rash pursuit would but endanger you, without improving conquest, could you even then restrain your speed, or rein up in the moment of elation?"

"You would not compare the debauch of liquor with the glories of war?"

"Poets have, uncle," said the vivacious Rachel.

"Well said, my girl, and in good time, for Roger had almost posed me."

"And of such are your studies, Miss Rachel?"

"Any book I can lay hold upon, uncle, from the great Cyrus there, that rivals the Family Bible at Palestine, down to the last ballad that Shawn Goss, the pedler, brings down the country."

"What utter, what dangerous neglect!" exclaimed the *Chef*; "you know not, Ignatius, what pernicious thoughts and principles Rachel may glean in this way."

The girl smiled, and her father shrugged his shoulders at the Mentor, who seemed, as he proceeded, to be most likely to make himself unwelcome. But the rigid soldier was not to be deterred by even this fear.

"Who has been the girl's instructor, her spiritual guide? Surely the priest of this neighbourhood does not neglect his duty?"

"The priest of this neighbourhood!" said Ignatius, with a smile. "Do you forget the land and the law? Poor Father Patricius, who doth dare at times to celebrate mass by stealth in this house, and to perform, as opportunity allows, the duty of his ministry for the population round, has too much both of his thoughts and time occupied in preserving his neck from the halter, his poor person from martyrdom, to allow of his looking to the education of our children."

"Another of the precious effects of tyranny and intolerance. Our sons and daughters must remain without morals or education, in order that the King of England may be called the Head of the Church."

"Worse, worse!" cried Ignatius; "they must be taught ingratitude, and bribed to brave a parent's curse. 'Tis true, what you say, Roger. Since we have been deprived of our priesthood, the morals of our youth have suffered; none have been left to keep them in the steadiness of their faith, and our oppressors have too well succeeded in making the rising generation recreant and worthless. The proselytes are worthy of the proselytism."

"How!" said Roger, "surely Garret O'Mahon has not forsworn the creed of his fathers?"

"He hath!"

"The beardless boy!—he!—what could have influenced him?"

"It was weakness, 'twas folly in me," said the Aireach; "but thou knowest, Roger, my easy and forgiving temper."

"Ay, Ignatius, passing well."

"I allowed my son to mingle with those Burtons, the hereditary foes and spoilers of my family."

"In that thou didst show but little pride, Ignatius."

"Still less prudence, which is more material. Their fashions, their jargon, and their ways, laid hold on the empty mind of my son. He followed their sport, joined in their pastimes, and preferred the taste and glitter of the adventurer's hall to the more homely and honest conviviality of Corramahou."

"I hope he had no just cause of preference," was on the *Chef's* tongue; but he felt that it would give too much pain, and repressed it accordingly.

"There did he learn to mock at holy things, and to take impiety for wit. There—there, in short, Roger, he learned, that the English law allowed him, by declaring himself of the English religion, not only to render me but a life-proprietor of my lands, but to transfer at once one-third of their revenue into his own hands. One-third, Roger, of the poor third of the O'Mahon property, torn from a father, and for the prodigality of a boy!—is that enough to imbitter a man's old age?"

The Aireach quaffed a cup to allay the spleen he had been stirring. And Roger was so deeply struck with the enormity of his nephew's crime, that he was not able to utter a word, either in remark or consolation.

After some time passed by the brothers in silent and painful thoughts, a noble greyhound bounded across the court, bespeaking the appearance of a visiter.

"Whom are we about to have here?" quoth the *Chef*.

"Who comes, Rachel!" said the girl's father, gathering spirits at the prospect of a new face.

"It is Amyas Burton," replied she; "or, at the least, his dog."

"Burton!" exclaimed the *Chef*; "a Burton enter here, after what I have just heard?"

Both the Aireach and Rachel blushed, the former mut-

tering in excuse, "'Tis but a nephew of the Knight of Palestine, a gentle and more worthy scion, a—"

"'Sdeath! brother, your forbearance is that of a saint. Will you take, in lieu of your son, one of his slayers? for they have worse than slain him."

"Nay, not Amyas, the gentle Amyas, whom, but that I would not wrong the mother that bore him, I should suspect to be as little Burton in blood as he is in heart."

The indignation on one side and excuses on the other were interrupted by the entrance of Amyas Burton, who was cordially welcomed by the Aireach, and saluted in cold and haughty politeness by Chef Roger. Rachel, whether won over by her uncle's proud and resentful feeling, or from some other cause, did not extend to Amyas the glad smile with which he was wont to be received.

"Welcome, Amyas, my man!" cried Ignatius; "let us introduce you to our brother, of whom you have heard us speak." Burton rose to greet the *Chef* with warmth, but the veteran's unmoved posture deterred the advance, and called back the blush that was subsiding on the youth's cheek. "But, Amyas, you have braved the elements to visit us; you are dripping wet."

"Merely a shower, Mr. O'Mahon," replied the youth, who did not wish to avow such extreme anxiety to visit Corramahon, as that which really caused him to defy rain or storm; "it promised to be fair weather when I quitted Palestine."

"I have not seen a glimpse of sunshine to-day," said Roger.

"But if you observed the east," muttered Amyas, continuing his lame excuse.

"You are the more welcome, my boy," interrupted the Aireach. "And as to your wet jacket, here is a sovereign antidote. Swallow it, you dog: do you make wry faces at usquebaugh, as if it were medicine?"

"I take it," said Amyas, "as a cup of parting, as well as one of welcome; for I must begone."

"How now, youngster! This seems a visit of stealth, from your hurry. Doth the Knight of Palestine frown on your coming hither? Truly, when I overlook in your favour the hatred that I justly bear your name, he—"

"Nay," said the youth, "Sir Christopher cares not a

rush whither his nephew, Amyas, bies; or on whom or what he bestows his time and friendship."

"Then what has frightened you, man? You shall not drink, by Saint Patrick, more than will serve thee in lieu of bread, and cure that intolerable trick of blushing, which shows the washy blood of the Saxon in thee. Has Rachel, or,—bones of my sire, that is it!—Chef Roger's grim and precise looks frightened thee? Heed him not, Amyas. I have been just now informing him of the defection of thy old playmate, Garret, and how much I am indebted for that sting to thine uncle and cousin. Roger is an honest soldier, Amyas, and hates thee for thy name. Hath he not reason?"

"Major O'Mahon is the best judge of that," replied Amyas.

"And I say you nay, young master," said the Aireach. "Bones of my sire! am I not chief of my sept, and the supreme judge of the feuds it is to keep? Roger, obey me, and touch the hand of the youth in amity."

The *Chef's* old recollections and reverence of the authority of the O'Mahons, joined with habits of discipline, led him to submit to the half serious, half jocose command of Ignatius.

"And you too, Rachel, with your little brow puckered to a frown, what reason hast thou to hold quarrel with Amyas?"

"No one, father. I will shake hands with all Palestine at your bidding."

"Go to, you jade! I do not bid you. Do you rank your friend Amyas with the old whig, Sir Christopher, or his persecuting son Christopher the Second, who has his buck-hounds to pursue deer, and his blood-hounds to track papists, as he boasts——"

"Respected Sir," interrupted Amyas, "remember——"

"Or with that haughty damsel, Anastasia, who thinks an O'Mahon but fit to hold her stirrup?"

"Nay, that is a foul and a false report, Aireach," said Amyas. "I have heard it. If Garret ever did so for Anastasia, 'twas from gallantry."

"How came it to be his duty to be gallant towards a Burton, Sir?" asked Ignatius, irefully.

"It is the duty of every gentle born," replied Amyas.

"How came Garret O'Mahon to know, and to be in the

or way of rendering homage to Anastasia Burton?" asked Roger.

"*Mea Culpa!* 'twas my fault, mine own!" cried Ignatius, smiting his breast, and acknowledging his brother's reproach.

"In truth, father," said Rachel, "you wrong Anastasia. Her pride, if she be proud, does not arise from birth, or the consciousness of it. She has ever declared to me, when we were friends, that she envied the ancient root we have in the land, and the honour derived from it, while she regretted the diminution of our splendour, even though herself had profited by it."

"A considerate damsel, and a rational," observed Roger; "thou, too, Miss Rachel, a simple one to listen to the taunt in tranquillity."

"Uncle, uncle, you come from the camp and the guard-room, and judge of ladies' bowers, and ladies' converse from the defiant and spiteful tone of those places."

"Pride she hath for certain," said Ignatius, "be it of what kind, or come it of what cause, you will."

"It is but the habitual tone and bearing of those ranks with which she mingles," said Rachel; "and, like her coil or mantle, is one of the supports and appendages of her dignity."

"Commend me then to Lady Anastasia," said the courtly Roger. "Rachel might profit by the example——"

"As Garret hath done, I hope," said Ignatius.

"And learn the manners of the world, in which she may be called to mingle. I would that I saw in her, Ignatius, more *retenue*, more dignity, more of the pride, in short, which offends you, in the knight Burton's daughter."

"May not a lady," said Amyas, "be too proud to seem so; and as those of birth and wealth do still go simplest clad, and do not wear their jewels on every vulgar occasion, may she not reserve her pride the purer without bearing it each hour upon her brow?"

Roger looked contemptuous at the youth's somewhat laboured and confused pleading, which his warmth and love of Rachel still bore him blushing through.

"Uncle Roger," said Rachel, "I will not be drilled, nor walk a female *mousquetaire*, as you describe those beings; no, not to be free of the court of Versailles. The world makes no count of the daughter of O'Mahon; and I, in

turn, make little count of it. The fields and flowers, Corramahon, my father, and you, if you will, uncle, shall be my world. And as to pride, we will have none, save what we have in each other."

"Well said, my girl," cried the delighted Ignatius. "No pride will we have, save what we have in each other. I will forgive Anastasia, and even think kindly of a second Burton for thy little sake."

"Be it not for my sake, first or second," said Rachel; "if I cannot hate all Palestine, and anathematize every Burton of it, like uncle. I can be as indifferent to them, which, methinks, is pride enough."

Roger had no reply to offer to the petulant damsel, whose remarks, while they piqued her uncle, cut severely the heart of Amyas Burton. The youth drew his breath hard an instant, and quelled with difficulty the pang of sorrow that rose even in his throat. He cast around a few uneasy and preparatory glances, muttered some hurried excuses, and took his departure abruptly, ere the Aireach was aware of his purpose, or had time to obstruct it.

"Oh! woman, false and deceitful woman," burst forth Amyas Burton, as soon as he had gained the open heath, which he brushed with furious step:—"false and fickle sex! how often have I read, how often heard, that ye were so, yet would not believe, till now that I have had the bitter proof. I will be avenged,—no—I will forget—I will fly the country and take foreign service; alas! all war hath ceased, and the unhappy have no refuge. Were there but a career open, I would reach the summit, ay, by Heaven! would scale it, though it were as steep as —; then she might regret having despised me. But why is this? Oh! 'tis plain, I am the lack-land, dependent Amyas, without a groat beyond my uncle's smile. True,—she is right. My hope was presumptuous; its overthrow was justice."

Such was the tenor of the youth's soliloquy, in which he not a little wronged both Rachel and her sire. Amyas, in fact, had been the old playmate and friend of Rachel. They had met as children, and grown up together in amity, the more undisturbed as Sir Christopher Burton took little cognisance of the ways of his nephew, provided he performed the charitable duty of nourishing the only offspring of a brother, slain unfortunately in foreign wars. Garret O'Mahon too, the since apostate son of the Aireach, had

also been the comrade and friend of Amyas, who, tyrannized over by the knight's son, his cousin Christopher, was in the habit of fleeing to Corramahon for more equal and cordial companionship.

Hence arose the childish, and subsequently the youthful intimacy between Amyas and Rachel. In her the growth of years would have alone created no change in the sentiments of this intimacy: the same infantine and pure attachment would have strengthened, without receiving a tinge from love. Amyas, a gentle, timid, susceptible, and pensive youth, was not of a character calculated to excite in the lively Rachel's breast those full feelings, that ever lie dormant till their destined object appears. This apathy, however, was neither seen nor shared by Amyas. He was one of those beings, whose imaginations ever unfortunately anticipate the happiness of life. His dreams forewent reality by a prodigious space of time; and even while yet within the verge of boyhood, his heretofore childish affection for his playmate deepened into the enthusiastic and the manly. Nor long did these new feelings of his remain secret from Rachel. He became more sensitive, sad, mysterious. Words came at length, unmeaning words, but still they conveyed a language, that the girl was apt to comprehend.

"There are a great many people in the world who would never have been in love, if they had never heard talk of it," said the apophthegmatist; of which it is at least certain, that there are a great many talked into the feeling unwittingly and prematurely. So was it with Rachel. She had heard from her very nurse, that the day must necessarily come when she should plight her troth to some interesting youth. Whom could she ever love more than Amyas? and yet she marked his coming and his parting without a single flutter of the heart. At seventeen too it was time—mentials told her so at least, if her heart did not. In trembling ardour Amyas at length declared his passion, and without agitation or denial Rachel allowed her hand to rest between his.

Two years had rolled on since that time, and Amyas was still the same, haunting Corramahon in despite of the feud which Garret's defection had occasioned between the house of the O'Mahons and that of Palestine,—his dreams made up of Rachel, and these so constant, that his heart sickened

with the fulness of visionary joy. To Rachel, in the meantime, those years had revealed another secret, that there was a mightier feeling to be awakened in her breast than that, so idly mistaken for love, which had deceived her into listening patiently to Amyas Burton. In that time, her experience, her ideas, had expanded ;---she could see, how little prized, how meanly ranked in the world would be such a character as that of Amyas—how little formed too was such to command the admiration of a spirit like hers, or to be to her the source of that pride which, perhaps, is the surest source and best guarantee of women's affection.

Moreover—and the information not a little resembles that generally conveyed in a ladies' postscript—Rachel O'Mahon had, in that period, beheld one, nay, had received homage from him not to be mistaken, who answered all the cravings of her now awakened fancy, as fully as poor Amyas disappointed them. This new hero was a soldier, bearded, with as much boldness as gentleness in his tone, not provincially bred, wearing the air of fashion naturally, and speaking its jargon to perfection—in short, an accomplished man of the world.

The sincerity, or seriousness, with which such a man might be supposed to pay his attentions to a rustic maiden, never attracted the suspicions of Rachel, who had added no small portion of pride to the pardonable vanity of her sex. Indeed, as the daughter of O'Mahon, she deemed herself as secure from being trifled with, or from any open insult, as the Princess of a reigning house.

The personage who had thus fascinated the young maiden's imagination, and who in turn had been much struck with the daughter of Corramahon, was no other than Major Willomer, the self-constituted friend and fellow-traveller of her uncle Roger. The Major had, in fact, attached himself to Garret, whom he met by chance in Dublin, as the best means of introducing him at Corramahon, which he wished to enter without betraying a suspicion that he was attracted thither by the beauty of its young inmate. Having seen, however, that Garret, an outcast from his paternal home, was not likely to serve his purposes, he seized the opportunity of fastening upon the youth's uncle, in the manner heretofore related.

Why Willomer felt a necessity for this manœuvring—what his intentions were, in short—will perhaps appear in a subsequent chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

A LITTLE time had domesticated Roger at Corramahon ; had shown him fully all the changes, he durst not say improvements, which had taken place in the old mansion and its immediate vicinity, as well as in the character and person of his brother. He had visited most of his old haunts, inquired after his old acquaintances, receiving not always the most satisfactory accounts of them. In short, his curiosity, like a glutton, began to expire of repletion ; and the feeling of strangeness and novelty, that best antidote, short of occupation, to ennui, wore for him gradually away.

With the purpose of enjoying yet a little more of the said feeling, so doubly delightful when enhanced by old recollections, Chef O'Mahon bestrode once more his good steed, Saint Gris, and retraced by daylight the way which in dim twilight had proved fatal to the knees of the old charger. The fallen trunk lay indeed still unremoved from the path, and called forth fresh exclamations from Roger, upon the imperturbable supineness of his brother.

The sight of the mansion and domain of Sir Christopher Burton, both bespeaking the active care and prosperity of their owner, were not calculated to remove this dissatisfaction from the mind of the *Chef* ; and it was not with his wonted placidity of temper and benevolent feelings towards his fellows that he entered the streets of Catherlogh. There, too, time had been busy in his absence, had razed many a known and friendly habitation, displaced many a familiar sign, and had either so furrowed or annihilated all anciently-known and friendly countenances, that the *Chef* wended on his way neither giving nor receiving salutation.

"See, Morley, my boy, what a steed is there! a very charger,—fit for Deloraine, ay, or Cadogan's self, by —! What a pace! what action! Carlow never bred or broke such an animal!" Such were the observations which a sight of Roger O'Mahon's charger produced from young Kit Burton, the son of the Knight of Palestine, as that

youth stood among a group of officers and provincial *bloods* at the corner of one of Carlow streets.

"He 's of the true French *manege*," said Morley; for the *Chef*, ill brooking the gaze and remarks of the impertinent group, and at the same time resolved to show to the English dragoon officers such skill and training as they knew not of, put Saint Gris through the seven artificial motions of horsemanship, and certainly succeeded in his object both of astonishing and piquing them.

"Who can the old *put* be? He is not of these parts: both his wig and his steed bespeak so. If he be not a Frenchman born, my name 's not Tom Morley."

"Frenchman," said Kit, "and Papist. I'll write to Lord Shrewsbury this night of his appearance. He must be an emissary of the Jacobites."

"And much notice the timid, trimming Lord Lieutenant will take of thy denunciation, Kit."

"Zounds! but he shall though; or we 'll set the bulldogs of the Corporation at him."

"But, Kit, instead of this fellow 's being a Frenchman," quoth another. "what is to prevent him from being a *wild goose*, one of the Jacobites, which we transported from Limerick; and that this damned peace is pouring back upon us? I heard of one just returned, and a neighbour of yours too, a brother of *Patius O'Mahon*."

"Gad 's my life, Ned, you have it!" said Kit Burton. "'Tis he; that brat of a cousin of mine, Amyas, told us of him; he hath a O'Mahon look; there 's no doubt on it. And now thank him for his Papistry, for his good steed 's mine."

"And I, who put you on the right scent—"

"Shalshare, Ned; fear not. And now, begone you to little 'torney M'Crosky; he is the sharpest terrier that ever worried Papist, and I trust his breed will never be lost to the country. Tell him the whom, the what, and the how; and as to where, the little bridge will be the best place for his ambuscade. Come, my merry lads, if we have not country sport, i' faith we shall have town sport!"

"Now, where can be that damned fellow, Willomer?" said Morley; "he would enjoy this."

"He has ridden somewhere," said young Burton, "with my father, and Anastasia."

The *Chef* in the meantime rode on, unconscious of the

conspiracy against him and Saint Gris, directing his course towards the river Barrow, and over it by a bridge, at that time of wood, which led to Graigue, as was, and is still called a considerable suburb of Catherlogh

Here at least Roger felt that he had not outlived the scene's identity. The noble river, not then cramped and dammed, as the half of it has since been, to make it serve the purpose of a canal, rolled along its wide and rapid stream. Above it towered the ancient castle, one of King John's erections, and, even in the author's remembrance, the noblest feudal relic in Ireland. Its ivy-mantled towers were familiar to my boyhood, as a century previous they had been to that of Roger O'Mahon; and as visions and reveries must always have a centre of reality, about which they love to play in ideal circuit, so were those old towers to him, as to myself, the point from which sprung, and in which entered a thousand scenes of martial and chivalrous life, of tyrants, cruelty, beleaguering and vindictive foes. The solitary mound on which the ruins rose, undebased by the contiguity of modern dwellings, made it more apt as the site or object of contemplations; and no intruder profaned its gloomy precincts, save those who came with worthy and congenial feelings, as was evinced by their adventurous clambering up the ruined stairs, and by their daring to pause upon its lofty and tottering battlements. The old walls spoke and breathed of hardihood.

Such were the feelings which at that time Roger O'Mahon half experienced, half recalled. He thought of his early enthusiasm, his ardour, his hopes. Had they been realized? They had, though in the shrunk littleness of real perspective, not in the exaggerated promise of the ideal. The soldier sighed, yet was contented. His personal fate might afford him whereupon to moralize, but not to complain. His country, however,—a term by which was meant himself and his fellow-religionists,—gave ample subject for dissatisfaction, spleen, for sadness, or for anger, according as the state of the spirits prompted either mood. There ever exists a master train of thought, to which all others, especially if they cause or partake of emotion, tend and merge. A sense of his country's wrongs was the master-train of Chef O'Mahon's ideas; as indeed such must still be and have long been of every generous Irish-born. The sight of that scene, which had most struck him

in youth, of that which might be called his native stream, of those towers familiar to his boyhood, excited first the *Chef's* imagination, and through that his feelings.

"Green Erin, my country!" said Roger O'Mahon ;— but I must spare the reader his soliloquy, since so universally wretched at once is the fate of her people, so lukewarm our sympathies, and palsied our spirits and our taste, that of all uttered bursts of passion, the lament of the patriot hath come to seem the most dull and commonplace.

The first chance words of his soliloquy may, however, indicate the feelings with which the *Chef* retraced his route. He crossed the Barrow, and traversed Catherlogh streets homeward, lamenting inwardly the falling state of the land, and the intolerant spirit of her rulers, little foreseeing, at the same time, any immediate manifestation of the said spirit towards his humble self. As in this mood he was proceeding to cross a narrow bridge over some little stream auxiliary to the Barrow, which formed part of the principal street of the town, Chef O Mahon was summoned abruptly to stand, the interrupter at the same time not trusting to his verbal summons, but laying hold upon the horse's rein. A country attorney, or to be more particular, an Irish country attorney, some hundred years back, may be imagined, without a portraiture of his mean expression of feature and accordant costume. Master 'Torney M'Crosky, was the summoner, and he was backed by several of the inferior officers of the municipality, whose assistance the unworthy son of law had invoked. En-
sconced at some distance, or seeming to saunter near, without any knowledge of what was going forward, were Kit Burton and his companions, ready to enjoy the *levant*, as they called it, which they were about to throw upon the *wild-goose prig*, and to admire the impudent dexterity of little M'Crosky.

With one hand upon the rein of Roger O'Mahon's steed, Mr. M'Crosky held forth in his other, money to the amount of five pounds, which he proffered, saying—

"Sir Papist, be it said in all respect, I offer you five pounds for your horse."

Like many an irascible character, the *Chef* was astonished into calmness ; his wonder anticipated his rage, and kept it down.

"Kind Sir," replied he, "fifty *louis d'ors* should not purchase him—loose the rein, or, *Ventre Saint Gris!*" at

which latter words the steed reared, and lifted Master Crosky, for, like a true bull-dog, he kept his hold, in air.

"You're a Papist, Mr. O'Mahon—dare you deny it?" cried the Attorney.

"Dare I? Do I? What O'Mahon would deny the faith of his sires?"

"A keener than thou. You have heard him own himself a Papist," cried M'Crosky, turning to the constables. "Mr. O'Mahon, I fear you are not learned in the law; but so far as this I can inform you, that by the third Act of the seventh of the great and glorious King William, Papists are disqualified from keeping a horse of above the value of five pounds; and that, by the said Act, any one of her majesty's subjects, aided by constable, may make seizure of any horse of or belonging to Papist, at the same time making tender of five guineas. There is the money."

For answer, Roger O'Mahon pressed his steed's right side with his spur, and Saint Gris forthwith obeyed the hint by taking a volt, which laid M'Crosky flat in the mire, and then returning to his original position with retro-bound, discomfited in a similar manner the constables, hurrying to the attorney's relief. Having thus liberated himself and steed, the *Chef* cantered leisurely on, seeking to avoid the appearance of flight, and from that reason as much as from any other he appealed, in passing, to Kit Burton and Morley, whom he took for chance witnesses of what had taken place, whether the outrage was not as punishable as it had been gross.

These young sparks had enjoyed M'Crosky's discomfiture not the less for his having been their instrument, and notwithstanding their designs, they thought fit to be most polite towards the cavalier, assuring him, however, in answer to his inquiries, that the act in question, which the *Chef* could not believe to exist in any code save an attorney's brain, was as *bona-fide* a statute as any that ever disgraced English records. Ere Roger O'Mahon had time to reply, the attorney and his coadjutors, more angered than awed, and indeed only seeking some bodily harm at the Papist's hands, in order to entangle and implicate him the more, rushed again upon Saint Gris.

The affair was now likely to terminate fatally, M'Crosky being determined on capturing the animal, and O'Mahon, having utterly lost patience, when, fortunately for all par-

ties, the Knight of Palestine rode up, accompanied by the O'Mahon's acquaintance, Major Willomer. The Knight's daughter, Anastasia Burton, was also of the party; but she had reined back her steed at the sight of the conflict.

"How is this? Hold! in the Queen's name," cried Sir Christopher, riding between the combatants, and putting a stop to the strife.

"Please your Knighthood's honour," cried M'Crosky, "I have made legal tender of five pounds, according to Act Third, of seventh William and Mary, for this Papist's horse, and he recuses, nay, has laid hands upon me——"

"Hoofs, sirrah!" interrupted the *Chef*, "it was my steed dealt with you. My hands are, as yet, uncontaminated by thy touch."

"How is this, M'Crosky?" said Sir Christopher, approaching the attorney, while Major Willomer greeted Roger O'Mahon. "Who hath set you on to enforce this law?"

M'Crosky sought to take all the credit of his zeal, or at least to turn it to better advantage, than by owning young Kit Burton as his instigator, which he had been strictly forbidden to confess in any event. Accordingly, he muttered beneath his breath to the knight, "It's one of the O'Mahons o' Corramahon, I tell your honour, the sworn enemy of your house, and a papist, and a Jacobite, and a wild goose, and a Frenchman!" each item of the attorney's climax was accompanied with a dire stroke of his arm in air.

"What, he that was a French guardsman?"

- "The self-same chap."

"I am glad on it, on my soul," said the Knight; "a soldier that hath seen the world must be the best peacemaker, and I am sick of my petty feuds with these people."

"But this fellow is one of pith, active, stirring; knows how to command, and who, if he once lay hold upon his nephew, Garret, would frighten the youth back to papistry, and then, *that*, Sir Christopher," quoth the attorney, winking significantly, as he snapped his crooked thumb against his forefinger, "for your chance of uniting the old estate, and joining Corramahon bawn to Palestine park."

"Out on thee, reptile!" said the Knight, raising his whip: "dare you to charge me with unworthy motives?"

"Arrah, then is it me, your honour," said torney M-Crosky, in that indescribable tone which no one, without having visited Paddy's land, can go nigh to imagine. It was like the independent growl of a cur changed suddenly to a repentant whine, upon seeing that the person whom he had dared to salute as an intruder was no other than his master. "Is it Dennis M-Crosky would insinuate the laste thing in life to your honour, barring a bit of advice?"

"Thou art a ——"

"If your honour chooses to take the Papist's part, sure I'm dumb, and he's free to ride Catherlogh streets as master Kit himself. Only I got a knock, a smart knock on the temple, and from a papist; your honour knows how much that 'ud be worth to me afore an Orange jury."

"Prosecute, if you dare, fellow: and send my papers by the same hour to Palestine."

"I lick the dust of your knightly boot," replied M-Crosky. "I have but one fault," continued the rogue, with a most penitent countenance; "I spake up and out at all times, though I do it to anger my best friend."

"Keep at arm's length, sir," said the Knight in disgust, as the sawning pettifogger laid his hand, in what he thought a coaxing way, upon the mane of Sir Christopher's horse; "no seizure here neither."

"Ye're ever wicked with a poor creature this morning, Sir Kit, while you go to shake hands and make hail-fellow with a Papist. But, mark me! let this blow over, and when ye fall out, which, plase God, you will by and by, for I can smell a good feud a long way off—"

"I'll be sworn, thou art the hound for't."

"Then we'll hold this little affair over the —— Papist's head, and if it have not the weight of a millstone to crush, never did I finger parchment."

"Sir Christopher Burton, you must know my valiant friend and companion, *Chef de Brigade O'Mahon*," said Major Willomer, following up his words with a formal introduction.

"Hold, my good friend," said the *Chef*, "I am sufficiently known to the knight-magistrate as a culprit, found guilty of riding a respectably good horse. May I ask of you, Sir Burton, if this scurvy fellow hath law to back his injustice? Is it true, that an *Irish* gentleman may no more bestride a steed than he can wear a sword?"

"Why, Mr. O'Mahon, the statute is precise, and saith so. But your horse, despite his good paces and position, cannot be above the standard." The Knight here made a significant sign to the *Chef*. "And see, his knee is broken; 'tis but an old worn charger, not worth five pounds, Master M'Crosky, and so not under the statute."

The attorney did not exclaim, "a Daniel come to judgment!" but looked as if he could have quoted the line ironically.

The *Chef* was more enraged, however, at hearing his good steed undervalued, than pleased by the cunning judgment which preserved him from seizure. "Value a Norman war-horse at five guineas!" cried he, putting Saint Gris through some of his best motions; "'tis not the price of a Hanover rat. For the mere breed he is worth fifty louis d'ors, *sacre bleu*!"

"You hear, Mr. Attorney," cried the knight, "Major O'Mahon has imported this Norman horse for the breed, and he therefore is excepted from the statute you plead, by a late law of her gracious Majesty Queen Anne."*

"Characteristic enough of our legislation," said Major Willomer: "the love of horse-flesh prevails even over the national hatred of Popery."

"Characteristic indeed," said O'Mahon, "when so iniquitous is the system of tyranny, that its very satellites cry *shame*, and are moved to extend justice, in the shape of generosity, to the oppressed."

Mr. M'Crosky and his constables here took their departure, somewhat crest-fallen; while the gentlemen, and Anastasia, who had joined them, continued their route towards Palestine, *Chef* O'Mahon still bearing company with the knight, repressing his hatred; muttering a few thanks, and meditating an opportune escape, which Willomer seemed determined and endeavouring to prevent.

"Fore God!" quoth he, "there is at least some good to be extracted from these penal laws."

"Good!" rejoined *Chef* O'Mahon.

"Ay, good. Here have ye, Burtons and O'Mahons, been living in sullen and hostile neighbourhood, nursing

* Speaking of the Act, 8 Anne, Browne says, "the 34th clause of this act allows Papists to keep stallions and stud mares, and their breed under five years old, notwithstanding the prohibition of 7 W. III. C. 5."—Historical account of laws against the Catholics,

wrath against each other, and never meeting but to discharge a mutual defiance."

"Major Willomer, you are given to exaggeration. I own to none of these feelings," said the knight.

"Well, but the fact is so. And here now hath this M'Crosky, with his impudence and his old statute, given the knight the opportunity of displaying his conciliatory, friendly temper, leaving Chef O'Mahon's hatred not a leg to stand on."

"The knight did me but justice," said the Chef; "I would return him as much at any time."

"Nay, I am sure, Sir, you would even more," joined in the fair Anastasia Burton. "A soldier, just returned from the most civilized of nations and most refined of courts, cannot stoop to entertain the teuds of this barbarous country."

Roger, somewhat struck with the sense of the words, was more so by the feminine voice that uttered them, and to a still increased degree, when he turned his eyes upon the speaker. Miss Burton was fair, tall evidently, and of handsome features, with an habitual expression of *hauteur*, which served considerably to increase the sweetness of her smile, when she wore such, as was the case in her addressing Chef O'Mahon. "She was mounted on a pad," as Isaac Bickerstaffe has described a lady of that time, "with a very well-fancied furniture."

To enter at once into her motives, it may be observed, that, like many young and older ladies of subsequent times, Anastasia looked in idea with a sort of adoration towards the Court of *Louis le Grand*, towards French politeness, French wit, French fashions, and the French *savoir vivre* in every department. Hence, no sooner did she learn from Amyas, that Roger O'Mahon, *Chef de Brigade* in the Guards of this great Monarch, had come to illumine Catherlogh with his presence, than a desire, more ardent than her already pre-existent one, to put an end to the feud between Corramahon and Palestine, seized upon her. She instructed Willomer with her whim, who was not indisposed to second it, and both had so preached to the knight, naturally a worthy and blunt man, on the virtues of forbearance, forgiveness, generosity, and good neighbourlihood, that instead of taking his creature, M'Crosky's part against the Chef, which under any other circumstances he most probably would, he turned

cold upon the little attorney, and showed himself a generous cavalier, and perhaps a more than impartial magistrate.

Fortune favoured Anastasia, in at once gratifying her with the sight, and the chance of the acquaintance of the pre-admired *Chef de Brigade*, whom she longed so to know, so much to question, and to learn of. She was aware of how many obstacles were still to be overcome, but with a woman's intrepidity and powerful means in these matters, she set about overturning and removing them. Towards this the first sound of her dulcet voice went far, farther than all the arguments she had arranged.

O'Mahon's life had been spent chiefly in the tented field, amidst jovial comrades, rather than with females of his rank; for his attendance on the court of his sovereign, a circumstance and an honour that so dazzled and attracted Miss Burton, was performed merely as a duty and a stern etiquette, that forbade his mingling or enjoying that high and exclusive society. Again, if not deemed equal to mingle there, O'Mahon was too proud to descend to *bourgeois* life; and at that period, down indeed to the Revolution, France in its metropolis possessed no medium between those ranks. There was a gulf between them—not as now, through all the more civilized nations of Europe, when the gradations of rank throng close upon one another, where the toe of the clown may be said to gall

“The kibe of the courtier.”

O'Mahon was in consequence unused to female society, consequently more open and obnoxious to its blandishments; a weakness increased more than diminished by a quantum of years nearing, if not outstripping forty. Moreover, like most bachelors, the *Chef* had had, what his kind acquaintances and friends, Ignatius among the rest, would winkingly allude to, as “an unfortunate attachment.” But we have enumerated causes too many, and two powerful, to account for the simple fact of the *Chef's* being so ready to forget his hereditary and family hatred to the Burtons, at the first sound of a sweet and conciliating voice from one of the name.

“You would not surely esteem, a just sense of injury barbarous, fair lady?” replied the *Chef*. “If I manifest it but thus in gentle argument, more being uncalled for, I trust in being held sufficiently courteous.”

"Injury!" quoth Sir Christopher; "what call you injury? Doth mine consist in my grandsire's receiving the wages of his valour in the broad lands of yours? Would old Sir Christopher have served your race by abandoning his claims to the Chichesters, the Brodericks, or any other of the chief adventurers from the sister realm."

"Fairly pleaded, by St. George!" said Willomer: "what was it but the *fortune de la guerre*? Surely we men at arms," continued he, addressing the *Chef*, "cannot find fault with the disposition of our own goddess."

Roger remained moody and musing, exerting himself, as he thought it requisite and honourable to preserve his family hatred towards the Burtons untainted.

"Shall we hold you then for convinced?" said Anastasia.

"The past might be forgotten," said Roger, "as indeed, I understand, it had been at Corramahon."

"Truly so," said Miss Burton; "and I have never ceased to regret the days; Rachel was such a friend and companion, that these barbarous regions could scarcely be hoped to afford. How you must regret Versailles! Major O'Mahon."

"I have cause truly: not such causes as you allude to, and seem to complain of, lady—my native soil can never seem too rude for me—but such events as this day's ride, for instance, has produced. Much could be borne, but this downright, petty tyranny, this slavery in detail, this Helotism—"

"Nay, but with my father's friendship."

"Death of my life!" exclaimed the *Chef*, almost putting spurs to his steed; "lady, I crave your pardon; but I want no man's friendship. Base is he, who would crave as a boon that he should grasp as his right."

"Come, comrade," said Willomer, "you but now said the past might be forgotten; pray let it be so, in the name of good fellowship."

"I was about to say that it might," replied O'Mahon, "if the present had not come to grave its prints deeper."

"Then, Sir, let us hear of the present," quoth the Knight of Palestine. "You are as full of grievances, as a country member whose friends are out of place."

"I do not comprehend your parliament terms, Sir Christopher Burton," said the *Chef*, drily. "I have known them but in acts that would disgrace the most absolute despot."

"My simile was given in good humour ; take it in good part, Major O'Mahon, and speak as to the present ; for I am urged to do my utmost to terminate our family differences. Garret O'Mahon's recantation of Popery was that which produced the late breach, and it is that, no doubt, on which you ponder."

"The same."

"In attributing the circumstance to us, you are wrong Sir—nay, you do us injustice, if you think we condescended to use even the gentlest persuasion. If example, and free discussion, and other reasons have wrought on him, your censure and dislike were more justly fixed elsewhere. We did not, and do not encourage him."

"He haunts your mansion, Sir Christopher."

"He is as welcome there, as his uncle or parent. What may be a crime towards you, is none towards me. I shall only provide that he shall not offend your sight, should you, as I hope, honour us with your company at Palestine."

"Now do !—"

Anastasia was proceeding with entreaty when she was interrupted by the *Chef's* repeating,

"He haunts Palestine, and with views"—here the *Chef* felt awkward, and hesitating,—“views, in short, Sir Christopher that become him not, and which influenced his renegade act.”

"Views, indeed, that do not become him, perhaps," replied the Knight, haughtily, while a blush overspread the cheek of Anastasia.

A long pause here ensued in the conversation, during which, the party having long cleared the outskirts of the town, were already approaching Palestine. When they reached its gateway, the Knight assuming a cheerful aspect, repeated his invitation to Roger O'Mahon, in terms of the utmost conciliation. The fair Anastasia seconded the request in tones and terms most irresistible ; and Willomer's jocularities were employed in the same behalf. The *Chef* felt, that like a captain who had stood out a siege to the last extremity, he had resisted long enough for honour. And his answer was, in part, a promise of compliance, in the event that he could induce his brother Ignatius to view matters in the same light, in which he, Roger, then did.

"You hold then still allegiance to the Chief of the Sept?"

said Willomer gaily. "I fear Mistress Anastasia will call your obsequiousness barbarous."

"No, no," said Anastasia.

"Even at that risk, which I deprecate," replied the *Chef* gallantly, "still must I hold it. *Au revoir*."

The *Chef* spurred Saint Gris to Corramahon, for the first time contemplating with complacency the odious deer-park wall, which the Irish looked on as an Anglicism and an innovation. The Burtons and Willomer kept on their route to the Castle of Palestine.

CHAPTER V.

THE reconciliation, which the events just narrated were calculated to produce betwixt the two families, did not take place immediately. Even *Chef* Roger's promise to make his appearance at Palestine could not be kept, so loud and vehement were the exclamations both of his brother and his niece upon those amicable inclinations towards the Burtons, that the soldier had so suddenly begun to entertain. Forbearant as was the character of the Aireach, he nevertheless in the first heat of his choler, stigmatized the act of an O'Mahon visiting Palestine as that of a renegade. He even declared the knight's timely and friendly interference in behalf of Saint Gris, as a plot betwixt him and his attorney, prepared for overwhelming the O'Mahon's with some further and unforeseen injustice. This assertion staggered Roger, who began to think no villany too base or too absurd for the country. And as his intention to trust or be reconciled with the Burtons was shaken by this, it was more effectually shamed by his pert niece's raillery, for which the whole adventure, including Anastasia's entreaties naïvely recounted by Roger in the simplicity of his heart, afforded ample subject and scope.

The *Chef* in consequence did not dare to turn his horse's head towards Palestine, although owing, as he pleaded, in pure civility, a visit of thanks, at least to Sir Christopher, for his friendly interference in Carlow. The Aireach was deci-

ded and even choleric in his dissuasion ; and Roger submitted, not only in admiration of an approach to vigour in Ignatius, but also in a certainty, that from his brother's easy temper, such a strained feeling of resentment would not long endure.

Anastasia on her part could not rest so contented with the incompletion of her whim. She was at first piqued, and declared her resolution never for the future to take the least notice of the barbarians of Corramahon ; a resolve that drew from her brother Kit a most approving oath and exclamation. On the next morn, however, she not the less tormented her father to ride with her to Corramahon. This the knight indignantly refused ; and Anastasia, in prosecution of her purpose, was obliged to require the company of Willomer, ever a most willing squire, and at the same time of her cousin Amyas.

"I hope the old gentleman may be so considerate as to grant us an audience," said Willomer, as they quitted Palestine. "My friend, the *Chef*, seems to be under fraternal government ; and the sight of two Burtons may stir the spleen of this Hibernian chief, while the sight of a red coat and feather at the same time will certainly not sooth him."

"Nay," observed Anastasia, "cousin Amyas is free of the mansion, and will be our pass. He hath this privilege by favour both of father and daughter ; and 'tis one, that he doth not let lie dormant."

Willomer heard with greedy ear, but made no comment.

"I have not been to Corramahon these ten days," said Amyas.

"Can I credit that ? and yet, now that I regard your cheek, I do. Eh ! what, a quarrel, coz ? Well, this is peace-making day, and we must all put on contrite countenances. By-the-by, Major, you have met with Rachel O'Mahon ?"

"It is possible : at Lady Burgh's, if I remember—a pert beauty, with a Cleopatra nose."

"What kind may that be ? I am not learned."

"*Retroussé*, the kind wherein damsels are apt to hang caprices."

Amyas smiled painfully at the justice of the remark, and, seeking to put Willomer to the proof, asked, "And the Roman, like Anastasia's, what may be its purpose ?"

"As a theme for pride," replied the gallant, "to awe us humble suitors."

"Then truly I would that the damsels of Catherlogh were well provided," observed Anastasia, "for a more impertinent and dangerous set of cavaliers than Lord Deloraine's, have never come to disturb the quiet of the county."

"I trust this peace," quoth Amyas, "will disband and dismount them. Perhaps they may not be so redoubtable in black coats, as they have been in red ones."

"O' my troth not!" said Anastasia: "I can answer for my sex."

"Are we not then sufficiently thrown into the shade by the peruque and sword-knot of a French guardsman?"

Anastasia blushed.

"In sooth, Madam, you and your gentle cousin wrong us. What if our subalterns have swaggered somewhat, made havoc among barmaids and country-wenches, have not I for months been laying siege to your impregnable heart, and spending all love's artillery in vain?"

"And will continue to do so, I most heartily wish, in all instances, while you act Wildair among our provincial belles, and assault every owner of a passable face, the sentimental with the deepest sigh, and the vivacious with your most modish oath. Prithee, Sir, how long has it been since ye males have changed places with our sex, and monopolized coquetry?"

"O' my soul, it must have been since the Venus of Palestine has become metamorphosed into Minerva."

"Go to! thou most false of the feathered tribe. Even poor Rachel could not escape. Did I not see you at Lady Burgh's pouring your insidious talk into the girl's pleased ear?"

"A hurried compliment,—no more by this hand!—to hide the ardent glance I cast towards the finest figure in the dance—where, need I repeat?—to preserve my character for courtesy, and sweeten at the same time the young creature's ratafia. 'Twas charity, more than gallantry, I swear."

The party had, by this time, terminated the avenue to Corramahon, not impeded by the fallen elm-tree, the removal of which the *Chef* himself had superintended. They entered the court; and the surprise of several of the inhabitants of the mansion did not allow time for speech, for orders of denial or defence, ere the visitors entered at the open door,

carrying the dwelling and the parlour of the Aireach by storm. The *Chef* welcomed Willomer, and even offered to kiss his comrade ; at least he made some advance towards such embrace, till recollection checked him, and he rather awkwardly substituted the salute of the hand. Miss Burton seized the hesitating Rachel, and drew her aside in order to excuse her visit, to supplicate for the renewal of their ancient friendship ; while Ignatius himself, unwilling to remain sullen amidst such signs of general amicability, hailed Amyas jovially, and brought the flush of confusion more than of pleasure to the youth's cheek by reproaches for his late absence. Rachel's cheek, indeed, was equally suffused, not from any reciprocal feeling of love or pique towards Amyas, but owing to the unexpected appearance of Major Willomer. The girl's agitation was so great, that she totally forgot all grudge or reserve of pride entertained against Anastasia. She listened with an air of forced attention ; and replied with unconscious rather than affected cordiality to Miss Burton's expostulations and renewed proffer of friendship.

In despite, however, of all these symptoms, the half hour's converse that ensued was stiff in the extreme, and wore all the *emui* of a common visit, heightened by the reserve and awkwardness of an unwelcome one. Rachel was confused, Amyas piqued, Roger in but half-possession of his mother tongue, and Ignatius on the wrong side of his dinner. The only hope of knitting together such a company in ease and momentary friendship lay with Willomer, who, indeed, only waited to understand the Aireach, in order to lay at once upon him the spell of his frank and adroit converso. It demanded none of the ultra-profound science of the man of the world to succeed in this. A few questions respecting Corramahon, a glance at its former grandeur and progressive decadence, avoiding with a pilot's art to run upon or stir the turbid shoals of the brother's sensibilities,—then a recurrence to the present times ; to London, where the Major had lately been ; to the ministerial triumphs of the Tories of that day, and finally to the Jacobite propensities, and supposed intrigues of the Queen and her counsellors. These started topics occupied and roused the lethargic attentions of the Aireach, while the hopes implied lulled any spark of latent jealousy, which he might entertain against the Williamite soldier, or against the daughter of the Knight of

Palestine. All, in short, soon became sunshine in the interior of Corramahon, except for the diversely agitated hearts of Amyas and Rachel.

It was at that time late in the still green month of December. The year, like years of late, and unlike years of old, if weather-experienced ancients are to be believed, was tardy in developing its rigours. The sun shone upon the bare branches as glowingly, as though they were in leaf. Anastasia and Rachel went forth to enjoy it, and to escape from a conversation that began to seem serious and political; Amyas irresolutely followed.

"We are to be friends once more, Rachel, are we not?" asked Anastasia.

"Oh! yes," said Rachel. "I have a thousand things to tell you. Papa looks contented, and we have got uncle for a peace-maker. He is so good an uncle, if you did but know him, and so odd. I torment him; I do so like him."

"You kind-hearted girl! but now, why did we cease to be friends?"

"Nay, I don't know the reason, if you don't. Your pride—"

"Ours!"

"Yes, and some mystery about my brother Garret's going to be married to you."

"To me!"

"Yes: and I suppose, the pride you were but just now shocked at my charging you with, is itself shocked at my second accusation."

"Not a shadow of truth in either. We are friends,—that is enough. And now, tell me one of the thousand things: or let me begin by calling Amyas, who looks rueful and wistful yonder, like an angered lover struggling 'twixt his affection and his spleen. Shall I beckon to him?"

"Do not so: Why does he not come of himself? 'Tis that he wants either the courage or the good-will: and in either case we will none of him. Who is this Englisher and soldier you have brought with you, Anastasia?"

"You have never seen him!"

"Perhaps—once—But who is he?"

"Willomer he is called, and he is thought—But why have you quarrelled with poor Amyas?"

"Poor Amyas! now that is reason enough. Who could love any one, whom one might call *poor*?"

"Yet pity is said to be a step towards loving."

"Not for me," said Rachel seriously; "I could love the man I feared; but he who stoops and weeps, and woos in trembling, is no suitor for Rachel O'Mahon. I have some of the spirit of my sires."

"What wild, unruly fellows they must have been, Rachel!"

"They were chiefs and warriors all, Anastasia. Princes once, and outlaws since; now——"

"Come, Rachel, your good father will give us enough of this mood—let us be girls, gay happy girls, and talk of hearts and fortunes. You no longer care for cousin Amyas."

"No," was the reply, in a tone of lightsome caprice, that precluded, in such a case, all doubt of its sincerity.

"You cannot deny that you did?"

"As a friend and playmate. But I am so changed, Anastasia, within a little time, that I scarcely know myself. When Amyas used to be with us, so kind, and so good, and so mild, I thought it cruel not to care for him, at least not to tell him so; and so I allowed myself to dream of cottages, and of a life still and humble as my dream; but now——"

"What now, girl?"

"Now I dream of courts and warriors, plumes and lances, a stirring, proud life, a——. I wish I was as tall as you are, Anastasia."

"O my troth! you have more lofty thoughts; and the warriors you speak of, are they in coats of mail, or in simple buff and scarlet? You blush indignant at the thought, do you? Well, 'tis of some Jacobite chief, some Tory of the hills, that you are ideally enamoured?"

"Don't mention those horrid Rapparees. What does the heart of a girl care for Williamite and Jacobite differences?"

"But the daughter of O'Mahon, with all the spirit of her sires, as she boasts——"

"Must wear their feuds and prejudices," said Rachel, her spirit somewhat dashed.

"Now hear me, Rachel," commenced Miss Burton, with a counsel-giving, grave expression of face. "You do not know these men, their falsity, their arts; their very point of pride is in deceiving women. It is the vanity of this day, as valour was at one time, public spirit at another; but now that swords are sheathed, and patriotism grown a stale en-

thusiasm, to win woman's favour, and cheat her of her peace, if not her virtue, has become the sole aim of a modern hero. You may smile in contempt, Rachel, and disbelief; but remember I warn you—this Willomer—but speak of him and he comes."

The *Chef* and Willomer here joined the young ladies. The Aireach had insisted on his visitors awaiting the afternoon's repast, an offer which Willomer with some hesitation accepted. But as Ignatius professed himself more than skeptical of any friendship not consolidated by partaking of the same bowl, the Major, whose errand was peace and friendship, was compelled to await the fit time and ceremonies. Hereto the Aireach pleaded the necessity of consulting Ursula, heretofore known to the reader as old Shulah; and upon the hint, Roger and the Major abandoned the Aireach to the care of swelling to a more than ordinary scale his hospitable provisions.

Roger O'Mahon, offering his arm to Anastasia, and having been induced, after a delay of ten minutes' courtesy and reluctance, to apply his hat to the covering of his head, proposed that they should walk to the fort. There is always some such local *lion* about country places, be they cottages or chateaus. That mentioned by the *Chef* was traditionally known to the inhabitants of the country as a Danish fort; and truly it might have been at first formed, and its surrounding ditch thrown up, by a small encampment of these Northerners. Subsequently, a building had been erected in its precincts, with more, however, of the appearance of a chapel than of a fort or castle; and the little green mounds into which the surface of the sward around was broken, that part of it at least clear of thorns and briers, caused it still more to resemble an old place of worship with its surrounding cemetery. The *Chef's* old recollection enabled him to account for this by the circumstance that the robbers, the Tories or Rapparees of the country, oft excommunicated by the priesthood for their atrocities, were here accustomed to bury their slain or dead. Further information on that head, Roger omitted to communicate, viz. that the O'Mahons of old ruled an immense horde of these partizans, were then, and even now, looked upon by them as their true chiefs; though the quiet temper of Ignatius had made him break off all intercourse with them. There were more circumstances connected with the fort, that also re-

quired circumspection on the part of the *Chef* in alluding to them; yet he was so frank and simple, that but for the difficulty and hesitation with which he now spoke his native tongue, he would have acted the sincere and eager Cicerone in unburdening himself of all he knew, or could guess at. As he was launching forth, however, and beginning to expatiate at full, the eyes of Rachel met his with a warning expression, and were in the instant after turned upon the striking uniform of the English soldier. Roger was somewhat embarrassed by this recall to prudence; he saw the blunder of having proposed the Danish fort of Corramahon to the visit of strangers. Obligated to make the best of it now, he drew Anastasia's arm within his, and turning the dialogue on the Court of Lewis the Fourteenth, he led the way to the fort, resolved to touch upon it as a topic, or linger around it as an object of curiosity as little, and for as short a time as might be.

Major Willomer allowed the *Chef's* speed to outstrip his on this promenade of pleasure, determined not to lose so favourable an opportunity of pressing his suit with the pretty Rachel. As her light trip accompanied his heavier pace, he cast down a reconnoitring glance ere he commenced. He saw enough to reassure him. The young creature's cheek was glowing; her eyes, uncertain where to fix, shunned even the ground, lest a downcast look might be thought to betray her bashfulness and confusion; her arm, even, that gently pressed him onward to rejoin her uncle, trembled as it pressed. She had none of the useful arts, the assumed ease, the self-command of society. Rachel knew nought of life, but that she loved; and the consciousness perplexed her.

"Kind Heaven, be thanked!" commenced Willomer, "I have met you at last, Rachel O'Mahon, alone and in your native grove." No answer came. "What a weary world it is, so full of lets, cares, crosses, and obstacles, that a man hath exhausted all his wit in getting a word with his mistress, and hath none left, to prompt that word. If you knew half the devices I have made use of to see you."

"Why, why are they necessary?" asked Rachel.

"Why, askest thou, proud daughter of an Irish chief? How should I expect my sword and feather to be saluted, if they ventured without pretext or protection hither?"

"Surely, my uncle would have protected you, for he was

about to embrace you, but now," replied Rachel, recovering her mirth and malice, as she recovered from her confusion; "and, moreover, he has been expecting you these very many days past."

"If I knew he was the same—if I had a conception that he was your uncle, may I be made ashamed."

"It was kind, however, your coming at last; or rather Miss Burton's coming to visit him."

These covert reproaches delighted Willomer, and he took full advantage of them by appearing hurt, and assuming a serious tone.

"Do you, can you be so cruel as to doubt my passion?—no, that were impossible: but to mock it!"

Rachel was again silent. She did not know what to expect from the altered tone.

"Behold me then, divine creature," cried Willomer in the Quixotic language of the gallantry of that day, and bending at the same time on his knee; "behold me prostrate, an humble slave and adorer. I pour out my whole heart at your feet, and only crave a smile to reassure it."

"My uncle and Anastasia will return," cried Rachel, pleased and terrified.

Hence will I not stir," continued Willomer, extravagantly acting the well-known courtship scene of many of our old comedies, and pouring forth all the protestations of that insincere and hyperbolical age.

To Rachel all this was, as Willomer reckoned, most delicious and intoxicating. Hitherto she had received but the rustic compliments of the Aireach's rude, however well-born, visitors, or Amyas's mute glances and smothered sighs. Both were a species of homage that she despised. But now a lover kneeled before her, a man and a warrior, one who knew court-language, and who wooed in courtly guise. She felt elevated, and filled with queenly thoughts. Such a man her slave! She felt love at the moment for Willomer; but it was a sentiment corrupted, not dignified by pride. She even owned it; and Willomer pressed the lovely creature an instant in his embrace. The quick and high spirit of the girl forbade any farther liberty, that the licentious man of fashion and of the world might have attempted. They continued their walk, absorbed in silence, she so full of happiness as to preclude utterance, and he affecting the same tenderness and oblivion.

The *Chef* and Anastasia had in the mean time reached the fort, and the latter, who was already prepared to regard the place with as much fear as anxiety, was alarmed at hearing the sound of human voices issue from its precincts. Roger himself was somewhat perplexed ; but as he had at the time several very good reasons, which forbade him to betray any fear, he observed, that it was the custom for the labourers at times to retire thither in order to take their mid-day meal. The voices, however, did not corroborate this explanation, as one of them at least bore no mark of the rudeness of a peasant's tongue ; it was that, on the contrary, of a well-nurtured person, with a foreign accent, which, with an increase of feebleness and age, resembled Roger's own. The following is the dialogue, of which they caught but snatches.

"*Peste*, Master *Ulique*, on your impatience ! we must wait the signal. You know not what Saxons may be prowling about Corramahon."

"What should the Sassenach do in the mansion of the Aireach.

"What do ? *eh*, *Seigneur* !—what do—save harry and levy, hunt outlaws, Master *Ulique*, and over-sea priests. The safety of the Lord be about us ! what do !—raise a third of O'Mahon's rents for O'Mahon's protestant son."

"The renegade ! my skene shall be acquainted with his heart's blood."

"What he merits, Master *Ulique* ; and Rome would absolve thee for the deed ; that is, might, upon consideration."

"She hath a wide conscience, Rome ; but none in her consideration. It cost Macmurrough a thousand Jacobuses to be assoiled for dealing his brother's death-blow,—a thousand Jacobuses of solid gold ; yet he whom he slew was a Cromwellian and a traitor. Ye have raised the price of blood upon us sorely, Master Churchman, and unless robbery thrives with us Rapparees, we must e'en die out of the Church's pale."

"You would die, as ye have lived, O'More. Thou art half Lutheran to rail at the price of indulgences. They are dog-cheap for the times. Heaven has grown deaf, I tell thee, with listening to the world's enormities, and prayers are no longer heard as they were wont."

"Is it even so," said the young Rapparee, satisfied with

the reason assigned by the priest as the cause of the rise in the spiritual wares.

The churchman seemed not to wish that his disciple should dwell upon his argument, for he said immediately, "And you propose to commence the wooing of the sister by the slaughter of the brother, do you?"

"By the body of all the saints, it were after a proper fashion! A daughter of her blood should wear me in her heart for the deed. But—these are degenerate days."

"*Ahi!*" exclaimed the churchman, "that is true as prophecy."

While the involuntary listeners stood in amazement at the little they heard or comprehended of this dialogue, the *Chef* was uncertain whether to retire at once from the spot, or continue to gratify their curiosity, and so lull by affecting indifference any suspicion that might be awakened in his companion. Ere he could decide, another and a better known voice broke upon them from the other side of the fort land, though it was vented in under breath.

"Your reverence!"

"All is well, Ursule?"

"No faix, isn't well, a bit of it! You must be close, Father," said Shulah.

"How, what!" and several hurried interrogatories burst from the inmates of the fort.

"Whisht! the Inglishers are about the Corrah."

"What Inglishers?" eagerly demanded the younger voice.

"Them Burtons,—*agra*, whosoever you be that's keeping company with his riverence,—them Burtons, and more beside."

"What are they doing here?"

"Yourself knows as much as myself;—there's a red coat among 'em."

"Treason! by Saint Patrick," exclaimed Ulick, as he started up to begone. The ecclesiastic seemed to attempt to retain or at least to dissuade him from going.

"Nay," said he, "another day I will seek the Aireach. And if it be for me they come, I had rather encounter my enemy upon the heath, than to be dug out of a hole like a crouching fox." So saying, he sprung upwards, and started, like an apparition, before the eyes of the *Chef* and Anastasia. He himself, however, was by far the most astonished.

The figure of Ulick O'More was fine, muscular, and martial, his height exaggerated by the mantle that enwrapped him. The pride of the high-born chieftain was mingled in his countenance with the recklessness and ferocity of the outlaw. He wore the latter expression, however, in expectation of meeting with an enemy. When his eyes fell upon the fair form of Anastasia, the air of the outlaw disappeared; that of the chieftain was called up and assumed. He paused a moment, and regarded in admiration the haughty seeming beauty of Anastasia.

"This must be the daughter of O'Mahon," thought he. Then advancing and doffing his cap in a most courteous salutation—"Fair daughter of a most noble race," quoth he, "Ulick O'More presents thee with his homage."

Anastasia, who had recovered from her fear, and who was amused as well as surprised by a salutation so novel to her, thanked the stranger for his courtesy, and in return informed the Rapparee, of whose name and fame at least she was not ignorant, that "one of her Majesty's officers was approaching, and at the time near them."

"Then we are comrades," quoth Ulick, "since, methinks, I am entitled to assume what rank I please in King James's army."

"The lady spoke of Queen Anne's," observed the *Chef*.

"An enemy is as welcome to Ulick as a friend, often more so," said the outlaw knowingly, casting his eye down the wood nevertheless.

"Your presence, Sir, at any other time welcome, will for the moment be likely to bring trouble upon Corramahon," said the *Chef* in some perplexity.

"There was a time that Corramahon did not shrink from troubles in a good cause; but the hare, it seems, has couched in the old wolf's den. There was a time, Roger O'Mahon—your tongue bespeaks you—one of your name would not have come of an errand from the French king, without seeking counsel of an O'More."

"You mistake the purport of my visit to the land of my forefathers," replied the *Chef*.

"If I do, I trow, whose is the shame? O'More presses on no man's secret. Lady, I kiss your hand."

The outlaw, seizing the hand of Anastasia, whose surprise did not admit of resistance, imprinted on it the salute that he spoke. Then replacing his cap, he sprung, like a stag, over

the enclosure, and was soon lost in the recesses of the surrounding wood. Willomer and Rachel came up at the instant, and no doubt it was a glimpse of his uniform, caught through the trees, that had decided the abrupt departure of Ulick.

Anastasia and the *Chef* were both perplexed; especially as the latter had uttered to his companion a hurried prohibition to mention what she had witnessed. Fortunately, Rachel was as unfit to endure observation as to prosecute impertinent inquiries; and as the girls beheld the flushed cheeks of each other, the one augured that the other had at least been listening to a declaration of love. Anastasia, we have seen, was right in such conjecture; but Rachel, though she so construed appearances, could not help wondering at the activity of her uncle in making such speedy progress.

"My uncle hath not been to France in vain," thought she; "and yet he looks confused, while Willomer is at his ease. Can he love, and be so calm? My heart's as if it had lost its place; my cheek burns."

Willomer was engaged in surveying the fort, and coolly making remarks to his companions, whose confusion he saw, but affected not to notice, when Shulah made her appearance.

"Then it's here I find you!" exclaimed the old woman, reproaching the *Chef's* want of prudence. My blessing's on you, Roger O'Mahon, you've left some of your wit ayond sea!"

Roger, however, was in no mood to be either bantered or reproached. The freedom of the old domestic jarred with his natural sense of dignity and professional love of etiquette.

"Spare us your observations, Ursula," said he, "and let us know your errand."

"Arrand, honey! troth then 'twas a goose chase, and sure enough I caught you. Would nothing sarve you, but prying into the foort?"

"Now don't be angry, Shulah," said Rachel. "Uncle meant no offence to the faeries; nor did he know the good-people haunted here."

"—— on witch and fairy," exclaimed Roger.

"Ye've said it now in troth, Master Roger. I wouldn't give a groat for your luck atwixt this and Hollentide. And now, gentles, your dinner's ready."

" 'To it with what appetite we may,' she would add, were she but Shakespeare read," said Willomer. "What an invaluable old angry original you have got here, Rachel! The Irish, I remark, are all facetious in their resentments."

"Not always," said Rachel; "for my good uncle is now approaching the one feeling with very little symptom of the other."

"There you go, Master Yellow-and-Red," soliloquized Shulah, "Colloguing with Rachel O'Mahon;—it's may be the spoiling of your sport."

There are some folks who are happy only at the head of a table,—there alone may be said to flourish and exist. Place them at the side, or even as a guest, and they are ciphers. At the head they are monarchs: hospitality is their element. Ignatius O'Mahon was one of these. Seen in the morning, as the party had surprised him, he was languid, idealess, confused. It seemed as if his spirits had wandered beyond his reach, and that his presence of mind had gone in search of them. There was then neither dignity nor life about the Aireach.

Now, however, he presided at the board:—simple oak it was, interminable, and flanked by a number of guests, retainers, and domestics, that made Willomer, and even the *Chef* himself, stare with surprise. The Aireach had long since given a *fête* in honour of his brother's return, the description of which we then spared our readers, aware that events of the kind were such natural and common occurrences at Corramahon, that the course of our narrative would soon overtake a similar one. At this, however, solemn and joyous as was the cause of the gathering and the banquet, there was scarcely a larger assemblage of features, although there might have been a greater number of more respectable. His fellow-nationals were too well acquainted with the dignity of the Aireach, as well as with the curtailed means of supporting the same, to permit his vanity to exaggerate his preparations, or to swell his train beyond its scanty reality. To meet the eyes of an English soldier, however, and of a daughter of the rival house of Palestine, there was need of every exertion in order to be imposing. Hence, though two hours had been the utmost space allowed for preparations, such activity had been displayed, that every neighbour within a league around had poured in, and more than one

larder had been trespassed upon in the shape of a loan to supply the ample feast.

It was like magic, that crowded hall that rung and smoked, which a short time since the guests had traversed desolate and empty, not even a single domestic appearing at their call, whilst now at the call of the viands more than a score showed every sign of life and gladness.

As usual, all, lord and servant, took place at the table, the upper part of which was covered with a variegated and neat matting, still the dinner-table covering in many parts of Europe. The better order of guests first sat down, those of the lower benches awaiting the nod of the Aireach, ere they took a similar liberty.

Who so happy as Ignatus? He was no longer the bloated, the lethargic occupant of a chimney-corner. His form grew erect, his gray eye glistened, the forms, the politeness, the exertions of hospitality bestowed grace and dignity to his movements. His intellect was even brightened by the excitement, and his discourse wanted neither aptness nor wit. Willomer repressed his rising inclination to amuse Miss Burton by some very fine and covert raillery, which the rudeness of host and guest seemed at first to promise scope for. Anastasia felt herself in as aristocratic a presence, as though Sir Christopher entertained an Anglo-Hibernian grandee: and the *Chef* looked with pride and submission to his brother, as to a commanding officer. Ignatius was every inch a chieftain.

Gay, mingled, desultory, inspirative of amity and good humour, was the converse that mingled with the clatter of feeding weapons—the knives, such as they were, and were wielded, deserve no better name—and the ringing of goblets. And the din was greater and more confusing, as the chamber of banquet was by no means the lofty feudal hall, but a low, naked apartment, whose extreme length increased the seeming pettiness of its height. Huge beams of shillelah oak, weighty enough, one would think, to crush the walls on which they were laid as rafters, protruded out from the ceiling, and stretched so low as to bear thick marks of the steam of the viands, and the smoke of the torches, which were wont to illumine many a night carouse.

“Major Willomer, I pledge thee,” said the Aireach, “welcome to the O’Mahon’s board—my brother’s friend.

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gentlemen," added he, turning to more than one gloomy countenance.

"Roger O'Mahon's friend!" drank several, and Willomer replied by an obeisance. One was heard to utter,

"Well, here's health to the Hanoverian, anyhow; tho' it's not the challenge Ignatius O'Mahon 'ud ha' given him a score of years back."

"And that we know, Dermid," said the Aireach. "That's a truth does not require a wry face to strengthen it. Blows were meat and drink to us then, and a stomach-full we both got and gave. There is a time for all things."

"Then it's what I'm hoping after," said Dermid, "that there is; for we've been asleep these twenty years, and not o' the softest sleep neither; and if the time, as your own self says, would but come agin for a bit of a row, it 'ud do us all the good in the world."

Numerous were the winks, shoves, pulls, hems, coughs, and other warning exclamations, which sought to put a check to Dermid's imprudent tongue. But as in the eagerness of his thirst he had mistaken whiskey for pure lymph, he replied by a knowing look, "that he knew what he was about."

"And what reasons, my good Sir, have you to be discontented?" asked Major Willomer, wishing to propitiate good will by frankness.

"In troth, then, Master Major, I'll not be after keeping you till the morrow morn with my reasons, forby you may read them as you ride, plain as the nose on my face. Or there's Natus O'Mahon will tell you a story or two, and, maybe, Sir Kit Burton's dochter would help him."

"That is not the question, my good Dermid," joined in the *Chef*; "but what would you gain by your wished-for troubles?"

"Something sure, when there's nought to lose," replied the small proprietor, or better sort of farmer, a race unfortunately since lost to Ireland; "it 'ud bring the soldiers in at any rate, and they'd ate our lane cattle, maybe, that rot on our hands, now that they won't let us send 'em 'abroad. They might rise the markets a bit too, and a farmer might put a plough in his land; whiles now, from Kilkinny castle to Bagatrot, what's to be seen the long road, barrin pasture and praties, praties and pasture. By and by, there'll be

naughting but praties, and then we'll be a blessed herd of swine.

"You forget, Dermid," said the *Chef*, "that the wars you wish to recall were what made potato-planting, and potato-eating prevalent, as the only crop that the passage of an army or a troop of marauders could not destroy."

"Thou repinest, Dermid, like one of thine own oxen," said Ignatius, who felt himself obliged to put down with dignity the surliness of his guest; "not at the yoke thou sufferest, but at the lack of provender in thy trough."

"Even so, Aireach," retorted Dermid; "let the Chief-tain's crest rise up against disgrace, the poor hath enemy enough to combat in hunger."

A murmur of somewhat like applause ensued, as cups and inedders rattled to represent such among the lower benches, and Ignatius felt for an instant the justness of the exculpation and reproof. Nevertheless he rallied, and bade Dermid "take a deeper draught to cure his spleen." "We will win in peace," added he, "what we never gained in war. If all that I hear be true, we shall live to kiss a Stuart's hand as sovereign once more, though, shame be on me, if the race deserve it."

"You depend on little Bolingbroke?" quoth Willomer.

"That do I," cried the frank Ignatius, "and upon a mightier man than St. John."

"The French King?"

"Troth," said Dermid, "you don't seem to have more gumption nor myself."

"I speak no secret. Neither hand nor thought of mine can aid."

"Stirring times are welcome," said Amyas Burton, breaking from a silence and a reverie, that he had preserved during the feast.

"They are dealers in bearskins, Mr. O'Mahon," said the Major, "believe me, who tell that story; I have just returned from England, and there was not a syllable of it believed at White's."

"Whites or Blacks—'tis whispered in the country-side," said Ignatius. "The truth, that rises troubled at its source, grows clear as it descends the streams."

"By my own soul, then, I'm sorry for it," quoth the discontented Dermid.

"Sorrow ! why the queen of the fairies could not gladden thee : for what reason, Dermid ?"

"Why, that your good news, as you call it, your Jacobite hopes and prophecies are come to end in nothing, save bringing down the Whigs upon us. They love an excuse, the persecutors. And no sooner does a flame, ay ! or a spark leap up beyond sea, but down they come, dragoons with their swords, lawyers with their parchment, and justices with proclamations, all upon poor Pat. Hang the priests, shoot the papists, root out the rebels, is the cry just as we begin to look about us."

"Dermid, my man," said Ignatius, "you are as wet a blanket as ever dripped on a green hedge to shade it from the sun. You don't take kindly to the liquor."

Thus converse flowed freely, and as freely with it the whiskey and the claret. Anastasia and Rachel had long since escaped. The minor guests had retired to the kitchen, where their own peculiar topics might be discussed, and their jests passed without jarring and interrupting the laugh and argument of their betters. These seemed to increase their conviviality as their number narrowed. Willomer was as gay a *blood* as ever struck cane on the pavement of Bow-street ; drank chocolate at White's, talked criticism at Will's, or politics at St. James's. Then he could diversify the fashionable jargon of such places, which was scarcely appreciated by his present companions, by campaigning anecdotes, for each of which the *Chef* was sure to find a *pendant*. In fine, Dermid even had forgotten his discontent ; and Roger broke upon his abstemious habits more sensibly than he had hitherto ventured. So mingled were the company, and so aware of their want of harmony in many respects, that party and bigotry were softened down by a sense of politeness ; and each toast was a concession, rather than a pledge of hate.

The revellers, however, were seated on gunpowder. A spark might change their cordiality to flame and scatter it abroad. "Amity betwixt the houses of Corramahon and Palestine," was proposed by Major Willomer. Ignatius was silent ; he had not made up his mind how to answer such a proposal, whether he could pledge such a wish. When Dermid seemed to second it, crying, "Amity ! ay, amity and union ; for myself is much mistaken if I did not see Garret O'Mahon sneaking this very evening, hang'd dog as he is ! to Palestine."

With this word, the spark indeed left the flint. "Thou art an over-sour bit of leaven, Master Dermid," said the *Chef*. "Let us break up the party."

Ignatius had flung the brimming goblet from his lips ; and giving vent to every smothered portion of resentment, that good feeling had been long repressing, but at the same time gathering, he burst into a dreadful anathema, of which wine and anger formed the joint and powerful inspiration.

But we will spare the reader all the furious and hurried exaggeration of an Irish curse.

CHAPTER VI.

PREVIOUS to the departure of the Burtons and Major Wil-
lomer from Corramahon, which, owing to the Aireach's
awakened passion had been somewhat abrupt, Amyas had
craved an interview with Rachel. She could not refuse.
She thought, too, an explanation to be somewhat necessary
between them ; and although that necessity gave her pain,
she resolved to be frank, at least, if she could not be gene-
rous or constant to her ancient lover. She therefore, with-
out hesitation, appointed the morrow.

The place fixed on by them was a little flower-garden,
which had been improved to deserve such name by their
joint care. It had been the spot most frequented by the
playmates, and most replete with their boyish and girlish
recollections. Some of them could not fail to strike and
sadden the breast of Rachel, even occupied as it now was
with a full and master passion. Most insecure of the hap-
piness which this held forth, she was about to abandon those
lesser and less warm hopes, which still she felt had made the
happiness of many a youthful day ; but there was no regret
on her own account, though such ideas must flit past. All
the pangs that she herself might feel, did not weigh with or
oppress her ; it was the pang which she was about to inflict
that turned its edge towards her, and hurt her commiserating
spirit. She wished the cruel meeting over. She blamed
her silly eagerness that had mistaken the first gleam of pre-

dilection and friendship for the full and all-illuminating sunshine of love. She regretted that she could not call the passion with which the English soldier had inspired her, her *first love*. There was a charm, a sacredness about that word, and the idea that it expressed, with which, let her slight as she would her intimacy with Amyas, she felt that she could never invest her present feelings. "It is the true, however," thought she, "if not the first; and by it I will abide."

At the moment, Amyas came in sight, and strange, her uncle accompanied the youth. They were engaged in conversation. She dreaded some treachery on the part of Amyas, and was about to retire, when Roger O'Mahon quitted the youth, who continued his course towards the place of appointment.

As he approached and saluted her, she could not avoid being struck by his altered appearance and demeanour. Instead of the boyish, simple, smiling figure, wont to bound toward and gambol around her, when in spirits, or which, when piqued or offended, would shrink downcast away, he now paced erect and manly. His countenance wore no smile, nor yet frown or resentment. It was calm, and even noble. Determination spoke in his glance; and moreover, a character capable of supporting such now became manifest in him for the first time. His lip might quiver as he drew near, and perhaps it was the contrast between such slight symptoms of feeling, and the calm and firmness of his whole deportment, that constituted the nobleness which surprised and even awed Rachel.

The girl had made up her mind to hear reproaches, and moreover to bear with them; but the first calm words of Amyas were, "Dear Rachel, it was kind of you to grant me this interview."

"Kind! Amyas? Alas! can you forgive me so far as to say so, and to feel it?"

"Our hearts are not our own, nor in our own guidance. Let your affections wander where they will, my regrets will ever be accompanied with a prayer for your happiness. For the past, I have but to thank your friendship for the dream, the idle dream, that made you mine."

I know not the reason, nor how it was, that Rachel was not altogether pleased at this calm, this mildness in her admirer. She had expected fury, with alternate supplication, and threats, and reproaches; not that these could have

given her pleasure, nevertheless their absence certainly piqued her somewhat.

"I am sure, Amyas," said she, "I am glad you take every thing right—that—that you show no resentment."

"I am but an insignificant boy, not manly enough to be selfish." He spoke the word in a tone of ironic bitterness. "Should I prove my love by troubling the happiness of her I love? No, Rachel, I have no resentment."

"You make me happy by the assurance. Yet, what right had I to think otherwise, or to suppose that either of us, happening to form new intimacies, could disturb our old and childish friendship?"

"Cast no slur upon the past, I pray; to me, at least, it is sacred. I loved you, love you still, Rachel, and would lay down my life to prove it. Do not reproach me with want of affection, because I want resentment. It is my nature to be mild, and to suffer patiently, though proudly—my fate, too, may be the same. Think well of me, at least, now that I am about to bid you farewell."

"Farewell! Amyas! you are surely not about to leave the country?"

"I am."

"It is a hasty resolve, and may be regretted. Can we not still be neighbours, and forget all of our childish folly that exceeded friendship?"

"You may, Rachel, as you have; but I never can. Would you have me wait, and——"

The countenance of Amyas changed as his utterance stopped, and assumed an expression that Rachel had thought impossible to it—one of concentrated passion, fury, and despair. This lasted but a moment, however; and tranquillity was reassumed, though every quivering nerve belied it.

"No, no!" continued he; "here we part. My sad and reproachful countenance shall no longer haunt you, or come to mar pleasurable thoughts; for you could scarcely avoid pitying Amyas."

"You make me wretched," said Rachel, shedding tears. The short glimpse of Amyas Burton's features, whilst they were distorted with passion had wrought more upon her than his air and words of generous and self-denying calm. She there saw the wrong she had caused, and felt the pang she had inflicted.

"I have been silly, selfish," cried she; "yet, a mere girl, what could I have known, what foreseen? I have exchanged a childish fancy for a woman's feeling; as you will, Amyas, for a more manly one, and for a worthier object."

Amyas shook his head. "You love Willomer, then?" asked he, as a person certain of his fate requires to be made more deadlily sure.

"I have told him so," breathed Rachel, looking downwards.

The answer put all the generous self-constraint of Amyas to the proof. But he mastered equally the weakness and the ebullition of his spirit, although his throat was choked with the fulness of both. "Farewell!" was the sole word with which he could trust his utterance. Seizing Rachel's hand he pressed his lips upon it for the first time, perhaps, and for the last. In a few minutes Rachel was alone in the little garden, absorbed in feelings, which, though not without a certain counterpoise of happier ones, were still more sad and more bitter than her young days had as yet experienced.

Her reverie had lasted long, sad as it was; for she could not shake it off, when the appearance of her uncle by Rachel's side effectually roused her.

"Come, Rachel, we will be friends," said the *Chef*. "I was inclined to quarrel with thee, as a flighty little personage, and perhaps did begin to scold a little; but you will forgive me now."

"And why now, uncle?"

"Why, now that I perceive you to be veritably sage, and capable, young as you are, of quashing resolutely the hopes of a silly boy—my faith! I was about to say, lover."

"And why not say *lover*, good uncle? Is it a crime to have had one?"

"At your age, Mademoiselle, a folly." Rachel here stood erect, and shook her already luxuriant tresses with the pride of incipient womanhood. "In my mind," continued Roger—

"It would be no folly to fall in love at *your* age."

"Hey-day, impertinent! what take you me for?"

"For a dear, good uncle," cried Rachel, blushing with shame at her own impudence, and placing her hands upon the *Chef's* cheeks in playfulness, at once to excuse herself

and hide her awkward feeling. "For a dear, good uncle, who must not be too curious about me. I have been ever free as the wind, swaying, not swayed."

"Youth, my girl," said the forgiving Roger, "is a path along a precipice, which beauty should never pursue without a guide."

"Mine is no giddy head. I walk steadily; and the interference of a guide might trouble it. Besides, my dear uncle, we are mates, we are contemporaries."

"How so, young head, that art not giddy?"

"We follow the same path, do we not? Our hopes, are they not similar, our feelings?"

"Let us see, child, what are thine?"

"Hark!" exclaimed Rachel, "there are Sir Christopher's hounds. What an inspiring cry! Let us run to the fort-moat, and we shall have a full view. Do run, uncle." And Roger, obedient to his niece's word, followed her example and speed, which indeed the rest of the household sallied out to follow also. Even Ignatius himself hobbled forth to see the occasion of the stir.

"There they go! the stag has just cleared Palestine woods, and sweeps down towards the valley. He bounds, not runs, a furlong at every spring."

"Myself pities the baste," observed Shulah from behind, her withered arm stretched across her brow: "to a sneaking fox one could say *halloo* with pleasure; but them poor deer, that Sir Kit has shut up for his hunts, the priest tells they cry, the cratures—all as one of usselves, an like, that the Orangers 'ud be hunting; and myself has seen that same afore now."

"It is a cowardly sport," said Ignatius; "twenty dogs upon a deer. A brace of wolf-dogs and the hunter's skene, the game might face; and die with honour, as honour there would be also in the slaying. What is yon rout more than galloping up and down a mall?"

"Talk as you will, Ignatius, that cry to me is as fine as a trumpet sounding the charge. Ho! you, saddle me my gray," cried Roger, to an open-mouthed domestic.

"And me my pad," cried Rachel.

"You will not join yon Orange sport, Roger?" said Ignatius.

"That will I. When last I heard the hunting-horn, it was the woods of Fontainebleau that echoed to the sound, and

the courtiers of the Great Lewis that joined the cry. Was that Orange ? By Saint Denis, I will show the Williamites the paces of a Jacobite charger."

"And will be ready to take ten pounds value for him, if he be first at the death?"

"Go! Sir Christopher is a generous old knight. If he would not see me wronged in the town-street, he will not surely in the hunting-field. You, Rachel, had better not venture, however."

"Mind your nag, uncle. I see Anastatia's habit yonder, and must e'en have a word with her, if you mean to have a whisper."

"Brother Roger," said Ignatius, "recollect we have been informed that Garret O'Mahon is at Palestine."

"I do not go to Palestine," said the *Chef*. "And yet I should like to face the renegade. An honest frown might make him falter in his baseness."

"He has not shrunk from incurring a father's curse."

"You will pardon him, if I bring him back a suppliant."

"Let him supplicate Holy Church, and come a penitent to her whom he hath denied," said Ignatius, at once waiving his opposition to his brother's visiting Palestine; for the parent's last hope revived within him.

The *Chef* and Rachel had by this time mounted. Their fresh and impatient horses soon bore them to the scene of joyous tumult; and the peering eyes of the beholders from the old fort of Corramahon soon ceased to distinguish them among the crowd of pursuers. Among them, however, they were soon noticed, and by no means with welcome. Party and religious bigotry were even there to poison the naturally frank and generous feelings of the sporting-field. In the minds of the squiralty, small and great, who followed the chace, the Papists were a degraded race, which, nevertheless, they felt compelled to fear and to hate, far more than to condemn. They knew that the degradation under which the Catholics suffered was merely the work of law and statute, and that these once evaded, the naturally superior claims of the said papists to respect, both as more ancient of birth and more powerful in right throughout the land, would cast them into the second place. And therefore the ruling Williamites regarded the least infringement of the penal statutes in favour of their enemies, as endangering at once their supremacy, their dignity, and safety. The aim of the Pro-

testant party was to elevate themselves into the gentry of the nation, and at the same time to sink the Catholics into the serfs, as the Normans did with regard to the Anglo-Saxons, and as the Franks had served the Gauls.

The means by which the modern and self-entitled conquerors of Ireland attempted this was borrowed, as well as the policy itself, from those remote times. Then, the possession of a horse was the characteristic of the noble: the gentry were equestrian, the base-born, pedestrian. And on this principle was introduced the law, which forbade to the use of Catholics any steed that could be applied to nobler uses than agriculture. This was one of the many modes, one too perfectly in unison with those chivalric principles on which modern gentility is founded, that was put in force not more than a century back to reduce the Roman Catholics of Ireland to Helotism.

As the use of fire-arms was at the same time denied them, they were excluded from all means of rural and gentle amusement. And for fear, it may be supposed, lest this prohibition from many exercises should have the effect of turning the attention of the degraded caste to the cultivation of their minds, education, either abroad or at home, was by other edicts as expressly denied them. The natural consequences were, that Catholic youths became, in many instances, such mean wretches as the heir of O'Mahon, or else, if holding still to honesty and to their native pride, they united these to an ignorance, a narrowness, and a want of cultivation that rendered them barbarous, and tarnished even the national virtues. If the persecuted thus degenerated, the persecutors did no less so. If mean submission, or barbarous vindictiveness was the eternal lesson which circumstances instilled into those, inhumanity and bigotry and prejudice were, by the same circumstances, blended with the characters of these. For history establishes no truth more fully than this, that slavery degrades the enslaver as much as the enslaved, and that the forger of fetters always sinks morally to the rank of him whom he compels to wear them.

The reader may from hence conjecture the feelings with which the apparition of a Catholic gentleman, well mounted, in the hunting-field, produced in the breasts of the greater part of those who beheld him. The bigotry that had assailed Roger in the Dublin coffee-house was mild in proportion. Despite of this, the *Chef's* gallant gray, Saint

Gris, as he called him, swept on among the foremost, and without being in the least conscious of disqualification for sport on the part of him or his master, soon led the way. This changed many a cry, cheering to the hounds, or triumphant to self, into curses upon the Popish horse; and none ventured bitterer of the kind, than young Kit Burton, the heir of Palestine. Not so the old knight himself, who welcomed loudly both the *Chef* and Saint Gris; and his jovial salutation poured forth in the breathlessness of the chase, silenced the murmurings of more than half the field.

Were this the pen of Beckford, or were it inspired by his experience and enthusiasm, to utter a worthy apostrophe to the glories of the chase, here should be its place. But the joyous sport, which, in reality, is ever new, ever exciting, and never palling, has become passing commonplace in description. Hound and horn have resounded too widely and loudly in verse, to be for the present listened to in prose; and so the reader is spared the enumeration of hill and dale, bourne and wood, and of many a high-sounding town-land, hurried over by the game and its pursuers. Even the death was achieved without any incident worthy of being recorded in the annals of sport; and, save that Roger O'Mahon and the Knight of Palestine found themselves arrive together, and alone, at the poor deer's catastrophe, nought else occurred worth dwelling upon.

Cordial greetings passed betwixt the two.

"Foregad! quoth the Knight, "Master M'Crosky is as well read in horse-flesh as in law. He knew the worth of the gray steed when he attempted to entrap him."

"He is a jot, perhaps, the worse for wear," replied the *Chef*, "but what is left of him is stanch and true."

"We shall have some trouble though, on the score of his creed."

"My horse's creed!" said Roger.

"Ay, Sir, ay. My brother sportsmen are jealous already of the Papist brute. He must recant, Major O'Mahon, or rein in."

"He is open to conviction."

"I'll be sworn he is, ha, ha!--would prick his ears, like more orthodox creatures, to his feed, eh! But here come the stragglers. We will defy them, Major O'Mahon. You must to Palestine with us."

"Would it not be more wise for me," said Roger, "and for Saint Gris, to abandon the field, since we excite envy?"

"By Saint George! I will protect your gallant Saint there against the host. I should like to see who would wag his tongue against Sir Christopher, or against Sir Christopher's guest."

"I have been used to depend upon mine own rapier, and upon fair courtesy, in all quarrels."

"Why, then, o' my troth, the one would have enough to do, and with but trifling aid from the other, in this case. But come, be my guest frankly, Roger O'Mahon, you and your fair niece, for this afternoon. Fellows at the chace should be fellows at the board. If you retreat, these squires will not stop to swear you feared them."

"Well, here's with you, Sir Christopher. There is a guest, too, I understand, at Palestine, whom I would see and speak a word with."

"What, Garret, your nephew? he should be here. I mounted him upon my own old roan. But he shrunk, like a finical fellow, from the first topping fence."

"He is faint of heart, then, though not in evil purposes." The Knight made no reply.

"Sir Christopher Burton," exclaimed Roger, "permit me to ask of you, how one, whom I behold so frank and generous, can countenance that boy in his impiety?"

"Me, Sir! You would quarrel with me, would you? It were a wise act on your part, I trow," replied Sir Christopher, with a feeling of irritation, that nevertheless he mastered. "I do not countenance him. I think him as downright a sneak as ever turned steed from the chace, and the hounds in cry. But what am I to do, Sir? We must support our interest, we must support ascendancy, we must—But I'll tell you what, Major O'Mahon, you must speak to Lady Burton on this score."

"Lady Burton!" repeated Roger, who was not of the most quick-sighted.

But by this time the owners of jaded and lagging steeds had come up, and the knight was checked for the moment in his vein of frankness. Here ensued the usual course of congratulations, regrets, clamours, and rural criticism, that happen on such occasions. The knowing ones took a view of Saint-Gris, and less steadily of his master. The Knight of Palestine hastened to obviate any expressions of hostility

or ill-humour, by introducing Major O'Mahon to the principal among his brother-sportsmen. Rachel, too, was recognised and admired; and after a time, the cavalcade proceeded in dispersed groups or couples to Palestine, where the banquet awaited them.

In these groups, as may be supposed, was discussed, with much heat, and for the most part with blame, the unaccountable leaning and *liberality* (the word was then, as it is now, accompanied with a sneer) shown by Sir Christopher to the brother of O'Mahon. It was looked upon as a dereliction of duty, a desertion of party, an act of treason, in short, of the most dangerous and damnable kind. A union between Garret O'Mahon, the renegade son of Corramahon, and Anastasia, was, 'tis true, talked of in the country. It was approved also. But the necessity of stooping on that account to conciliate a degraded family, was by no means seen. It was wrong; it was suspicious, especially at a period when the partisans of the house of Stuart were every where re-kindling their long-dormant hopes of re-establishment, and were busied in forming plans founded upon the favour, supposed or real, of the then reigning Queen and her ministry.

As Roger O'Mahon approached Palestine, he had now, for the first time, the opportunity of scanning it with impartial view. In his young days he had been accustomed to behold and consider it as a robber's den of somewhat superior fabric to the caves of the Rapparees. And even since his return, he had taken of it the partial glance which a vista in the surrounding woods allowed, with feelings that differed little in kind from his ancient ones. The generosity and frankness of its present possessor had, however, propitiated the hereditary hate of the *Chef*; and it was now more "in sorrow than in anger," that the latter contemplated the proud castle of the stranger; for so he would still have called the descendant of the knight-adventurer, rearing itself upon the family domain of the O'Mahons.

The building, indeed, looked conscious of intrusion, and wore more the appearance of a frontier fortress than a lord's peaceable abode. It was towered, and battlemented, surrounded with a fosse; and, although it could boast neither drawbridge nor portcullis, yet the grand portal was blocked up with masonry, and the steps and path which led thereto, were both overgrown with grass. The entrance in use was, as O'Mahon soon found, through the high-walled court or yard

in the rear, which thus served as an outwork or defence to the mansion, as well as an enclosure to the manifold offices of the Knight's establishment. The castle itself, unfortunately for its dignity, was chiefly built of brick, now dark and dingy, which gave a perishable and mean air to it, that its imposing extent and lofty battlements could not do away with. Those who have visited Herstmonceaux, may imagine this; they who have seen her grandeur, and age, and solitude, and ivy, though aided by the proudest associations, almost fail in communicating interest to a ruin of brick.

The Castle of Palestine, nevertheless, did not fail to strike Roger O'Mahon as grand and imposing. It certainly was surrounded by no very ancient associations, nor to him with any that were inspirative of respect. Full-grown and well-tended woods alone added magnificence to the residence of the Burtons. There was no rude scenery,—not that the rocky mount or barren heath were wanting in the vicinity; but all view of such was scrupulously shut out by the English planter, with whom cultivation was evidently the first beauty, and wealth the first sentiment. Ignatius would have openly and outright scoffed such taste, its pretensions, and the improvements which it operated; but the *Chef* had gathered more courtly and civilized ideas, and he saw more to admire than to disapprove.

Corramahon in the meantime was a hovel, compared with Palestine. And the thought could not fail to occur, to occur with pain and a sense of injustice. The Irishman was, however, partly neutralized in Roger into the man of the world, and he parried the unpleasant contrast with a French shrug. At least, thought he, the door of Corramahon, though it be but that of a cabin, is at least an open one. To the poor it stands wide, and to the enemy, for that matter, who cares or who dares to enter it.

For all his philosophy and worldly hardihood, Roger O'Mahon regretted his having consented to become a guest at Palestine. He approached it with unpleasant sensations. The idea of its being usurped from his family, though he had thought the recollection too old, and too worn, to stir his blood at that day, revived nevertheless, and indisposed him sensibly from looking on Sir Christopher Burton either as a host, or a friend. The *Chef* felt his equanimity escape from him: he felt also ill prepared to join a convivial party,

composed of the oppressors and open enemies of his race. It was too late, however, to retract or retire.

While the jaded sportsmen were approaching Palestine, thus diversely engaged in thought and in discourse, Garret O'Mahon, whom the Knight had truly stated to have shrunk from the first moderate fence that crossed his path---want of skill or courage in horsemanship could scarcely be attributed as a crime to one, who so long in his capacity of Catholic was forbidden to be mounted---and so abandoned the chace, was engaged in the withdrawing-room of Palestine, paying a courtier's homage, not indeed to Anastasia, but to the lofty dame her mother.

Lady Burton had been for some time absent from Palestine, visiting her grandee relatives and acquaintance, during which absence her natural *hauteur*, and the aristocratic and political intolerance that formed the chief feature in her character, had not diminished. She was a superb woman, accustomed to homage from her youth, and although she was too cold and too prudent to allow such to touch her heart or awaken its passions, she was still of that ambitious and stirring temperament, which preferred making use of it for politic purposes. This she considered being high-minded, and to be possessed of lofty views. Had a court been her sphere, she might have aptly played her contemporaries', the Dutchess of Marlborough's, part. In a remote province, her ambition was forced to fly at meaner quarry. Even in the quarrels of Hibernian churches and states, however she might interest herself, she could not arrive at being an active or influential agent. In this she was limited to the mere holding and asserting of opinions. And until the weak and uneducated son of O'Mahon offered himself to her views, they had remained miserably destitute of any immediate object to exercise them.

From her then, and from her son, Garret O'Mahon had learned the great advantages the law held out to the son of the Catholic proprietor, who was willing to embrace the Reformed Faith. No doubt, this was the chief argument made use of to make a convert of the youth; though a few commonplace theological ones were, for form-sake, no doubt added. They were successful. To excuse young O'Mahon somewhat, however, and obviate our incredibility or horror at filial impiety founded upon mere motives of avarice, it is to be observed, that Garret had been early

fascinated with the charms of Anastasia ; and it was as the only means of even pretending to her hand, that he had embraced the dominant religion of the day.

So propitiated, Lady Burton favoured the views of young O'Mahon. And although the heart-free Anastasia was of a different opinion, being unable to repress her dislike and contempt of the renegade, still her lady-mother was peremptory and confident, and compelled the willing Garret on the one hand to continue his addresses, while on the other she forced Anastasia, with whatever ill grace or reluctance, to receive them.

The mother of Anastasia was now engaged in some lady-like task of the time, knitting or embroidering. Her *protogé*, Garret O'Mahon, sat on a stool at her feet, enacting page, aiding in her lightly industrious occupation, and listening obsequiously to the novel anecdotes and tidings, interspersed with advice, which her ladyship had gleaned during the course of her late visits. His back was thus turned towards the door of the apartment at which Sir Christopher Burton and Chef O'Mahon entered. They advanced, and the Knight introduced their new guest to his dame. Her surprise at being in a sort compelled to welcome the *Chef de Brigade* O'Mahon in her own mansion, was too great to allow of resentment. She merely cast a look of inquiry towards the Knight, and another towards Garret, who, in lieu of responding to it, held down his head in irresolution and dismay.

"Friendship towards his young relative, I hope, occasions Mr. O'Mahon's visit hither," said Lady Burton, after the necessary compliments.

"— on his young relative," quoth the Knight rudely enough, but not more rude than the manners of the day warranted. "I'll have none of him. He shrunk from the field, and will never be a man out of it. His uncle, like a stanch fellow, supplied his place, and as he helped me to kill the deer, why I e'en compelled him to come and help to eat him."

"Mr. O'Mahon has lately arrived from France," said Lady Burton, affecting to be heedless of the Knight. Anastasia had, of course, informed her of the existence and adventure of Roger O'Mahon.

"It is not many weeks since I embarked on my return from Ushant," replied the *Chef*.

"You have then brought the latest news from the *Grande Nation*?" an ironic emphasis upon the word.

"Would I had been adept enough, Madam, to have imported the new pinners à la *Maintenon*, or a robe à la *Seminariste*.

"Eh, eh!" said the Knight, "that would be news of the right sort for dames."

"We are not so frivolously given as your French women, Major O'Mahon, I assure you; I alluded to tidings of other importance. I thought you would be likely to know somewhat of the new hopes and machinations of the Jacobites."

"Considering that I am an old Jacobite," replied Roger, "your ladyship hath some reason. But to be frank with you, since King James thought proper to abandon me, I have taken very little trouble to inquire for him."

"By St. George! now, but that is honest!" said the Knight. "Could all ye Papists begin to think at that rate, we should soon be the best of friends, all of us together."

"Now, God forbid!" exclaimed the lady, horrified; "with exceptions, however," said she, correcting her zeal into politeness,— "with exceptions."

"Man forbids, my Lady Burton, and law forbids, and eke doth selfish policy; but say not that Heaven forbids us to be brethren, and to live at peace."

"I am glad to find that you are for the *conciliatory* system," said Lady Burton, with an expression betwixt a smile and a sneer. "You will have less objection to meet your nephew, and to allow the youth his free judgment in the selection of his principles."

"I' faith, madam, I should not quarrel with his principles, if their freedom did not extend to the spoliation of his father."

At this moment Garret stood up, displaying a countenance of mingled blush and pallor, shame and effrontery; he attempted, but in vain, to speak.

"Ha! Sir, you here! I am your humble servant," said Roger O'Mahon.

"I must have made an unlucky mistake," said Garret, affecting to recognise his uncle for the first time.

"But where is my hopeful nephew, Sir Christopher?"

"What! you know him not?"

The withdrawing-room had by this time filled with guests, among whom was Willomer. And as the latter chanced to

descried Garret, without perceiving or expecting the presence of his acquaintance the *Chef*, he came up and relieved the younger O'Mahon from his awkward dilemma by a familiar tap on the arm, and a gay accostal, which offered at the same time in its tone an excuse for the Major's flagrant desertion in Lucas's coffee-house.

"Ha! Garret O'Mahon, my comrade! what here so soon? I thought I had left you leading the fashion of your lively metropolis, prime buck of the flags and the Phoenix, and voice potential of the chocolate-house!"

Garret, who had not the spirit to resent the late abandonment of his *friend*, especially so gay, well-dressed, and well-commissioned a friend, grasped at the opportunity of escaping from under the contemptuous and solemn glance of Chef O'Mahon. He returned in high and jovial tone the jovial greeting of Willomer, deprecating, however, at the same time by a monitory glance, any such compliments as those conveyed in the Major's salutation. In the presence of the *Chef* they were indeed somewhat ill-timed; and Willomer himself felt so, when he heard behind him the known French accent of O'Mahon add,—

"And voice potential of the stage also, eh, Major? This my nephew?" continued the *Chef*. "This Garret O'Mahon, and his familiar *friend*? Sir Christopher, Lady Burton, I have to thank you for procuring me the knowledge of these two gentlemen."

"Chef de Brigade O'Mahon," said Willomer, somewhat amazed, "rejoiced to see you—you—"

"Why thank us for introducing you to old friends, since such it appears they are?" said Lady Burton.

"In that I see them with new faces."

The summons to dinner here interrupted, though it by no means put an end to the divers feelings of surprise, shame, amazement, and perplexity which filled the little group.

CHAPTER VII.

THIS brief and trifling scene had a stupifying effect upon Roger O'Mahon. In his nephew he had expected to behold a fickle, forward youth, led by circumstances and ill advice into conduct, the blackness of which he might perhaps blush for in part, and even half repent. But to know him as the coward and the bully ; as one who set himself forward as the very swaggerer of a party, hostile to his name and country ; as the tool too, the despised tool of Willomer, and as having a spirit patiently tolerant of his contempt :— the mass of degradation linked with the name of O'Mahon sickened him. Even crime, though he would have equally abhorred it, would not have been so mortifying, so disgusting. "The reptile !" exclaimed the *Chef* to himself, as he eyed the wretched Garret affecting mirth and carelessness in passing to the hall, and meeting his sister with the same false tone of imposing gayety, heartless indeed as affected, but not untroubled with misgivings and fear. Poor Rachel's eyes filled with tears, as the presence of her brother called to her mind either his unworthiness or his absence from home. It was a mingled emotion, perhaps produced both by filial and sisterly affections. Garret, however, had no welcome more fraternal to offer than to greet her as a "blubbing chit."

"Reptile !" muttered the *Chef*, "how canst thou have so degenerated ? But ignorance, abandonment, the want of education, that cruel laws enjoin, and the degraded stamp which they impress upon us, must have their effect, must make the proud spirit savage, the weak spirit mean. Then our dispersion, our isolation, kept asunder by the suspicion in which and under which we live ; no school of manner, of chivalry, or of honour remains to us. No court where we can resort, save abroad, and thither we are forbidden to have recourse. At home our noble families living secluded and apart, nursing from year to year their poverty and pride, shut out from every career, from arms, from the senate, from the presence and following of the monarch, their traditions

of even gentility waxing faint, and themselves condemned to be stationary in an advancing age—tasked to defend their birthright no longer by prowess, by the arts of the loyal and the gentle, but by the shifts, and meanness, and double-dealing of the lawyer's hand—struggling, like insects, in the web of chicane, that legal and tyrannic craft has woven round them; succumbing for the most part without honour; keeping their properties, without the right to hold them, and even that but on the tenure of falsehood—living but on sufferance, and not allowed even to live, unless they can live degraded—this——”

“Chef O'Mahon,” said the Knight, “you do but scant honour to our cheer.”

“He is under a fasting-vow, the craw-thumper,” muttered a guest.

“He is as much at home as a Jew in a pork-shop,” quoth another. “What brought him here?”

“A Jacobite spy,” was replied in the same under-tone; “one of the Corramahon brood, just returned from Rome.”

O'Mahon, who of course heard but the Knight's observation, made some suitable excuse, but could not interrupt the current of his reflections. The banqueting hall of Palestine offered some contrast, with that of Corramahon, and considering the history of both families and their family properties, not a pleasant one. The lordly splendour of the present scene made the undecked and unadorned abundance of the house of Ignatius appear more mean. The guests too, notwithstanding the boisterousness of some sporting gentry, seemed of a higher order, the topics of more gentle kind. Lady Burton had just returned from the society of the vice-regal court, then presided over by that accomplished and travelled personage, the Duke of Shrewsbury. And thence the subjects introduced and descanted on, though far more trivial perhaps than those discussed at Corramahon, seemed to Roger more courtly and refined. The mere tone too, given to the conversation, appeared to him more worthy of the high-born and the noble. Even this advantage was owing to unjust ascendancy and oppression; and the *Chef* felt this in every point, not only as a man but as a gentleman; not only as a citizen, but as one accustomed to social pleasures and social refinement.

Much, however, as these reflections mortified Roger O'Mahon, as a Roman Catholic, and as the member of an

old Irish family, it was evident that personally they did not apply to him ; that there was an exception in his favour, and that his foreign education, rank, and breeding, had set him fully on a par with, if not rendered him superior in social grade to, the most cultivated of the ascendancy gentry. Lady Burton herself soon discovered this, as her daughter Anastasia had discovered before. And in consequence, the envious members of the Orange Squirealty were doomed to remark, that the Knight's lady, haughty as she was, and *true blue*, still showed herself as attentive and *liberal* to the Irish-French officer, as Sir Christopher himself had been.

This manifest change, which took place in the sentiments and conduct of the lady of the mansion, was the most important event of the banquet. It annoyed, indeed, not a few of the guests ; and utterly spoiled the appetite of Master Garret. It was therefore with a personal feeling of resentment, that at the termination of the feast, the famed toast of "The pious, glorious, and immortal memory of the great and good King William," with all its appendages, was given by a squire of stentorian power, and with the permission of Sir Christopher, who, in respect to his guest, delegated the giving of this obnoxious but indispensable toast to another. The *Chef's* equanimity, however, disappointed many. He scarcely knew the toast as a party-pledge, but receiving it as honouring the memory of a gallant soldier, a generous enemy, a tolerant and magnanimous monarch, he drank it with all the enthusiasm of his neighbours, and fortunately without understanding the unmeaning gibberish which, with characteristic wit, the Orange gentry had appended to it.

"He takes the test," observed one.

"He is the more a Jesuit," quoth another.

Owing to the unusual presence of such a guest as Chef O'Mahon in that society, and to the ideas that such a circumstance awoke, it was impossible to keep the conversation free from those party topics, which at the moment filled every thought. The Knight made various attempts to discuss the merits of divers dogs, and of different steeds,—in vain,—interest lay deeper. And unable to prevent the discussion of Catholic and Jacobite views, Protestant fears and suspicions, Sir Christopher was obliged to assume the part of moderator, which it would require all his influence to do effectually. He was aided, however, by the imperturbable self-possession of Roger O'Mahon.

French king and the Tory ministry bore the first the indignation and fears of the Hibernian politician Lord Shrewsbury next, as a trimmer and a conciliator, more hateful than an open enemy. Sir Constantine and the foes of "that race of conquerors," the court of Dublin, came in next for their share of obloquy and rebuke. The *Chef* did not shrink from joining in the words, and from setting right some of the gross blunders of the company touching the French king. He even justified the cause and character of that hated personage, and in duty bound, since he had found him a gracious

But in this he was opposed and overborne by Sir Christopher himself, who, with true English feeling, stated the evils which the country had suffered from French invasion, and from the bigotry and meddling of Lewis.

"the least ill," said the Knight, "which your *Grand* has entailed on this country is her Penal Laws, a necessity for them."

Is not this the *Chef* exclaimed. But Sir Christopher replied, asserting, "That but for the cruelty and bigotry of Lewis the Fourteenth, the representative, as it were, of Catholic power, against the French Protestants in the *onnades*, and his Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the English or Anglo-Irish legislature never could have done, as they have done, upon the Catholics of their country, by a code of persecutions tantamount."

"I will allow," said the *Chef*, "that 'Titus Oates' pro-posed the Revocation of the Nantes' Edict, as did your Test Act. Lewis might call his cruelty retaliation, if he deigned to do so, with still more reason."

"No, but you cannot at all compare the persecution of the Huguenots with the powers of the two countries."

"Why not?"

"One, cruelty and persecution, founded upon a breach of faith towards several millions of people, of whom there was no serious jealousy, no political fear,—who were peaceable and as quiet subjects as a monarch could desire, and for which there could be no motive assigned, save satisfying the intolerant scruples of one bigoted mind."

"The other?"

"The other, cruelty and persecution, if you will, to—"

"Get not the breach of faith," interrupted the *Chef*.

"Toward a large body of people, but of whom we, an equally large body, have every right to be jealous, every reason to distrust, and from whom we, as well as the Government, have every cause to fear hostility, not only against our creed, but against our liberties, and the existence of the Government."

"But why compare different specimens of the unjust," asked O'Mahon, "when both are flagrantly so?"

"What say you to the expedient?"

"Why—that it may have been very expedient for gentlemen adventurers and Protestants, having no lands in their own country, to come and possess ours, upon the title of a purer faith; and having thus acquired property in injustice, it may be further expedient for them, that we should be oppressed and degraded. Furthermore they, or rather their descendants, which are ye, not finding a King to your mind to support you in these doings, it was no doubt expedient for you to find another more obliging. Meantime, it being not only expedient but honourable and right, for us to take part with our legitimate monarch, we arm against you. Our panic-struck Monarch abandons us in the struggle. And ye, thinking it but natural, that we, released from our allegiance, should abandon him in turn, treat with us, still armed and unsubdued men, to yield us, guaranteeing the oblivion of the past, and the enjoyment of equal rights. Having thus by treaty and fair words disarmed us and broken up our party, it may further seem expedient to you, that we be extirpated altogether, and taken clean out of your way; you may make laws to that effect, as you have done. But to openly attempt to palliate that atrocity by merely saying, that it is expedient, is what we could not expect from your good sense, however much, in truth, we might expect from your generosity."

This diatribe called forth divers answers, which it was very capable of receiving, in part at least. While some denied the purpose of extirpation.

"I like to hear the Papists talk of being extirpated," quoth one; "they who live, and wag their tongues against stanch King's men. Ay, by —, and who ride better hunters than e'er a loyal man among us."

This allusion to poor Saint Gris made the Knight and Chef O'Mahon exchange smiles; and that, slight as it was, tended to abate the then mutual warmth, and to restore the balance of good humour.

"Why," said the *Chef*, "the only way in which ye can defend your laws is, that they will effect our extirpation. And in this, though they are most atrociously unjust, they do not want sense or aim. Deprive them of this, and they are at once as absurd as they are cruel."

"You are right, O'Mahon," said Sir Christopher, whose opinion, as a Parliament-man, was respected, and looked up to as decisive; "they are intended for the extirpation of the Papists; and I am glad that, as such, you do allow them to have sense, and to have aim."

"Granted and agreed on both sides. And now suppose, Sir Christopher Burton, that despite both their cunning and their cruelty, the said laws fail of their aim, that instead of extirpating the old religion of Rome, they sink its roots deeper in the soil; and that instead of diminishing the wealth and numbers of the Papists, their persecution has the effect of increasing them. What then?"

"Then—why, that's impossible."

"Suppose it possible."

"Why then—abolish the penal laws altogether, as useless lumber. If they won't do what they are made for, let them go. It does not become a Government or a great nation to be spiteful for spite sake. And true-blue Protestant as I am, confound me, if I could think of keeping the Papist both alive and under for eternity. No, no; death is mercy to a winged bird. Crush, kill, root out, say I—"

Here the knight was interrupted by the applauding cheers of his company.

"Crush, kill, root out," continued he; "but legally, gentlemen, legally, mind; all according to statute. I am a magistrate, and must uphold law. But if we cannot extinguish them, why, let them o'en live as one of us, and let us be fair friends."

Bigoted as were the assembled Williamites, and inveterate as they were against Papists, they were one and all ready to agree in this concession of the Knight's. They founded the justice of their laws in their expediency, in the necessity of extreme measures to extirpate the sect—to cauterize the sore, as it were; but to keep the searing iron to the joint, after all hope had vanished of its effecting the cure, was a species of idle and gratuitous malice, that even they could not contemplate.

That was reserved for their descendants.

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Fortunately the discussion passed without anger. The scene was changed, and the lady-guests made part of it. Drinking was then going out of use, as it has of late, and as indeed it always has for a certain time after a peace with France. The squires lingered or departed, as they pleased. Lady Burton and some of the elders sate down to a game at ombre. Willomer, aided by Miss Burton's spinette, sung Lord Dorset's song of

"To all you ladies now at land,
We men at sea indite."

The *Chef* quavered an air of Lulli's, which was pronounced infinitely superior to one of the wild native melodies sung blushingly by Rachel. The tide of gayety seemed to flow uninterrupted. Even the *Chef* ceased to frown upon Garrett, who in his turn ceased to wince beneath each chance regard of his relative.

"But where in the world is Amyas all this time?" asked the Knight. "He is a moonstruck youth, and dispenses with his dinner at times; but when music sounded, and women's light robes rustled, I have never known him wanting."

Rachel coloured at this quere, still more deeply as it remained unanswered, and Willomer failed not to read her anxiety. Anastasia's glance too was directed towards her in search of the answer respecting Amyas, that no one gave. Rachel was internally reproaching herself at the moment for having already forgotten her ancient lover, who, on her account, she now found but too surely had bid adieu to his home and friends. A painful silence ensued, which Willomer was at length obliged to break with some of the light and mirthful chat in which he abounded.

Devoted as the English officer professed himself to the daughter of O'Mahon, he still continued in appearance to divide his attentions between her and her friend. Nor was Rachel by any means satisfied with the profound courtesy which her admirer paid to Anastasia. He gave her to understand tacitly, however, some necessity for such dissimulation, and with this she was forced to be contented.

The *Chef*, though equally gay, was more reservedly and courteously so than Willomer. There was an air of licentiousness about the English gallant; a freedom, a dash, that savoured of the guard-room and the coffee-house; and this,

to the ignorant Rachel, betokened a manifest superiority to the more refined and more mannered tone of the *Chef's* French politeness. Anastasia saw and distinguished between them with true taste. She could perceive, that there was feeling as well as courtesy in the *Chef*: that he sought to please, not to dazzle; that his mirth was no effort, and his gallantry no affectation. Above all, she saw that she was admired by him, and worthily; and what incense can woman require more flattering and grateful?

Poor Garret was sadly eclipsed between two such accomplished personages; and though he endeavoured at every interval of silence to thrust in his share of conversation, yet it betrayed at each attempt such ignorance and *mal adresse*, that the *Chef* pitied, and was even ashamed of him. Willomer, indeed, showed an inclination once or twice to draw forth the lout, maugre the possibility of thereby offending Rachel, but Roger O'Mahon stretched the buckler before the unconscious Garret: and while he held Willomer's wit at bay, and more than once indulged a partial sneer at his expense, he checked at the same time his nephew's braggardism, covered his silliness, and left his absurdities, if not concealed, at least unexaggerated.

The evening passed, to Anastasia a delightful one. She was charmed and fascinated; and, as her own not contemptible powers of wit and conversation were called forth, the sentiments of her and of Chef O'Mahon were reciprocal. Rachel was delighted, but not equally so. She too, had wit, she felt; but it was paralyzed. Her feelings lay too deep, and rose too strong, either to allow of their being expressed, or to permit lighter ones to take their place. She sat silent, and would have been happy, but for the consciousness that so she allowed herself to be eclipsed. Other thoughts, too, troubled her,—the presence of Garret, his inaptness and unworthiness, the evident contempt of Willomer for him, and, what as much hurt and perplexed her, the as evident contempt of the *Chef* for Willomer; for O'Mahon could not avoid bearing in mind the desertion of Garret at the coffee-house affray by his English friend; and this, joined with their mutual and jovial salutation, when they met again in the halls of Palestine, inspired him with pretty similar opinions of both. What Willomer's motives were or had been, did not occur to him; nor did he take the trouble to inquire. Coming from a country where gallantry and its

forms made an indispensable part of politeness, and the daily intercourse of society, he saw nothing in the attentions of Willomer towards Rachel, more than the universally-applied gallantry of the man of the world.

Master Kit had long since retired to his withdrawing-room, the stable; and Garret O'Mahon, mortified and affronted at being mocked by Willomer, and outrivalled in the good graces of Anastasia by his uncle, his still Papist uncle, had gone off at length in dudgeon to join the company of Kit Burton and his grooms. The ombre-table had broken up; the *Chef* and Anastasia separated to mingle in the group; while Willomer seized a moment to pour forth more of his ardent vows in the ear of Rachel.

It was at this instant, when an object of interest was wanting to the languid company, that one was offered in the sudden reappearance of Kit Burton, who, hurrying towards the Knight, delivered to his ear some tidings of importance. Such, at least, they appeared to be; when Sir Christopher instantly quitted his guests, and his lady soon followed his example. There ensued a buzz, an inquiry, a bustle, as usual upon such an occasion; and the apparent cause soon arrived by whispers from servants' hall to master's, that a special messenger had arrived from the castle of Dublin. What could it be? The Queen was dead? Or the Pretender landed? Or both? No one could tell.

We will, however, adjourn at once to the cabinet of the Knight, in order to learn the purport of the important despatch. Beside Sir Christopher, his lady, and their son, there were present Mr. Attorney and Sub-sheriff M'Crosky, hearing in Oatherlogh of the arrival of a messenger bound for Palestine, had insisted on accompanying him, being, as he asserted, prime counsellor to the knight, his man of politics, as well as of private business, without whom nothing could be decided or undertaken.

The first letter that Sir Christopher opened was marked *official*. It was directed to the most worshipful, &c., and ran in part as follows:—

“I need not acquaint you with the insinuations of interested persons, as well as with the fears and beliefs of many credulous ones, who fondly suspect her Majesty's ministry of a leaning toward the Pretender, and of views and plans toward restoring the exiled family to the throne. These I

will not take up your time or my own by delaying to disprove,—his Grace's presence here as Lord Lieutenant ought sufficiently to repel them. But I must call to your mind the necessity, not only of opposing such treasonous designs, could they be in the contemplation of any, but also of allowing such rumours no basis, no fact to lay hold on, no ground to stand upon, especially at the present juncture. It is therefore that I am desired to acquaint you with the divers informations conveyed to Government touching the late arrival of one Roger O'Mahon, lately in the service of the French King, and of that notoriously disaffected family, in whose place and lands the valour of your ancestors have placed you, with the especial task of overlooking and overawing the descendants of the old O'Mahon from using the influence which the state has still left them towards its detriment.

“ I am moreover desired by his Excellency to request you to examine on the spot into the worth of the charges made against the said O'Mahon, to join to their consideration his conduct since his arrival in the country, and to use your own discretion with respect to him, either in allowing him further time and latitude to implicate himself and betray his views, or in at once causing his arrest, and sending him prisoner hither for examination of the Council, and the satisfaction of his Excellency, &c.”

Here followed the signature of the Secretary of State, and with the letter came enclosed the deposition of—the paper fell from the hands of the knight—Garret O'Mahon. It set forth, how the arrival of Roger O'Mahon had come to his knowledge, principally by the Jacobite vapouring of the latter in a public coffee-house, and that when he took upon him to repel the treasonable assertions, an immediate assault from him was the result. Other sources of information told, that the said Roger O'Mahon was suspected of not being one of those who emigrated from Limerick, and who from that treaty were so to do, and to experience indulgence on their return. His age seemed rather to indicate that he had emigrated since that, and gone abroad for the purposes of service or education; which was contrary to statute, and subjected him to heavy penalties. It was known, moreover, that he had been a body-guard of King Lewis, and fought in his war against the English and the States General.

And such circumstances afforded strong presumptions, that the aforesaid was a French and Jacobite emissary sent to communicate with the Rapparees and other wild and disorderly persons in the county of Catherlogh.

To this was tacked the information of the gunsmith of the Castle-hill in the city of Dublin, which tallied precisely with the subject of all the former, both as to his identity, his violent character and manner, and his disaffected language.

Some of the Orange journals had also caught hold of the simple fact of the *Chef's* return to his native land, had exaggerated its import and consequences in the usual party style, and sounded therein the trumpet of alarm to all the Williamite faction, accusing the English ministry of treason, and their Irish delegates of supineness.

The letter of the Secretary was merely official. It was accompanied by another epistle marked private, which went to instruct the person addressed in the true wishes and views of the ruling party. It was not from the Secretary, but from a very leading and important personage, an ecclesiastic too, who, from the manifest and disinterested love that he bore the Church, contrived to meddle in, and direct all things in the state also; the latter having ever been in the Island of Saints quite a subordinate department and consideration to the former. In England the altar may be a buttress to the throne; in Ireland the throne is but a buttress to the altar. The personage in question, though holding no office, no civil office, save a mass of sinecures, dared, nevertheless, in his civil capacity of private counsellor, to act as a kind of second and rival secretary of state, if not as a rival chief governor himself. Both aristocracy and magistracy throughout the land were far more obedient to his suggestions, than to the official orders that emanated from the Castle. Not seldom, indeed, as in the present instance, these were made to bear, within their very envelope, the counter-orders of his irresponsible and very Reverend High Mightiness, always modifying, if not counteracting, the wishes of the Government.

"You know," wrote this Magnate to the Knight of Palestine, "that the principal wish of our new English officials is, to keep all as quiet with the Jacobites as possible: They would have their thrones to be beds of roses. But it is our interest, and Ireland's interest, to stir them. The

time is approaching, that they must see is favourable to theirs. That they do see it, and look hither for effecting something, the mission of Lord Auchinleck, who must be somewhere concealed in the country, though we cannot discover his retreat or disguise, is a sufficient proof. It is their last chance, and they should be taught to look upon it as such, and be goaded to take advantage of it. Without another rising, we shall never get the better of the Papists. They are still too strong, too numerous, to be deeply rooted; and nothing short of an actual bill of exile, a putting of the cope-stone to the barrier of the Penal Statutes, can put an end to them. Our Parliament, cordial as it is, and honest and amenable as it is, can never be brought to this without some show of reason, some provocation. Could we not provide them with that? I cannot but believe that an active man in each province, *interested* in the success of the scheme, could effect it. You understand me. You may let this Irish Frenchman have his rein, with a leash of true beagles at his heels, giving no tongue till he is earthed, and then—You see, I understand sport.”

“P. S. We must have a new L. L., one for work, not sport. The feminine gender in politics will not do for Ireland.”

The latter letter was not so freely communicated by the Knight to his counsellors, as was the former. Neither advice nor views were wanting however. All were sufficiently keen-sighted, and saw the devious track of their interest before them without a clue. The Knight alone was perplexed.

“Why do they write to me?” exclaimed he. “I know nothing of all this. Confound the arch-priest, how he orders and lords it!—and his beagles too. Does he take me for Mr. Attorney M'Crosky?”

“But 'Torney M'Crosky at your worship's back,” said that identical personage: “is it not all the same thing? Right well myself knew what was coming—that we'd have have to sow a few thorns in the new comer's bed some of these days, and drive him to a breach of the peace, and put the *comhithir* of the law upon him. And what else was I driving at, without e'en a secretary's or arch-priest's bidding, but by instinct, as a body might say, but this very thing?”

And had your honour's worship but let me have pinned the tall horse from under him, the business would have been done afore it was bidden, and great thanks and mighty words would have been coming down for the same. Mister O'Mahon well spited, for a Papist's blood turns sour in a twinkling, would have been among the Rapparees by this time ; and we 'd have been down horse and foot upon the Aireach, as they call him in their lingo, as suspect, and worried and harried, till Corramahon wasn't worth an inian's paring. And your knightly worship might have driven your domain-wall around it, as asy, ay ! as you would your coach and six."

" You are always going too far with matters, Mister Sub-sheriff M'Crosky," said Lady Burton. " The heir of Corramahon is Protestant, and the land will be ours sufficiently, without a tithe of its value, or rather I should say, a third of it, passing into your legal hands in one shape or another."

" Into mine ?" quoth the Attorney. " I am the moderate man of parchment in Catherlogh. I am a man of principle, as any honest true-blue man will bear me witness. And it's all for ascendancy I am, and the Burtons for ever—and it's up to my neck in the Barrow I 'd go to sarve you, and have——"

" Nay, M'Crosky, 'tis not lack of zeal, but superabundance of it, that I blame in you."

" Cheer up, my little heart !" said Kit, placing a consoling tap upon the Attorney's back. " Kit Burton will stick by you, if no one else will. Garret may be let alone, and the old boy, Ignatius, for his sake ; but your lofty-wigged Frenchman yonder, what right or claim hath he to protection ?"

" He is a gentleman bred and spoken," said the Knight, " rides hard, loves a joke, and is worth a dozen squireens, like your comrades of to-day, Kit. He is worth his weight in gold in this savage country."

" His head may be, anon," quoth the Sub-sheriff.

" There is truth in what the Knight says," observed Lady Burton.

" Then the whole upshot of the business is, you have fallen in love with the Jacobite," said Kit.

" Me !" said her ladyship : " you are a rude youth. I but stake an opinion—you may do with him what you will."

" There can be no harm in keeping a look-out," said Sir

Christopher; "but no eaves-dropping, M'Crosky, nothing too close; no hard-mouthed spies; none, in short, of your especial manœuvres. He is as honest a Papist as well can be, and shall have fair play, by St. George! He is a man of the world, I do believe; one who cares no more than they are worth, for Pope or Pretender. Besides, he hath eaten of my venison and drank of my wine, and I'll stand between him and the damned law—(the Attorney could have crossed himself,)—ay, though you, M'Crosky, and the Primate himself should press him. And I shall write my opinion on the subject to the castle this night."

"Have a care, Knight," said his Lady.

"If you want to save the Frenchman, Sir Christopher," said M'Crosky, "I'd be after advising you to put another face than that upon it. Say, you'll keep an eye on him, you'll take care of him, and sorrow a thought will the junta spend upon him. But if you take his part openly, it's yourself you'll be blackening, without whitening of him. And may be the county of Catherlogh might be opening its eyes to a new *Custos Rotulorum*, or in other words, to a new head-man and magistrate one of these days."

"They dare not, Sir; the Duke of Shrewsbury himself durst not; mark me! You are impertinent, Sir, to threaten. Besides, I tell you the Secretary's letter is mild and sensible, and conciliatory enough, and prompts no harsh measures."

"Mighty conciliatory, ay sure, the 'fishal letter. But the other, what does it say, eh?"

"It matters not, Master M'Crosky. I'll be lord in my own barony at any rate. So I say again, keep eyes out, as you will; but hands off. I'll take your advice, however, in writing to the castle. Perhaps you had better stay the night, my good Sub, and see what may be done in the morning. I am but a sad blunderer upon paper."

"Troth and that's not the silliest word you've said the night; and as I have a little matter to settle with ould O'Mahon the morrow on Master Garret's account—"

"What is that, M'Crosky?"

"Why the allowancé, that we can't get in solid money out of him any how; natural, seeing he hasn't it, and the country hasn't it. And Master Garret, who wants cash for his slash pocket, won't fash himself with it in kind; so I must e'en take the corn, and the beeves, and the produce myself, and give value to the heir."

"Garret is an oaf!" quoth the Knight, "and thou a Jew, M'Crosky."

"A true blue Protestant, every inch, as my father was afore me."

"False, to my especial knowledge; for the Enniskilliners hanged him at Leighlin Bridge for a Tory."

"That was a bit of a mistake of the gallant Enniskilliners," pleaded the Attorney.

"And yet you're ready to make the same *mistake*, as you call it, with poor O'Mahon."

"Sure it's the custom of the country, your worship," said the Sub-sheriff with a shrug.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE danger and imprisonment that menaced Chef O'Mahon, as indeed it did all those called "wild geese," who had emigrated to France before the war, and now returned, though late, to pay a passing visit to their surviving relatives and to the land of their birth, was thus averted by the friendly and generous feelings of the Knight of Palestine. This was not a little to Master Kit's mortification, and to that of the Sub-sheriff, who, ere he left Palestine, took an opportunity to turn down a page in the recent volume of the Statutes for the Knight's especial edification. It ran as follows:—

"That all magistrates and other persons whatsoever, who knowingly and wilfully neglect or omit to put the laws to disarm Papists, and to prevent them from keeping serviceable horses, in due execution, are betrayers of the liberties of the kingdom, and enemies to the quiet of the Protestant interest thereof."

Despite of such hints as these, and such good wishes as they evinced towards the *Chef*, he continued, as well as Rachel, in passing amity with the family of Palestine. He hunted with the Knight, gave anecdotes and accounts of the courts and courtiers of *Louis le Grand* to the aristocratic Lady Burton, and propitiated even Kit himself by communi-

cating to him the French mode of shooting in *battue*, now the modern, murderous, and dandy mode of sport.

Pretexts for gayety and conviviality are always snatched at in Ireland, and a round of fêtes and pleasurable meetings was continued, that kept heads in a turmoil, and hearts in a flutter.

It was fortunate for Willomer, who carried on his sighings and his wooings, and who, already possessed of the heart of Rachel, pleaded the certainty of the Aireach's rejection of his suit with anger, as a Protestant and a Williamite, and who therefore proposed divers expedients, which Rachel shrunk from in prudence.

Chef O'Mahon seemed to have made equal progress with Anastasia. Garret at least thought so, and felt so ; for the demeanour of the lady had grown doubly chilling towards him. Roger O'Mahon himself, however, was no stripling, likely to be taken with the first glance of a female, however lovely. He was not in the bud, but in the prime of manhood ; and had looked on, and been regarded by, as bright eyes as most youths of his time.

There was another little event in his history too, that very much disinclined him from that step to which men are ever so willing and so prone, viz. to fall in love. When he had arrived in France, and had been placed by the interest of Lord Lucan in the body-guard of the King, the sudden change from the solitude of Corramahon, and the society of serfs or barbarians, to the brilliant and seductive court of Versailles, could not but have its natural effect upon one so young. The scene seemed unreal, so bright was it, so happy, so gay ! The metamorphose seemed a dream ; and not the mere perusal, but the fantastic realization of some of the most gorgeous pictures of the Arabian Nights, would scarcely have produced a more bewitching and intoxicating illusion.

When the imagination is thus heated, the heart is most susceptible, and less guarded from the attack of wild and ambitious passion by the sober whisper of reason. The young *Garde*, or page, for he was no more, too, shone in all the beauty and health of Irish high birth and rustic breeding. His race and caste had not then sunk, as since, into vulgarity and self-neglect. It was yet the companion of monarchs, and of a monarch's followers ; and in the still-upheld balance of parties, the old Irish Catholic families had

not so utterly sunk into insignificance and servitude, as they had since been driven. At least, the effect of this had not time to show itself upon themselves and their children.

No marvel, then, that bright eyes were attracted to bestow a passing glance upon young O'Mahon; less marvel that he should return them; and that glances so meeting and so exchanged, between the lovely and the young, should call forth mutual blushing, which should serve as little mementos; and thence, recurring to the thought, should be laid hold upon as stuff wherewith fancy might form a hero or a mistress, or whereon she might build a fair fabric in the air.

It was after this manner that the image of Lady Susan Talbot had been impressed upon the vision of young O'Mahon, and had continued the object of his reveries. A year had elapsed and advanced him in growth and services, ere circumstances allowed him to approach the mistress of his thoughts, to address to her the words of politeness and of gallantry, then and there synonymous. This forced silence and brooding served to stamp deeper the precocious passion of the youth.

The lady was either a grand-niece or grand-daughter of Lord Tyrconnel, who had been James's favourite, his Lord Lieutenant in Ireland, and his companion in exile. In rank, in short, in state, she was a star far above the cadet of a fallen Irish family, a mere body-guard in the service of the French king, who himself had often honoured Lady Susan with his attentions and smiles. She was lovely, indeed, as the imagination of youth, for once truth-telling, depicted her to young O'Mahon. In addition to these many and obvious causes of impediment and hopelessness was, that the lady was his elder; not very many years certainly; but still as we ascend the hill of life, whereon all look forward, at most on each side of them, but never revert their gaze, a few steps in advance is a greater separation than treble the interval upon life's summit or decline.

Nevertheless, with the ardour and defiance of either probability or consequence that distinguishes an Irishman's daring, whether in love or in ambition, the stripling O'Mahon hoped, and dared, and even spoke.

The latter probably he would not have ventured, but upon some provocation, some sparkling smile, which, though it might have been half excited by his audacity,

appeared to him, naturally enough, a flattering though not unjust appreciation of his sincerity and warmth.

The youth was eloquent—he was impassioned ; and his earnestness and feeling spoke for him beyond his years. The lady listened, and listened, as she could alone listen to such a suitor, in secret. She was at the moment heart-free, and suitor-free, and she replied to the youth's passion with a warmth that satisfied him, and with words that raised him to the paradise of his age.

To both the hour was sweet—with him it was a lasting sweet. The intoxicating thought of being loved, brought, every hour he pondered longer upon it, still deeper, still more rapturous enthusiasm. With the lovely and mature Lady Susan, it was otherwise. She was of that age, when indeed prudence, mere worldly prudence, that of vanity or ambition, is often sacrificed at the shrine of passion ; but she was also of the rational age and time when passion and all else is sacrificed to a fear of ridicule ; and loving a boy was ridiculous. She therefore, having elevated poor Roger O'Mahon to the fool's paradise, and having rocked him there a given time to the most luscious of dreams and slumbers, roused him rather abruptly and cruelly from it, by espousing one bright morning, in the chapel of St. Germain, Lord Auchinlech, a young Jacobite noble, who had preserved a considerable portion of the wreck of his fortunes, and who was prepared to devote both them and his zeal to the cause of the Stuarts.

This was a dreadful blow to young O'Mahon, who fell senseless on the news ; was taken with a fever in consequence ; was long confined and in danger ; interested the whole court when the story became known, and started from his illness with such notoriety, and such a character for sensibility, that could he have mustered up heart and courage for gallantry afresh, he might certainly have succeeded with the proudest and the fairest of Versailles.

Roger O'Mahon, however, was vastly ashamed of his thus acquired celebrity. He regretted it, though it advanced him ; for he was instantly appointed to a favoured regiment. Less honourable causes of promotion have been attended to ; but at the same time he felt that it communicated to him an air of Lurlesque, that he could not shake off. He was too chivalrous to hate the sex : he, however, all but hated it. He dreaded it, and kept his heart, for a

long time after, mailed against all its fascinations. He did not indeed fly society ; the officer of an active corps has neither leisure nor opportunity for misanthropy. He mingled as before, was as gay, was as gallant, and was not the less agreeable, or the less sentimental, for the little ordeal he had passed. On the contrary it made him free of many secrets, and gave him a talisman to make his way into the good graces of many ; himself secure, it taught him to extract the sweet, and defy the poison. And without any diabolic purpose of revenging his individual wrongs upon womankind, it is certain that it was his fate, unintentionally, to mortify many, and to inflict on others a portion of what he had himself been made to feel.

This habitual disposition still reigned in his breast : and yet his return to his native land had so called forth his more genial feelings, and make them take the start of his acquired and prudential ones, that he certainly at that period felt more disposed to give headlong into affection than since his first unfortunate plunge he had ever been. Life and its circumstances afford these moments of weakness, these *molliæ tempora*, even to the most indurated ; and there are known those who, never having thrown off their prudential armour till their very age, were hit even then by the little god's dart ; so that their wariness hath tended but to a worse discomfiture.

At this critical time did O'Mahon behold Anastasia Burton, and not without effect. With her, haughty and spoiled as those who in youth behold but their inferiors, it was a caprice, her desire to cultivate the acquaintance of the *Chef*, just returned from France, then, as still, in part, the fabulous land of fashion and of taste ; and no doubt, had she at first felt or foreseen the deep cast that her feelings were about to assume, she would have shrunk from, not sought him.

O'Mahon himself was held back by other causes than his characteristic dread of womankind ; he was reluctant to become the rival of his nephew Garret, contemptible as he was. He was still more reluctant to direct his views towards the daughter of an Orange Aristocrat, who, however liberal, must have reciprocal objections towards a connexion with such as O'Mahon ; and to dissemble his views, or veil his addresses, did not suit his principles of honour and independence. Still admiring, therefore, he drew back, set a guard upon his words and actions, enough of his admiration escaping to fan the flame kindling in the breast of Anastasia, and

yet beset with the alternating cold fits and dissembling, that tend to the same effect through contrary means.

Garret, however, since the arrival of his accomplished uncle, had been completely thrown off. He had lost all ground of hope, which existed, though languidly before. The Knight's and even Lady Burton's favour seemed to have diminished towards him: the change in both dating from the period, and owing, no doubt, to the same cause. Still he was always given to understand that her Ladyship's views, and consequently Sir Christopher's, who would not interfere in these matters, were unchanged with respect to him. This alone restrained him from at once abandoning the field; and yet he only lingered to endure fresh mortifications, to suffer and to render himself worthy of fresh contempt.

Roger had behaved towards him with every forbearance and friendship; expostulated, reasoned with him, and though he despaired of re-converting him to the creed of his family and ancestors, a task for which he thought, and wrongly thought, that he wanted theological information;—yet he did all in his power to wean Garret from the company of Major Willomer and other dissipated officers of Lord Deloraine's, whose intentions were evidently to exercise their ingenuity, as wits and sharpers, upon him.

Garret, however, rejoicing in the feeling of independence that his filial impiety had acquired for him, scorned all counsel, as derogatory to it; and despite of Willomer's first behaviour to him, he eagerly sought his company and friendship. Palestine, too, ceased to be an agreeable sojourn; and Catherlogh-streets became in consequence a more agreeable sphere for the display of his buckisin and his pride. A third of the rents of Corramahon were sequestered and paid to the spendthrift; at least such part of said third as M'Crosky did not contrive to intercept in the shape of fees, discount, commission, &c. But the sum, whilst its subtraction narrowed the ill-economised means of the Aireach, enabled his son to lord it among the provincial beaux of Catherlogh.

It at the same time rendered him a tempting object of plunder to Willomer and Lord Deloraine's. He became, indeed, a frequent guest at their mess-table, and even meditated the procuring a commission therein, for the sake of

wearing a redcoat, and enjoying all its manifold privileges of admiration and swaggering.

Time, however, is not killed in idle company with impunity. How were wet days and tipsy evenings to be got over? Garret soon learned

“to throw the merry main,”

and to such a soul-less being as he, it soon came to render all other pastimes insipid. Willomer, and still more his subalterns, failed not to gratify Master Garret in his propensity; and the final result was such as might be expected, that the son of O'Mahon was soon plucked and penniless.

Had the oppressive penal statutes gone but so far, as to entitle the converted heir of the Catholic proprietor to one-third of his father's revenues, Garret's continued losses would have been a just and perhaps a useful punishment. The law, however, went farther, by declaring the Catholic so situated with respect to a son, who had embraced the Protestant religion, but as holding his interest for life. The property was assured, was entailed, as it were, upon the heir so converted; and the parent was prohibited from either alienating or willing it away. Hence it fell within the unfortunate Garret's power, to raise what money he pleased upon these future expectations, that if he lived and remained firm in Protestantism, the law assured to him. But as there was a possibility of the latter, as well as of the former, it may be supposed what was the usurious rate at which he raised it in that remote period, and in that uncivilized and unmoneyed land. M'Crosky, however, was ready to advance and to oblige; Lord Deloraine's were not wearied of winning; and Garret's headlong ardour after ruin did not cease, until he was as poor in the future as in the present, and until Master M'Crosky had laid by, in lieu of his gold, the bonds that were to be to him the title-deeds of Corramahon.

Garret O'Mahon was thus driven gradually to ruin and desperation; nor was it without misgivings and resolutions of prudence. But as these are seldom of avail, unless when they embrace virtue, as well as self-interest, and as Garret could not bring himself to the step of recurring to his ancient creed and his father's forgiveness, he still stumbled on in his course of dissipation. He was like a shipwrecked person

struggling with the water, and at intervals rousing up all his strength for exertion ere he sunk. One of these fits of his was to seek Anastasia Burton once more, and endeavour to win from her the assent which was so long delayed. Garret was worked up by the pressing necessity of his situation, and this communicated to him a courage and a manliness that he usually wanted. It was too late. Anastasia was inexorable, had now other views, and was prepared to brave even her parents' resentment, rather than leave her unworthy suitor a moment's longer hope. She was, therefore, peremptory. A scene ensued; and Garret fled from Palestine in a paroxysm of rage and despair.

He was ruined, despised, cheated in substance and of peace; wounded in heart as far as that could be, at least deeply mortified in vanity. He had gained nought by all his crimes, save the dreadful consciousness of them. More than all, his apostacy weighed upon him, as it must fearfully upon all, who, without powerful and well informed minds, throw off the authority of that menacing, and awe-imposing church, the Catholic. To retrace his steps in this respect could not be done without facing his injured parent, and this he wanted courage even to imagine. He could not entertain the idea:—what resource was left him? as he walked hurriedly from Palestine to Carlow, suicide occurred for the first time to him.

The example of Amyas Burton, who, from disgust and disappointment had betaken himself to a strange land and foreign service, occurred to him, but had no charms to tempt him to imitate it. He was of too dogged a temperament to take vengeance of adversity, by thus flying in her face. The sullen and the selfish termination of his life and woes together, struck him as the better and nobler remedy; and the thoughts of it, strange to say, gave a high, a savage, and half-factitious excitement to his spirits.

He had still, however, somewhat left; and to stake it at once was his resolve. Fortune, thought he, might turn round to follow me at the last. And Garret O'Mahon accordingly betook himself to a kind of club, formed by the gay and the dissipated of the provincial town, the better to kill time, and gain or get rid of each other's money. Here he staked and threw, resolved, if unsuccessful, that it should be for the last time: and Fortune, or the fortune of gaming,

seemed to smile on him at the first ; but it was only as if with sensible maliciousness to excite him once more, and thus make the last fall from such hope more conclusive. He lost all, and fled from the scene, as so many before and since have done, with his mind worked up to the last act of despair.

His steps were turned to the broad and rapid stream of the Barrow. He darted down a kind of lane, that led thither from the chief street of the town ; and on its brink paused, struck with the contrast betwixt the lighted, heated, noisy den of vice, and the dark awful stillness of nature, into which he had rushed. The river plashed and wailed, and swept on its murmuring course beneath him ; the stars shone in its depths immeasurably down, and their light appalled him. The night air chilled his frame, and his purpose together. A crowd of boats, laden with turf, were seen at intervals along the bank, with each its fire and its crew, its signs of life ; and the unhappy youth strode away to avoid them. He proceeded up the stream, in dreadful communings with himself, lashing himself up to the resolution that he meditated, tasking his imagination to present all his disgusts, his worthlessness, his hopelessness. And fully did it fulfil that duty ; but it was impartial, for it also showed the shadowy horrors of the grave he sought. The physical terrors of the religion he had slighted, though not altogether shaken off, came too in array to thwart his resolution.

It may be here remarked, that the Roman Catholic religion, experience shows, is the most effectual in preventing suicide. Theists, and the most thoughtless in matters of creed, are of course most given to it ; but zealots, and the zealous-bred of all reformed churches, offer frequent examples of this crime, rare among the followers of the Popedom. Catholicism may owe this to its errors, and its assumptions. Most probably it does, but such is its effect.

There are certain crimes, such as sudden suicide, and some others, which if one once contemplates, they have the nature of the basilisk in them, which fascinates and draws on the victim to commit them. This is the only way of accounting for such crimes so often committed without any sufficient motive, and with the appearance of proceeding from fatality.

In Garret O'Mahon, the struggle betwixt his fear and his despair was long. His walk extended far up the river; and his resolution and faintings from purpose were many. He could not resolve: he could not give over the thought; till at length the pain of his irresolution became greater than either his fears of the next world, or his despair in this. The combat within him maddened and distracted his brain: and he took at length, and almost upon the resolve of a single second's durance, the fatal plunge. A loud plash proclaimed the deed achieved, and the silent bank of the river echoed it!

Two or three miles from Carlow, tracing upwards the stream of the Barrow, stands an ancient nunnery, or rather the ruins of one. The front, however, and the portal are still perfect, or were at least some fifteen years since; as were, perhaps, still some turrets and narrow chambers, of which the imagination of a dreamer or romancer might make much. In the days of my story, it was all as ruined, though more bare; for the ivy had not then wound its green way round it, and cicatrized and bound up, as it were, the wounds that devastation had made.

Of the penal laws against the Catholics, none were more zealously observed and strictly enforced, than those against Popish regulars, against monks and nuns, and all the conventual tribe. Death was the least punishment that awaited them; and yet despite of this, these devoted beings, though seemingly for no earthly purpose, were known to haunt their old abodes; and flutter, like moths about the hostile flame that threatened to consume them. Hence the nunnery in question—and its name escapes me, though the scene in which it stands, its ivied wall, its ancient portal, its venerable trees, tenanted by a deafening rookery, are as vividly before me as the lamp that lights my pen—was frequented by such of those persecuted priesthood, who for political or other purposes visited or lingered in Ireland. In this it resembled the old fort of Corramahon. And here, also, were likely to be found such Jacobite emissaries as might venture from time to time into the kingdom, to keep alive the memory of the Stuarts, and at the same time the spirit of revolt to the existing Government.

It happened to be nearly opposite this antique pile, that the miserable Garret had taken his fatal leap; and fortunately for him, he had been observed by three persons, who

at the instant stood beneath its portal. The plunge of the suicide was followed by another, the hand of the rescuer reached him, seized him, dragged him ashore ; and the lifeless Garret was borne within the ruined building for aid and resuscitation.

As soon as light fell on the features of the half drowned wretch, his preserver exclaimed, " Gracious God ! it is my nephew Garret !"

" The end that might have been foretold of the Apostate !" exclaimed the voice of the same ecclesiastic whom the reader once overheard in colloquy with Ulick O'More in the fort of Corramahon, and who had descended from the building. Of the remaining two, one was a shrouded cavalier-looking personage, and the other a female, lady-like and lovely, but bearing no resemblance whatever to either Rachel O'Mahon or Anastasia Burton.

CHAPTER IX.

'Twas a night in June, still chill in that region, despite the approach of Midsummer. The inmates of Corramahon, at least, found it so, for the turf was piled high, and the merry blaze ascended from the grateless hearth. Ignatius seated, was rolling his lack-lustre eye, now contemplating the flickering flame, and now fixing his regard upon his daughter. Rachel, more silent, more pale, and more wayward than usual, struck and perplexed her parent by her altered mien and demeanour. It was late. And Shulab, too, her household-work terminated, had come, with the freedom of the times and the privilege of a favoured domestic, to seat herself on the floor, opposite the blazing hearth, betwixt the Aireach and Rachel.

" You are confoundedly sad, Rachel," said Ignatius : " what ails thee ?"

" Me !" said Rachel, starting and blushing. " I do not know ; it must be the weather, or the vapours."

" That's a disorder which you must have learned at Palestine. I never read of it in our old Irish calendar."

" When uncle is away, too, the house is so stupid."

"You used not to think it so. When you would sit the live-long evening, singing *chonauns* to your old father, or allowing Amyas's quiet gayety to amuse us both—poor Amyas!"

Rachel hung down her head.

"Nay, girl, though I pity him, I do not chide you. You were right, Rachel; justly proud; true to the spirit of your sires, whose blood mingles not with that of upstarts, whose hand joins not the hand of their persecutors. I would sooner see thee dead, than linked to one of them. But why weep, girl, when I praise ye?"

"Because I do not deserve my father's praise," said Rachel.

"Come hither, my girl, thou dost deserve it. Art thou not now my only child, my only dutiful child, the stay and solace of my gray hairs?"

As Ignatius dragged his daughter towards him in paternal tenderness, she resisted in anguish; for each word was a reproach, keen as a dagger to her heart.

"Nay, be gentle at least, my child," continued the affectionate parent; "and do not lose temper as well as spirits. There," and he let go her hand; "I will not importune thee. To trifle ruffles your dignity, and all the stately rules you have learned at Palestine. Fondness, too, is vulgar, is it? Ah me! what it is to be old, and out of the world, and unseasonably gay. Gay—why should I be gay?" And the countenance of Ignatius stiffened from the expression of playful and paternal fondness to that of pique and sadness.

"Be not angry with me, father," said Rachel, the tear starting; for her heart was full.

"Angry! me angry, you jade! My passion is no trifle. You never saw me angry. Rachel."

"I did; and the recollection haunts me."

"Ay, true; when that boy—but mention him not—curse him! curse him!"

"Out, tout! what be ye mutterin', man?" quoth Shulah, "throwin' a faather's curse, as if it war a stone in the sthrame. Ye know not what may be passin' in the heart of him this night; the saints and the devil struggling for the soul of him, and ye's go to cast the like o' that upon his neck." Shulah took out her beads as she spoke, crossed herself, and told them to the time of many a rapid prayer;

a kind of counter incantation, that the humane old Christian muttered, to oppose the dire influence of the Aireach's curse.

A long silence ensued ; each full of their thoughts, father and daughter bitterly so ; and an unusual heaviness hung upon both. Shulah bustled about to prepare supper ; and when it was prepared, it lay long untasted. They were awaiting the coming of the *Chef*. He still delayed his appearance, though the accustomed hour had long past.

"Musha then, what can Father Patrick and Master Roger be about the long night, that they beant a comin'," exclaimed Shulah, rubbing both her elbows with impatience. "It's a stranger, they'll be bringin' wid'em," prophesied she, from the hints of said elbows.

Father Patricius came in at the instant ; and Ignatius cheered up somewhat, that his welcome of the ecclesiastic might seem unforced and hospitable.

"Ye have kept us here idle and fasting, good father. Repay us with an account of your adventures."

"'Tis what I come for. But how shall I begin ? I have not breath. You must forgive your son, your wretched son, O'Mahon."

The ire of Ignatius kindled. He had been just pondering upon his graceless offspring ; and the address of Father Patricius seemed to betoken a conspiracy, a plot to entrap and force his forgiveness by surprise.

"Let him dare to intrude upon my presence," said the Aireach, rising.

Rachel became alarmed. And Patricius, who had made use of his speed to forewarn and prepare the Aireach somewhat for what was to shock him, knew not how to fulfil his purpose.

"Alas !" said he, "Aireach, here is no time for resentment : be calm. Your son——"

"Forgive him, father !" cried Rachel, throwing herself at his feet, seizing the same belief, and forming the same expectations, as he did.

"No !" cried the injured parent, "never ! though he were borne in a corpse before my sight !"

"Man of passion and rash words, behold him then !" cried the priest, as the door was flung open, and Roger O'Mahon entered, bearing the corpse, for such it seemed, of the un-

fortunate Garret before the eyes of his father. He for a moment stood aghast and stiff.

"There's your son for you, avic!" cried Shulah, pointing, in equal horror. Ignatius burst from his trance, and flung himself upon the dead body of his son.

The days and weeks that elapsed immediately after this event, passed for the inmates of Corramahon such as may be well imagined. The spark of life was found not to be extinct in Garret. He revived, but not for a long time, to health. The fever that was produced by agitation and exhaustion, threatened to throw him back into the grave, from which he had been rescued. His father watched by his bed-side. His anxiety and tenderness, resentment, and every cause of it, forgotten. Rachel, too, found in tending her brother an occupation of thought and time, an interest, that struggled with other anxieties, and relieved her from their oppressions.

During this period, although it was one of anxiety and gloom, another inmate had been added to the society of Corramahon; and at such a time, nothing but necessity could have led to, or sanctioned such intrusion. The lady, for it was a female, passed in the household by the name of Sister Susan; and was supposed to be one of those hapless nuns, who still lingered in a country where her existence was proscribed, in the vain hope, perhaps, either of a revolution in the Government, or a relaxation of its severe laws.

It was the same person, with whom Roger O'Mahon was in company, in the ruined nunnery, when he had heard and saved Garret; and owing to *his* wish and introduction, it no doubt was, that she now partook of the shelter and hospitality of Corramahon. Her residence there was not, indeed, without danger to herself, and to those who harboured her. Her stay, however, was understood to be but temporary, and to last merely until a vessel could be found in some southern port, in which she might be transported to the shores of France. Since her coming, a sentinel was always on the look-out; and when any Orange, or magisterial, or military personage was observed to approach, or take the road to Corramahon, the *Sœur* and *Frère Patrice* were wont to take shelter in the fort, or even to extend their retreat farther towards O'More's country, and to the wild fastnesses and lurking-places of the hills.

Meantime, the attempt at self-destruction committed by their convert Garret was known at Palestine, and to all the

Orange fraternity in Carlow. The mess of Lord Deloraine's applauded his courage, and thought it only equalled by his shrewdness. M'Crosky it affected deeper: the youth's attempt, had it not been frustrated, would have been fatal to his mighty and cheaply-purchased hopes of fortune. And even rescued, and living as he was, should he recant, the circumstance would throw M'Crosky's right into doubt and litigation, by exciting against him no less a claimant than the then reigning sovereign of the British realms, to whom the lands of the relapsed Protestant might become forfeit.

The ruling powers of Palestine, too, were awkwardly placed by the circumstance. A union betwixt their daughter and such a person as Garret had rendered himself, became no longer to be contemplated. Then, the existence of such a contract or intention alone excused Sir Christopher Burton to the Government or the governing junta, for his lenience and even defence of the O'Mahons. Roger, too, had won his way to friendship, and more than friendship, at Palestine.

The present event, however, altered the case. The son of O'Mahon, of whose connexion and attachment to them they had cause to be proud, as extirpating the existence of wealthy Catholicism from their neighbourhood, was now in his paternal home, and, of course, under paternal influence. His relapse was probable, if not certain. This awakened all the dormant bigotry of Lady Burton, and even of the Knight himself; who felt, though without a shadow of reason, that he had been tricked in the manner that the *Chef* had carried off Garret. Roger was therefore no longer welcomed warmly at Palestine, and the old wars of mutual rivalry and hatred seemed preparing to break out betwixt the families.

Meantime, Willomer was annoyed at the consequences of Master Garret's blunder, inasmuch as it excluded Rachel O'Mahon from his sight and his powers of fascination. He had always paid, nevertheless, an indefinite kind of court to Anastasia—that convenient degree of light tenderness, that may be laughed away into unmeaningness, or deepened by oaths and vows into devotedness, as occasion or a new whim may suggest. The total removal of Garret, and the coldness with which their late favourite, the *Chef*, was met at Palestine, opened room for him there, and he had some mind to take serious advantage of it.

However, his *amourette*, as he called it, with Rachel, touch-

ed him neater for the moment : and since he was now precluded from seeing her in the gay society of either Corramahon or Catherlogh, he determined to visit her at her home, where he had no doubt he could make himself welcomed by the Aireach, though the *Chef*, who had made him out in a manner, might look cold. To inquire for the health of his friend Garret was a most specious excuse, that would overcome grudge and even suspicion ; and armed, therefore, with this pretext, he sallied forth from the town with dog and gun, in order to pass his time by the way agreeably, and bent his steps to the dwelling of the O'Mahons.

Leisurely as he wandered, and little formidable as was his appearance, his movements were nevertheless observed, and his distant coming signified at Corramahon. The priest Patricius and sister Susan accordingly retired to their refuge in the woods : but as the warning merely went to the probability of the intrusion being only that of a chance or idle visitor, they were not particular in ensconcing themselves, or retreating to an efficient hiding-place. They followed a path-way in the woods sufficiently sheltered, as they thought, from mortal eye.

Willomer, however, had determined on his part to take the garrison by surprise, fearing, in the then state of the household, to be denied admission, if he otherwise approached it. He therefore took also to the woods, of which Rachel had long since taught him the paths. And the officer started, in consequence, upon the *soldats* and the *religieuses*, ere either could be aware.

The first impulse of Patricius was to fly ; it was his first act too. But the lady had a sense of dignity, as well as of danger, and preferred to risk the latter rather than the former. She therefore held her companion fast ; but he was a stalworth monk, and pulled and struggled so to effect his retreat, that he pulled the *sœur* along with him as he fled. It was a ludicrous sight to Willomer ; those unusual habits ; the two sexes, the sanctified profession, at least of one, and the lonely places they frequented. And he was thinking how he could make the best of the adventure, that is, turn it to the most ludicrous and amusing effect, when accident seconded him. The gown of Patrice gave way in the grasp of his companion ; it rent suddenly, and the too-abruptly liberated friar fell headlong in the moist vicinity of a little rivulet that trickled through the wood.

Willomer ran most obligingly to his aid ; but the fall seemed to have added nimbleness to the ecclesiastic's terrors, for he had started up, and fled far and fast, ere the hand of Orange constable, for he imagined Willomer no other, could reach him. The lady was thus left to Willomer's guard and guidance, and she in turn betrayed no terrors, but rather enjoyed the discomfiture of her late companion.

Willomer contemplated the lady with other feelings than those of merriment. She was still beautiful, and had been lovely, with features and expression surviving far more of the world than of the cloister. Her smile, indeed, which the scene brought to her face, was any thing save the simple wonderment of a " cloistered nun ;" neither was it of that broad and hearty kind that marks the vulgar ; it was the slight, disdainful, self-respecting smile, that folk learn to put on in polite society. The attitude, the look of ease and dignity that she now assumed before an intruder and a stranger, corresponded with this, and commanded the courtesy of Willomer. Her dress was little decisive of her condition ; she wore a veil, a sable habit, and a plaited wimple round her neck ; and she looked, perhaps, as much the widow as the nun.

" Pray, Sir, who are you ?" said the lady, very composedly and haughtily, designedly so, as she perceived the intruder to be of the free.

" Major Willomer, of Lord Deloraine's regiment of horse, and very much your ladyship's humble and devoted servant. Might I beg of you the same favour ?"

" I must first see, do you deserve it ? What can bring Major Willomer, of Lord Deloraine's regiment, to Corramahon ?"

The question was natural enough, considering the different principles and party of Willomer, and of the family he was about to visit. Yet the officer was surprised by it. And although he had an answer ready prepared, he did not feel confident, " especially under that keen glance, to say," that he came to inquire for his friend Garret. " Having already found what I have, i'faith, Madam, your presence makes me forget what I came for."

" Shall I supply your loss of memory, and tell you ?"

" By all means."

"You come to cheat a young heart, and to break an old one."

"You wrong me, lady. By my troth! I have not a thought on earth save pastime. And yet to that I could be true."

"For a day."

"For eternity, if I found a heart in it."

"Did you ever find one?"

"Never!"

"Perhaps you never sought elsewhere than in self."

"Cut like a diamond, pretty mask. Surely those trees are Ranelagh. That voice tastes not of the bogs, nor yet that wit."

"Yet 'tis bog wit, and from an Irish mouth, Sir Englishman."

"And your name?"

"'Twas never noised in Chocolate-House, and merits not the distinction."

"It has been toasted in the Kit-Kat, I'll be sworn."

This seemed too serious a hit, for the repartee was not so readily returned.

"Yet you half promised to let me know it," said Wilfomer, "did I prove myself worthy. How shall I prove that to your satisfaction?"

"It would be difficult."

"Nay, you are too severe. Task me. Bid me do aught."

"I would forbid, not bid."

"Speak it."

"No. I must not turn lady-errant. Let each heart care for itself. For me, I make but one request for those who have seen me."

"What is that?"

"That they may be silent."

"You must give me a secret to keep first. Thy name, fair vision, that I may adore it in silence."

"'Tis Sister Susan: put it in thy calendar, with Saint Rachel the Milesian, and Saint Anastasia the Greek Saint."

"Hold! you both wrong and cheat me. Your's is no sisterly tongue, and yon eye never shot from a veil but to belie it."

"For a gallant, you know marvellously little of a cloister."

I thought, 'twas there that tongues become sharpest, and were rendered of the finest temper."

"Nay, but thine has been polished on the Court-stone."

"The blarney-stone, Major; you mean to mock me. What know you or I of courts? But we approach the house. And to confide in your generosity, I am a *religious*, veritably one, concealed from the fends of your law, and only waiting an opportunity to escape to France. You have discovered me by chance; and I trust to your generosity to keep my secret, as well as that of my timid companion, who has fled."

"I feel confoundedly inclined to have no mercy upon such a friend of thine, who walks with thee in private; who —"

"Is my father confessor," said the lady; "and as a word of your's would discover and, perhaps, cause his death—" she led immediately towards the house as she spoke.

"There is some d—d mystification in all this!" soliloquized Willomer, as he followed. "She is an inhabitant of Corramahon too! 'Pon my troth, a well-peopled house with beauty! Chief Roger, you are the poacher here. I suspect. A nun, forsooth! not a scruple of nunhood about her. Rachel's companion, too. But a little homage will only put her in my interests. "Ha! good Mistress Ursula, I am vastly pleased to see thee. The young master? I came to ask."

"And what business had you colloquing with the sister?"

"Business! none, Shulah, but a pleasure: I met her by the way; and she guided me, telling her beads all the time, like——"

"Troth, then! it's much she troubles 'em."

"Who is she?"

"Then it's after her ye comed?"

"But how is Master Garret?"

"Getting hearty, a taste."

"And Miss Rachel?"

"Ay, in troth, Miss Rachel? And it's well enough she is, if she'd lave off the sighin and the fretting, and—musha then, myself wishes you war at the bottom of the Barrow, Master Major."

"Why are you so cruel against me, Shulah?"

"Because I hate the ugly whey face, and the oily tongue

o' ye. But there's no goin agin her, shure—she'll have her way, and so you may walk in, Master Major Woolmire."

The Major did, but met with sorry welcome. The *Chef* was cold as court-politeness—the sister had disappeared. Ignatius was anxious, and had lost his joviality, and even Rachel was care and vigil-worn. Her glance indeed failed not to answer his, and her hand to correspond to his pressure; but his chill welcome otherwise prevented him from reaping any of the advantages or opportunity that he sought from the interview.

He soon, therefore, whistled his dogs together, and took his departure. The lover of gaiety and gallantry, when one door was shut upon him, naturally made for another. And accordingly, instead of wending his way back to his barracks and mess, Willomer bent his steps to Palestine, where the welcome of the Knight and his family repaid him for the churlishness of the O'Mahons. The image of Sister Susan, however, continued to flit across his fancy. She was handsome, well-bred, high-born, in such garb and position. The mystery piqued him. Could he not unravel it?

The Major, full of this thought, assailed Lady Burton, the Knight, and Kit, with questions touching the family at Corramahon, their relatives, connexions; endeavouring thus to arrive indirectly at some information respecting the object of his curiosity. But they disliked the subject, and shrunk from dwelling on it. Willomer was therefore compelled to have recourse to Miss Burton, who did not participate as yet in the family disgust at the O'Mahon name, and at its mention.

She, however, though somewhat acquainted with the Milesian and other proud connexions of the O'Mahons, knew nought; had never heard of any handsome aunt or sister that could have been in King James's Court, or in any court, nor yet in any nunnery. In short, instead of satisfying his own curiosity, Major Willomer merely awakened Anastasia's; who, instead of the questioned became the questioner, and in return for the information which she could not give, eagerly demanded that which the Major evidently knew, and which had been the cause of his inquiries.

It was certainly not Willomer's intention at first to betray the secret of the *sœur's* existence. But he had awakened not only Anastasia's suspicions, but excited in her no inconsiderable degree of pique, together with a bitterness and in-

disposition towards the O'Mahons, very suddenly called forth. This was to be improved upon, as the Major was anxious to dust his acquaintance Roger, whom he feared and hated, from the last hold that he held of the good opinions of the family of Palestine.

In this he was as successful as he desired, but not without dishonourably betraying the confidence reposed in him, if not in words, at least to all effect. And Anastasia not only imagined, what was the truth, that a lovely and mysterious female was the inmate of Corramahon, but much more respecting her, that the dishonest Willomer allowed to be suspected, and certainly suggested, though he might not assert.

"Ah ! these French-bred gallants !" said he, "and yet you looked upon us poor dragoons, who laugh and swagger somewhat, as very Rochesters : while Monsieur Roger, forsooth, was quite a *preux* with you."

"Men are all the same, selfish and corrupt—one perhaps in the disclosure, as much another in the deceit."

"Thanks, fair lady, o' my conscience ; I was doomed to hard knocks from gentle tongues this day."

CHAPTER X.

IF the wretched son of O'Mahon had brought shame and sorrow upon his family and his father by his falling off, his follies and his crimes, his return and penitence were likely to prove still more disastrous. Borne home by his uncle, not all rescued from the fangs of death, which continued for a time to hover o'er him, every thought of the anxious and forgiving parent was of course for his bodily restoration. Other anxieties were deferred. But when Garrett's cheek began once more to bear the first signs of returning health, when life seemed restored and reassured to him, then, indeed, the thoughts of those interested in him began to take his moral and worldly prospects in a wider view.

Ignatius O'Mahon, both as a Christian and as one who suffered persecution for his peculiar Christian tenets, was attached to his Church. If self-interest, if the love and ex-

ercise of domination made some bigots ; the suffering for conscience' sake, the spirit of martyrdom in fact, maketh others not less decided, though far more excusable. O'Mahon was of this latter class ; and the ignorance and seclusion in which oppression forced him to live, increased that bigotry, and left it unmitigated. It was not bigotry, however, with him, but an honest feeling of religion, that made him desire to see his son turn again to the Church that he had deserted, and be received once more into its bosom.

Were the Aireach indeed lukewarm himself, a circumstance impossible, he did not want a spiritual in *Frère Patrice*, to council him touching the peril of Garret's soul, and the equal peril of his own, if the former still remained contaminated with heresy. Garret, a weak-minded creature, terrified at the death which he had faced, and all its horrific consequences, which he had for the time escaped, was as penitent as the sinner and the sick are ever inclined to be. Almost his first words were a proffer and a vow to be reconciled to his Church, and to retake his creed. To oppose him would have been the most enormous impiety.

The case, however, was imminently dangerous and grave. Its occurrence was fully provided for by the quick-sighted cruelty of the penal laws, and was prevented or punished by the heaviest judgments. The first provision of Queen Anne's Act, so celebrated in the annals of persecution, "To prevent the farther growth of Popery," set forth and ordered, that "the perverting Protestants to the Popish religion, and the being so perverted, should be punished by the pains of *Premunire*."

To those who are not read in Blackstone, it may be as well to state, that any one subjected to those pains, was "out of the King's protection ; his lands and tenements forfeited to the King ; and that his body should remain in prison during the King's pleasure." Moreover, that, like an old *Irish enemy*, he was beyond the pale of law, and that any person inclined, might kill at pleasure, without being liable to be called to account for the same.

Such was the predicament in which not only Garret O'Mahon, but Ignatius and the whole family would find themselves ; for that courts and magistrates would consider the father and uncle as the perverters there could be no doubt, in the case of the relapse, as it would be called, of Garret O'Mahon into Papistry.

Roger O'Mahon alone of the family begged Ignatius to pause, ere he exposed himself and his name to ruin. He sought other expedients, and proposed the sending of Garret out of the kingdom. But this itself was penal. At any rate, Garret, as the heir of Corramahon, could never enjoy it, but as a Protestant; as his profession of Papistry, at any future period, having been once enrolled a convert on the Bishop's books, would subject him, as above stated, to outlawry and forfeiture. Dissimulation and conformity to Protestantism would therefore, be useless, unless it were continued for life and in his posterity, and that was an impiety not to be contemplated.

There were others present, Sister Susan for example, and Friar Patricius, who expected with confidence, that the reign of the Williamites was drawing to a close, and their persecuting race would perish with them. Queen Anne, their last prop of hope, was slowly languishing away; and that her exiled brother would be her successor, was by them as firmly believed and asserted, as hoped.

It was, therefore, after much mooting, determined, that Garret O'Mahon's penance, recantation, and reconciliation to the Church, should take place publicly—as public had been the falling off—at one of their secret chapels, and at midnight; a time and place, when and where the Catholics of the country might attend and witness the resumption of orthodoxy by young O'Mahon, without being liable to the interruption or hostile information of their Orange enemies.

This secrecy was necessary for the safety of others, as well as of that of the O'Mahons. Father Patrice, for example, incurred the pain of death, as a regular, if taken officiating. But, as not a Catholic clergyman, save himself, existed in the region round, he dared the rigour of the law for the sake of his Church and his flock. The law, indeed, allowed certain priests, who were registered, to officiate in their own parishes, without attendance, images, or processional ceremonies; limiting them, too, to bury their Catholic dead in the Protestant church-yard—a regulation that inspired the Catholics with horror, and made them suppose that their enemies, the heretics, sought to have the bodies of true believers in their vicinity when dead, in order the better to creep into Heaven in their company.

The permission, however, granted to registered priests was illusory, at least temporary; inasmuch as, no priests

being allowed to enter the kingdom from foreign parts, none at the same time permitted to be educated at home, nor any Catholic bishop tolerated there who might ordain them, there was no mode of procuring successors for the registered clergy, as they dropped off in the order of Nature. Hence the Catholic priesthood would have become extinct in the country, and all the rites of their Church would have been suspended—of that Church, mark the free exercise of whose worship was guaranteed by the Treaty of Limerick—were it not for those courageous interlopers, chiefly monks, who, concealing themselves in holes and lurking-places from the death with which the law threatened and often visited them, contrived to afford the consolations of the Church, and to perform its office for their unhappy flock.

Patricius was one of these, the proscribed priests, in fact, of half a dozen parishes, who committed the crime of saying mass once in the month, perhaps, for each district and congregation, at the risk of his life. The Williamite magistrates, amongst others Sir Christopher Burton, knew of course of his existence; they must have known that marriages, christenings, and the other important rites of the Church, could not be either dispensed with, or performed without a minister. They shrunk, nevertheless, from seeking too vigilantly or executing the cruelty of the law to the letter, not being sorry, nevertheless, to hold it *in terrorem* over the heads of the innocent though culprit population, whenever any ebullition of popular feeling on one hand, of aristocratic zeal on the other, or secret wishes of the Government, should require a fresh specimen of cruelty, resistance, and tumult.

From the long wars and troubles that had devastated Ireland, and accustomed its population to habits militant—from this, and from the hostility always shown and wreaked upon the insignia of their religion, the altar, crucifix, and candlesticks, they had become accustomed to make use of movable chapels, such as foreign regiments are used to carry with them, and to install in a tent for the purposes of the hour. This they might have learned from their French auxiliaries in the last war; and now that the Catholic worship was especially forbidden in ancient abbeys, churches, or in the venerable ruins of old consecrated to it—these places being not only ruined, but strictly watched—they were compelled, though in their native land, to adopt for their prayers the ways of military in campaign.

Their tent, in this case, however, was, as they themselves might say, a mud hut, hastily thrown up for the occasion, sufficiently large to contain the deal-table that served as altar, on which, despite its coarseness, were placed the silver candlesticks, the golden cross, and other precious ornaments, that could be safe in no fixed or known chapel, and were, consequently, preserved concealed. For the congregation, the sky was sufficient canopy, and the green sward around holy enough for their genuflexions.

The spot pitched upon for the public penitence of the son of O'Mahon, was called the Hermit's Well, and was situated in the mountains to the westward of Catherlogh, betwixt that town and Castlecomer; and as lying within the precincts of O'More's country, and infested by the Rapparees, it was considered out of the reach of the Williamites, and beyond their interference. Here was the mud hut erected, and every due preparation made.

It lay in a deep wild valley, bounded by rocky and bare ridges, but so overgrown in its depth with furze and briar, that to wend one's way through it was extremely difficult. A space was trodden clear around the Holy Well, which was formed beneath, and bubbled from the foot of a lofty rock. It was overgrown and covered with a huge thorn-bush, which was all overhung with bits of rag of divers colours, being the poor and characteristic offerings of a beggared race.

It was the eve of the patron, or *fête* of the Hermit's Well, a kind of meeting, in which, as is the custom throughout all Catholic countries, merriment and devotion were united. These merry-makings were indeed forbidden by the Government. One of the kind held at St. John's Well in the county Meath, a short time previous to the period of this story, was the occasion, on account of a miracle reported to have been worked there, of some three-score of the first Catholic gentlemen of the kingdom being committed to close imprisonment. Patrons and miracles were alike forbidden by Act of Parliament; and the same edict was placarded over the sanctuaries of the Irish saints, as was affixed to that of the Deacon Paris, in the French capital,

De par le Roi, defense à Dieu
De faire miracle en ce liou.

Miracles, however their workers and believers may be, are little amenable to statute-law. The wells were as much

frequented as before, and very effectual cures they wrought, inasmuch as many patients languishing under the consequences of filth, actually washed themselves in the stream, and, as was natural, felt much refreshed. The Hermit's Well was one of these, and was in consequence much frequented by the devout, the ailing, and the merry-making.

The service of the mass too, which each district was enabled to hear but rarely, was to be celebrated on the night in question. None of these causes were wanting to ensure a crowd of witnesses. The defection of the son of O'Mahon, of the oldest and truest Irish blood in the country, had called forth a cry of horror, of terror, and of rage. All now rejoiced in proportion ; and eagerly flocked to behold the apostate humble himself in penitence, and be restored to the common fold.

Silence nevertheless, silence unbroken as the darkness that enveloped the crowd, reigned at the appointed midnight in the chosen place. A hum and a whisper might have been, but it was breathless ; and to one who looked down from the bare hills above, the Hermit's well would have seemed as deserted as Nature left and intended it. On a sudden, the eyes of the distant spectator—nor were such wanting—were struck with the gleam of some score of lighted torches, which flung their lurid light upon the crowded and silent multitude. It showed their countless heads crimson near the light, and fading away into the dusk, as they receded : the huge rock above the well reflected the ray to its very point, and the bushes shone white in the glare.

The torches and their bearers moved in procession ; the penitent, no doubt, in the midst of them. They seemed to perambulate the crowd, and to return to the little chapel which was then lighted up, and streamed forth its splendour upon the crowd in front. The chaunt of Friar Patricius was raised at the same time, and its solemn tones, so audible and sonorous in the stillness of night, were echoed from the impending rock, and rung through the lonely valley.

As misfortune and sorrow elevate the religious thoughts of the individual, so doth persecution sublime the devout feelings of the congregation or sect. So contrary in every way are heavenly feelings to worldly, that pride, hope, and courage, spring in the one from the very states, that would kill them in another. For no—not all the glories and magnifi-

tence that can surround an established worship, can communicate it to that sacred, that impressive character, that the sense of persecution can bestow upon the pompless ceremonies, and the murmured prayers of the midnight conventicle.

On the summit of a hill, at about half a mile distance, stood, contemplating the midnight mass of the assembled Catholics, a strong Orange party of troops and magistrates, and influential folk of Catherlogh, M'Crosky, Kit Burton, and divers others of the same stamp and zeal. They were very uncertain in their projects. The hill-side was overwoven, thick with furze and briars, through which horse—and the whole party had taken care to be well mounted—could with difficulty thread their way. The only path was watched and guarded, and although they might be strong enough to force their way, yet their aim was to discover and espy, rather than disturb, and they cautiously avoided giving any alarm. Nearer, therefore, they feared to approach, and it was exceedingly desirable to have some witness to overhear and behold what they expected was going forward—the recantation of the son of O'Mahon.

It was hinted by the leaders, how much they desired that some one would venture down and mingle amongst the crowd. Not one, however, responded to the wish, or came forth to answer it.

"Ye're a sneaking set of spalpeens," said M'Crosky, addressing his civil followers. "Much use in swearing in the likes o' you, that fear to vinture among a gang of Papists for a second or two, and they busy craw-thumping and mumbling *paters*, and the night, too, dark as pitch."

"If it wa'n't in O'More's country," expostulated one; "for black Ulick's the cutest and wickedest thief, mountain or plain side-o' the Barrow."

"Bother with you!" replied the attorney, suiting his dialect to his audience. "It's a goose's gizzard you've under your arm, and no heart."

"He'd think no more of knocking a man's brains out, or hanging him by the legs for the ravens to pick th' eyes of his head, as he sarved the cadger of Carrickfergus."

"Sorrow a taste of throe blood in your veins, honey; so hould your gabble, and let us see if Clem here has the pluck to go."

"Five gold-finches, Clem, you shall have," said young Kit Burton, "if you go down."

But Clem was as reluctant as his comrade.

"Clap your caubeen on your head, Clem, and be off down there wid you," said M'Crosky. "We'll cut every mother's son of them to pieces if they hurt the hair o' your head."

"Ay," said Clem, "that wouldn't put a body together again, after he was kilt."

"You're a set of ——" said the attorney.

"Couldn't a body swear they seed it, and that be all one as if he did," said Clement, preferring perjury to bodily peril; "for myself would not put himself amongst O'Moro's people to be made master of Palestine."

"Out upon ye! ye are slovenly swearers, still more awkward with mouth than ye are backward with hand; not like the boys of the North, or the Dublin jackeens, that are keen and thorough-going; but ye always stick short of the point, or else go beyond it. Haven't I had ten of the prettiest o' causes spoilt by the likes o' you?"

"Go down yoursel', then, Master M'Crosky, since you're so mortal nice about it," said Clement. "Ye'll earn the gold-finches, you know, and ye's have the pluck, sure, if we haven't."

"I have half a mind to it," said the Sub-sheriff.

"You were a bit of a Papist yoursel' once, you know," continued Clement, angry that the reward was going to another, though he himself wanted the courage to earn it; "and you are up to the craw-thumping ways of 'em, sure."

"I owe you one for that, Clem," said M'Crosky; "so lend me your caubeen, man, and your coat, ay, and your connamara and brogues too. I must be in character. Clem, my man, your habiliments are not of the sweetest."

"Musha, then, it's mighty nice you've grown."

"If the Papists should kill me——" said M'Crosky, ceasing to button the last button of Clem's vest about him.

"We'll bury ye's dacent," said the consolatory Clem.

"You must draw nearer," said the attorney to his party, "if I venture."

"We will, to give you confidence," said Kit, "within a musket shot. Though it will be hard work to make way through the furze."

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"And remember, if they find me out, for O'More's as sharp-sighted as a fox, you charge them."

"Fear not," said Kit.

"Then here goes!" said the Sub-sheriff, and he rushed upon his perilous mission.

McCrosky, who was a stout and rustic limb of the law, and not from birth a stranger to the peasant or the Papist race, might have well passed, even in open day, for the character he assumed; and as his intention was merely to mingle amongst the outermost of the crowd, mark what was going forward, and retire, he did not deem the risk as aught very fearful. He found the frequented path, followed amongst other stragglers, and soon came to the congregation round the well.

It was no longer with chaunt or prayer that the assemblage was occupied. The priest, Patricius, had no sooner terminated his ministry at the altar, than he yielded his place to a minister of other than heavenly interests, to a Jacobite emissary in fact, who straight prepared to address the crowd from that elevated and sacred place. He first showed his credentials, which the friar examined before all, and declared himself satisfied with them, stating, that the person about to speak had come to the country as secretary to Lord Auchinleck, an ambassador of distinction, known to have been sent by the Stuarts. His lordship had, however, been taken by a fever in Tipperary County, owing to the fatigues and hardships which the necessity and difficulty of concealment caused him, and had there perished in the course of the last year, a martyr to the cause of his King and his religion.

The emissary then commenced his harangue with what has long been a fertile source of eloquence, the wrongs and sufferings of Ireland. Her fidelity, nevertheless, to an English race of monarchs was a theme as flattering to his audience, and he enlarged equally upon it, asserting the reciprocal love of the Stuart family towards Ireland, founded upon gratitude, and on the strong bond of the true religion which both professed. The English were equally the enemies of both; and it was only by aiding one another that the King could be restored to his rights, or the Irish people to their just independence. The Princess Anne, whom the Williamites called Queen, was at the point of death; and she, from family affection, had prepared the way for her

brother's succession. But arms could alone secure that. Scotland would rise in his behalf, the better part of England, and, as the issue of the contest could not be doubtful, it behoved the loyal Irish not to be behindhand in zeal, but to rise in insurrection and overwhelm those enemies that tyrannize over their Isle.

Pretty similar to this, at least, was the gist of the emissary's harangue; the import of which his rude audience understood more by their own acuteness and powers of conjecture, than by their absolutely understanding the half Frenchified, half Anglicised tongue of him who addressed them. Patricius, however, seconded and expounded, and pressed strongly upon his flock their duty to hold themselves ready for insurrection, and to commence it at a signal given.

The priest himself, in daily peril of his liberty and life, naturally longed for any change of circumstances. Persecuted, he was eager to retaliate and resist; and those who outlawed him, obliged and almost justified him to proscribe in turn.

The assembled Irishry were not, however, "in the vein." Not only the disasters of James's royal and disgraceful campaign were in their memories, but later discomfitures in partial insurrections, brought on by deceitful emissaries, as this fellow might be, were not forgotten. The time too was ill chosen. The morning after the gaiety of the patron might have afforded auditors more ready to inflame. For the present, they looked hesitatingly towards their natural chiefs, one of whom was Roger O'Mahon. Ignatius had not attended a ceremony so humiliating to his son; nor did he allow Rachel to attend it either—they lingered at Corramahon; whilst Roger, as the representative of the father and the chief, accompanied Garret. Sister Susan too was at the Hermit's Well.

The *Chef* looked blank on the proposed enterprise; and in nothing seconded the exhortation of Patricius and his friend. A most spiritless silence ensued upon the harangue; it excited not a single enthusiastic cheer. Each looked to his neighbour, expecting the answer that each refrained from giving; and Dermid at length uttered the only one, which was passing pithy.

"Catherlogh boys! take a fool's advice, and let us have nothing to do with Shamus."

"*Shamus a* ——!" exclaimed the crowd, with an opprobrious epithet in Irish, that marked the extremity of their contempt.

It is certain, that the emissary in question, could not have addressed an equal number of English peasants and agriculturists with a similar exhortation, without finding a majority of voices responsive to his appeal. The English mob was notoriously Jacobite, almost as long as Jacobitism existed. The Irish certainly were not so. Yet on premises directly the contrary of this fact, was founded the necessity of oppression and injustice towards the latter people.

"You have forsworn then your allegiance to your legitimate king!" angrily exclaimed the Friar; his reproach having some effect upon his audience.

"That will Ulick O'More never!" cried the young Chief of the Rapparees: "let the disarmed kerns, that had rather grasp a plough-handle than a sword-hilt, stoop to the Dutchman or the Saxon for liberty—to reap his crop. The free Irish will still cry King James."

"*Shamus* for ever!" now echoed as loudly in response to the Rapparee's exhortations, as *Shamus a* —— did to Dermid's damper, the wild O'More's men rejoicing in the prospect of troublous times. None joined more loudly in the rebellious cry than the disguised M'Crosky.

"For me," cried Dermid, "who live rather by the cutting of corn-stalks, than either folk's throats or purses, ——"

"Down with him!" cried the Rapparees.

"Keep close," burst forth O'Mahon's followers.

"To him, boys! slit the coward's wind-pipe," lustily roared M'Crosky, in glee with the hope of seeing Papist blood flow. But the Friar interposed, and coming forward, rebuked and calmed the angry spirit of O'More's people. Then turning round, he said,

"To you, Roger O'Mahon, I now address myself. Your backwardness it is, that gives strength and tongue to the defection of those recreants, that refuse to cry, or to stand up for the good cause. Rise! speak thou, who hast known in foreign lands the exile Stuart—who hast marked and must have pitied the fallen fortunes of his race, and who must have returned to your native land, not merely with the selfish wish of re-beholding it, but of re-asserting its rights, of raising it from degradation, of freeing an holy religion from persecu-

tion, and of setting its emerald crown on the head of its rightful wearer."

Much more did the Friar say, and with equal zeal. But Roger was deaf to his eloquence. He replied in a few words, that he was fully sensible both of Ireland's wrongs, and of the Stuart's rights; but that he well knew all the disunion and feebleness of the country compared with its foe, as well as the incapacity of the race they would choose as sovereign. He would not, therefore, although he might for himself peril aught, induce a single peasant to risk his present tranquillity in a struggle, the immediate issue of which could not be doubtful.

"O'Mahon's country then," said the emissary, "may be accounted blank in the map of Ireland."

"Shame be to its lukewarm chieftain," said O'More.

"There goes the Rapparee," observed Dermid, "ever with his skene upon a friend's throat, when it cannot reach a foe's."

"O'More," said Roger, "we have as much cause and incitement as thou, to stand up against the Williamites and the Protestant, seeing that this night's ceremony subjects our persons and our lands to all the vengeance of our enemies; but not for this selfish reason, nor for thy rudeness, will I incite these unarmed kerns, as you call them, to raise the war single-handed against the English. What this personage tells us, is idle. France will not aid you; Lewis is old and worn. Spain is as exhausted. The Pope as poor as he is false. I speak it deliberately, good friar. The holy Father favoured the enterprise of Protestant William against Catholic James. Where then are you to look for aid, or for power to withstand what with France at your back you failed in? The day must come, I grant you, when a stand must be made, and war waged for Irish liberty and Irish rights; that is, unless reason win what patience and the sword must. But the time is not come. And if our resources be not husbanded, 'twill never come; especially if restlessness, not policy, dictate from time to time these partial and idle attempts."

"There spoke the politic Chief," cried Dermid. "O'Mahon for ever!"

"The false friend!" cried O'More, "the traitor!"

"Robber-dog!" said Garret, bursting from the humility of the penitent, and giving vent to a zeal, by which he sought

to make amends for past defection, "have at thee for the insult," and he rushed upon O'More.

Roger in vain endeavoured to restrain his nephew. O'More's followers gathered around Ulick; O'Mahon's people gathered around the brother of their Chief, when both parties, raising up an hideous yell, rushed upon one another with fury, all as extreme as difference of creed or political hate could have inspired.

Although this fierce quarrel was, as such still would be, but the natural and usual termination of an Irish *fête*, or of Irish met together even for the purpose of gaiety and good fellowship, the present tumult, nevertheless, struck the party of Orangemen, anxious as they were for the safety of their venturous comrade, as something portentous. Such a sudden explosion could have been only produced, thought they, by the discovery of M'Crosky. And, accordingly, after some few hasty conjectures, and interjections, and mutual queries, they pricked on their horses to the rescue.

The Friar and Roger O'Mahon were endeavouring to separate the combatants; the latter in act, the former by unheard exhortation, to deliver which he stood in the opening of the sacred hut. It was he who first perceived the coming charge of the police-party, and he succeeded in giving the alarm to a few around and near him. "The Williamites," the "Catherlogh horse," "the Saxon red-coats," were words that ran speedily from mouth to mouth, and informed the struggling and mingled crowd of the menaced peril, of which they soon became more sensible by the bearing down of the common enemy. The O'Mahons and O'Mores were speedily blended in the same ranks to oppose them. The national cry of *Erin go braugh*, sent forth with a far more zealous and inspiring cheer, than the party-cries of O'Mahon and O'More had been shouted, was responded to by the savage yell of, "Down with the Papist dogs!" used by Kit Burton and his constabulary followers.

Although it had thus fallen out contrary to the intentions of the Sub-sheriff and his friends, and although M'Crosky might have wished that the charge had been delayed until the two had been more exhausted, nevertheless the war-cry and the approaching havoc were grateful to him. He joined lustily in the shouts of his friends, and was conspicuous in aiding them to cut down and make an impression on the Papists. These, however, stood firm; scared the steeds

of their enemies with waving torches, and dismounted them with stones and cudgels, the only weapons with which the greater part of the crowd were armed.

The horsemen were obliged to wheel round frequently, retire, and return to the charge. They could not break the solid body of the Papists, nor even the foremost ranks. There was a crowd of women and helpless beings behind, who would not fail to be crushed, if those in the front gave way. And to save them from being trodden to death, their defenders awaited death in their places, unarmed as they were, rather than retreat.

Roger O'Mahon ordered that the torches might be extinguished, and this proved a check to the Williamites. He was, however, for a long time uttering this command ere he was obeyed; and the Sub-sheriff, who saw that the effect of this in the present darkness of the night would be to allow the escape of all the Papistry, was determined to secure one prisoner at the least, by way of trophy. He therefore approached, and marked out Garret O'Mahon, who stood gallantly enough in the front of the battle. The moment the torches were extinguished, he seized the youth and dragged him with a powerful hand towards his party. Garret, weak from past illness, did not want for lungs in his extremity, and called lustily to the rescue. O'More rushed to his aid, late enmity forgotten: and the Sub-sheriff, caught in his own device, felt himself detained in the still more doughty grasp of Ulick O'More.

It was now M'Crosky's turn to shout, and shout he did to the rescue. His friends were true, and spurred a most vigorous and obstinate charge to bring him off at least. In this the foes came to a close struggle, and more met their death in this last thrall, than had hitherto fallen. After it there ensued a pause, a cessation of strife. The Papists took breath, and expected a renewal; but no sound gave notice of an attacking foe. The Williamites had retreated.

"Lights, lights!" cried Ulick: "kindle your bog-pine, my merry fellows, that we may see what the Cromwellians have left us. Dead they have left, I'll be sworn, and living, too; for I grasp a fellow that breathes hard and strong. Who are you?—let's see."

A pine-branch was kindled at the moment, and Ulick held it to M'Crosky; whom he still grasped.

"What! a spalpeen! a fellow in frieze and blue connama-

ras! one of us, by —, and he siding with the heretics. He shall die, by my father's head, I swear it, the traitor."

"Plase your honour," said the Sub-sheriff, sinking unconsciously into his born rank and character, and pulling off Clem's caubeen. The act of reverence displayed the powdered head of the attorney, and Ulick started. The captive was turned round and examined. His shirt and ruffles appeared ill-assorted with his borrowed habiliments.

"A spy! a spy! a Williamite spy!" so was the discovery proclaimed.

As curiosity tempted all and each to take a peep at the unfortunate captive, it was not long ere he was recognized as Mr. Torney and Sub-sheriff M'Crosky. A shout of triumph hailed the discovery of so welcome a prisoner.

The attorney pleaded for mercy.

"You are as welcome as Noll Cromwell's self, were he living," was the answer of Ulick, accompanied by so dark a look, that it almost petrified poor M'Crosky.

"And now for the dead," continued the Rapparee, who, aided by some of his followers, began to examine the four or five fallen enemies, not forgetting to rifle, as they turned them, with all their professional adroitness and recklessness.

"Gob—but here 's a prize," quoth one, displaying an ornament of price and distinction, that he had just taken from one of the fallen.

"Ha! cried Ulick, "that is an eagle's feather; it tokeneth gentility, or what those Saxon dogs of yesterday would call gentility. Turn him over—young too."

"Here will be a feud," quoth Roger O'Mahon; "'tis young Christopher Burton, son of the knight of Palestine."

"The young blood-hound has died a hound's death. A knotted cudgel has driven in his skull. So much for knightly fate!" said Ulick.

"It is a merited one, I must say," said the *Chef*."

"There spoke something like an O'Mahon."

"Spare your praise, Sir. I shall be more sensible to it, than to your blame. But I must hurry home to convey a lady who has accompanied me to some place of safety."

"And then, Roger O'Mahon, will you stand up for the old cause? Have you not yet had sufficient provocation?"

"With other allies, I own, at this moment I might be tempted. But neither of us have time to lose. Catherlogh garrison, horse and foot, will soon be here to take vengeance

for the imprudence of a boy and an attorney. You had better, however, liberate your prisoner. It will show that we were not the aggressors."

"Liberate him!" exclaimed the Rapparee in astonishment that changed to a smile. "Liberate him!—that will I most assuredly in my own way and time. Fare you well! the French guardsman has, I see, few ideas left of the Irish Chief."

To this Roger internally assented. And here the *Chef* and the chieftain separated.

CHAPTER XI.

As the morning dawned upon the throng around the Hermit's Well, Ulick and his followers prepared to take their departure for some position farther in the mountains, more remote and defensible than the valley. Roger O'Mahon and Sister Susan had gone southward, and Garret was despatched to Corramahon to warn his father of the hostile irruption of the Williamites, their having witnessed most probably the ceremony of his relapse, which, joined with the heir of Palestine's having met his fate, would infallibly bring down ruin and the extreme of persecution on the O'Mahons.

In his retreat, Ulick brought off not only his captive M'Crosky, but the bodies of his dead enemies. These were distributed, in imitation of the device of Medea, along a path, that would mislead and delay the pursuit. The remains of Kit Burton alone the Rapparee reserved, and kept, as it were, for the purpose of extorting ransom.

Their way lay through a wild and desolate region, intersected with rock and bog, mountainous, but not of that scale and height that could be said even to approach the sublime. There was little or no wood either, nothing more than stunt copse and furze, calculated to screen the rabbit and the hare, not man. No forest or greenwood shade was here to shelter this Irish Robin Hood and his gang. Its green hills were, however, thinly tenanted with flocks of sheep and shepherds: the idle and pastoral life, so much bepraised in poetry, proving here, as still in the Calabrias, the best nurse-

ry for robbers, for men of rapine and crime. It was evident from the numbers that flocked to join him, and begged to be permitted so to do, that a whistle or a horn-blast would have sweln his army to one of formidable numbers; but he for the present seemed more willing to disperse his followers, than add to them.

M'Crosky made the journey blindfolded, manacled, and borne in a kish, which hanging on one side of a mountain garron, was balanced by another on the other side, which contained the body of Kit Burton. The attorney was full of awful fears and forebodings, well acquainted as he was with the diabolical and proverbial cruelty of Ulick O'More. His alarm was brought to the utmost, when on a sudden he felt himself immersed in water. His head, however, was raised above the boggy element, for such he experienced it; and as his guards seemed to be immersed as well as himself, M'Crosky knew, that they were either crossing one of those impervious bog-passes, which formed the security of their country to O'More's people, or else that from some suspicious appearance at a distance, his captors had plunged themselves to the neck, in order to escape being perceived.

As the Sub-sheriff's teeth chattered with cold and terror, and muttered supplications escaped from betwixt them, Ulick comforted him by observing:—

"Don't fear, Master Sub; you'll die a dry death yet, I promise you, and may be, a high one."

"Sure you won't be hard upon me, Master Ulick," replied M'Crosky; "I'll pay an honest man's ransom."

"That I defy thee to do. But thou shalt pay a rogue's."

"Name it: and be rasonable, O'More, my heart! I am a poor parchment scribbler."

"Thou hast hanged a score of O'More's stoutest followers."

"'Twas in the way of trade then, and without malice, I'll swear. Loose me, and I'll lay this feud; take upon myself the blame of breaking upon the merriment of your patron, and place a bag of one hundred gold pieces under the flag-stone at the east corner of Catherlogh Castle. Hear me, O'More! I never brake word with brother."

"Brother! Out upon thee; thou renegade pettifogger!" said the Rapparee.

"Nay, thou seekest money and life-blood from the Orange-

ites with thy skene and pistol, Ulick, as I do with quill and parchment. We are of a trade : I claim fraternity."

"Claim it with Kit Burton, that dangles there opposite thee. He has been thy gossip ; and ye shall be still more intimate."

"Ulick, you will not kill me. My father was thy father's comrade."

"I will not kill thee," said the Rapparee ; and the promise comforted the trembling captive ; though had he seen the grim smile with which it was accompanied, his fear would not have given way so readily to confidence.

They had by this time emerged from the bog. Ulick ordered the bandage to be removed from the eyes of the sub-sheriff, and the latter perceived that the party took their course up a mountain that rose from the swamp ; the only eminence in the region worthy of the name of mountain. And the circumstance of its being alone and unrivalled, gave it fully in majesty of appearance, whatever it might want in reality of height. Its sides were clothed with underwood, and the summit, which was rocky, was formed into a kind of recess, called, as many mountain-tops in Ireland are called, by the name of the eagle's nest. Hitherward with difficulty, and by a winding-path, the Rapparees wended, spending at least two hours in the ascent, the object of such a journey, and such a path being inexplicable to M'Crosky, until approaching the summit he perceived the whole circumjacent region perceptible to the view, so that no invading force could march across it without having its motions fully betrayed.

Here they paused. At a sign from Ulick, M'Crosky was made to descend, was unbound, and surrounded by the gang. They proceeded to strip from him the habiliments that he had borrowed from his comrade, Clement, on the preceding night. The execution of this order wound up the terrors of the poor attorney to the highest pitch.

"You will not kill me, O'More, you will not kill me ! I have your promise."

"And I will keep it. Do you take me for the executioner of my region ? or think you, I would sully my skene with your black-heart's blood ?"

"No : you will be merciful ?"

"Will *he*, think you, be merciful ? Plead to him."

"Who, where ?" cried the terrified Sub-sheriff, peering

forth whither the finger of the Rapparee pointed, but without being able to perceive aught.

"You were wont to be sharp-sighted. Mark you not a bird that wheels yonder round and round? That scream came from it. Sweet, was it not? And now it has alit."

It seemed an animal of the vulture tribe, of voice and features as sinister as would become an executioner, for so Ulick termed it

"He and his race," continued the Rapparee, "are and have been from old time the hereditary avengers of our tribe. These false years of peace have been hungry ones to them as to us; yet they are faithful, and forsake not their old haunts. But now the Orangemen are about to invade O'More's country, they shall have carrion."

This mystification was needless in Ulick, for his victim was almost insensible from terror. The Rapparee saw that he could no longer draw out or refine by words the punishment he meditated. He therefore bid his followers dispatch; and their doing of his behest was speedy. They stripped the ill-starred M'Crosky, then placed upright the body of his guardian patron, young Burton, and bound with cord and wythe together the living and the dead, the former rending the air with prayers and clamour. The Rapparees were inexorable: the bodies were flung down in that lofty recess, exposed to the birds of prey that haunted it, and about to blanch ere long with their bones the spot that their bodies now covered.

Their task finished, Ulick and his men descended the mountain, making merry with the distant groans and agony of their victim; and as they turned the base of a rock to continue their descent on the other side, Ulick marked and pointed out to his followers the dark expanded wing of the bird of prey hurrying to his repast.

Whilst Ulick O'More sped to his wilds upon this errand of cruelty and vengeance, Roger O'Mahon and Sister Susan left the Hermit's Well, and proceeded in a different direction pointing towards the port of Waterford; the lady there no doubt expecting to find a vessel that would bear her to a more secure and tranquil place of refuge. It was their purpose to ride to a little distance beyond Leighlin Bridge, and there embark, to reach Waterford by the stream of the Barrow.

No sooner were they mounted, than the lady plied switch

and heel to induce her palfrey to step out at his quickest speed ; her squire found that it required effort to keep up with her. The terrors of the fair sister, for such no doubt were the spurs that urged her on, might have amused Roger O'Mahon, if he were not too serious at the present, and too gallant always to make him merry with the griefs of woman-kind. At length, after repeated efforts and many a mile achieved, when the animal that bore her seemed inclined to take *per force* the breath that she denied, the lady reined in, and looked back with satisfaction to observe the hills and forests, the natural landmarks, they had left behind in their flight.

" Shall I ever escape from this savage country ?" ejaculated she. " Its very life is suffering, its atmosphere peril. The short twelve-month past since I have been in it, seems an age. Its events would fill a chronicle or a romance."

" The heroine were worthy of its being indited," said the Chef.

" It would be no *Roman de Rose*,—very little of that colour about it. It has been, too, so full of the 'rascal routs,' and so little of knighthood or gentlehood mingled in it, that even De Scuderi could have made nothing of it. No, *beau Monsieur*, there is not a particle of romance in the action. So much time lost, and trebly lost—harassed all day, journeying or hiding, or *exnuied* to death with long palaver—ending with boisterous merriment, or as mirthful a slaughter—smoke-dried in a villanous hovel, and all for a monkish man, that loves Heaven too well to be grateful to aught on earth."

" But why, in Heaven's name, have you ventured hither?"

" You know how chivalrous was poor Lord Auchinlech ; he would have undertaken aught. He was proud too of being His Majesty King James's representative. The importance pleased him, and the peril enhanced it. Then we were told, that all ye ancient kings of Ireland held for the good cause, and that we should be received as princes in your courts and castles. Versailles too, once so delightful, had grown monotonous of late. Age, De Maintenon, and devotion, had monopolized the once gay and gallant Lewis. And so I grasped at pleasure and variety, as did my lord at playing a political part. And my true reason in my post-dict, as an old pedantic friend would say—I had a longin' to

re-behold old Erin, the land of my youth, the scene and stuff of my dreams.—Good lack! I have found but sorry bowers, and the castles both of reality and imagination sadly out of repair. Now, *Chef*, tell your story."

"My faith! 'tis much the same as your Ladyship's. I travelled hither upon expectations of the same kind, though far less lofty and less sanguine; and my disappointment has been proportionable."

"Then you will bid adieu once more to green Erin, and be my guard over the Channel, as you have promised to be to its brink?"

"Nay," said Roger, not unflattered by the implied request of the widowed lady; "I must not desert my family in their misfortunes, in what most likely is their last thrall."

"Better place in safety one relic, for prospects of future vengeance."

"No—we are already poor; and an ancient race never survives the loss of wealth and influence. The oak may die outright, may decay at the heart and root, but it may not dwindle."

"The old stem will send forth saplings."

"Meaner trees may, but not the oak."

"Well, I am no forester, and know the world somewhat better than woods: and methinks, Roger O'Mahon, that for a soldier you are over given to despond."

"Yet mine was a sanguine nature. And my boyhood at least was ardent, whatever my manhood may now be."

"Where can you have learned apathy? surely not in joyous France?"

"That may have been the school, natheless," said Roger.

"Impossible!"

"What land can boast more loveliness, more charms to inflame the passions of the youthful breast?"

"True, and what land can boast hearts more tender or susceptible, where indeed false man may learn apathy from o'er success, but where none meet with cruelty, save the unreasonable."

"The unreasonable!—who has loved, that might not come under the category? and I did so, no doubt."

"And pray, *Chef de Brigade O'Mahon*, is it possible that all this dolefulness of thine, this sober sadness, can proceed from the recollection of a boyish passion, in which the

disappointment that was natural and unavoidable must have awakened in you a world of sad and tender melancholy pleasures, that else you had not known. Without that cross, my friend, you had scarcely know what love was ; for want of the bitters, you had never prized its sweets. Success would have ruined thee, sealed up the fountains of your heart, and made you one of those pert and idle coxcombs whose heads have been addled, and their hearts hollowed by facile and early conquest."

" You cannot refine so as to erase the recollection of my pain, lady."

" I would rather grave deeper so sweet a remembrance."

" Most kind on your part ; but you are mistaken. With some the disappointment might have had the beneficial effect you describe ; to me 'twas baleful."

" It made you captain of the King's guard," said Lady Auchinlech, smiling.

" A poor recompense ! I had but one stock of feelings, and the first chords broken, could not be supplied."

" It gave thee a character that Hamilton would have been proud of—nay, that he would have used, my gallant countryman."

" Pardon me, madam, I was old-fashioned, and perhaps am yet. I never could ape feeling nor yet half feel a passion, in order to turn it into an agreeable pastime. These court *liaisons* sickened me, and I slunk into my comrades' ranks to escape from hollow light-heartedness. And anon war came to afford a nobler and a wiser channel for the enthusiasm of a soldier of fortune."

" How downright and impracticable, my gallant countryman : who could do aught, save approve the purity of your motives ?"

This was spoken with a smile, the sarcasm of which the honest *Chief* did not perceive. Long dormant feelings were at the moment called up in him ; and he was too full of them, too much affected by them to attend to, or carry on himself, the little finesses of conversation.

" But why fall out with the world and the sex, because you thought that you had reason to be piqued with the court portions of both ?"

" The world and I are on passing terms, fair lady. Pry-thee, set me not down as a misanthrope."

" Nay, but the better half of the world, as you will allow,

why, quarrel with it? Had not private or rural life its unsophisticated fair to contrast with courtly insincerity?

"In a foreign land, a stranger must ever be a stranger, except in the highest circles. Without disparaging the warmth or loveliness of the daughters of France, I sighed for Ireland, for Irish beauty and an Irish heart."

"How very patriotic!" said Lady Auchinlech. And as she looked at the countenance of her companion, wearing rather a sad and rueful expression, she could not help internally smiling at his simplicity, nor uttering, "how pathetic, *Chef Roger—c'est touchant.*"

This, however, was too broad; it startled the pensive O'Mahon. He perceived that he was rallied, if not mocked, and his embrowned and manly countenance was, despite its manliness, crimsoned with a blush. This the lady enjoyed above all. A sentimental *Chef de Brigade*, who still retained the capability of blushing, formed such a solecism in her ladyship's experience, that to meet with it was as novel, as it was amusing.

The widowed Lady Auchinlech was in fact, what she had been whilst yet Lady Susan Talbot;—a coquette born; one whose food was admiration, who pined without it, and who sought it through every risk and in every situation. She had won of old the youthful heart of O'Mahon, and had cast it from her, as before related, at the immediate prospect of an advantageous alliance, and she had, perhaps, meditated playing the same game over again for her especial amusement. Perhaps, however, she felt a recurrence of an ancient and sincere feeling; or, perhaps, the pastime of the moment was her utmost thought; certainly her sojourn amongst the bogs and wilds had of late afforded little scope for the exertion of her practical vanity, and she might feel inclined to make herself amends.

The mind of her companion was not at all disposed at the moment to indulge her in this. Roger O'Mahon was weighed down by thoughts of the ruin that threatened his brother; and the injustice of this, together with the hardships of their position, proved the most aggravating thought. When an individual's own suffering is bound in his country's, who can refrain from being patriotic, indignantly patriotic? And many of the reflections of O'Mahon went to reproach him for being so backward in giving his voice to the emissary, who harangued on the preceding evening, and of stretching

forth the hand of amity and alliance to Ulick O'More. Feeling, however, prompted this, he was aware, more than prudence, especially in the present juncture, and he was fain to content himself by laying that unction to his soul.

Lady Auchinlech's converse had roused him from this vein of thoughts, and awakened another as little cheering. Wearied, as he professed himself to Lady Auchinlech, with the hollow light-heartedness of that life and those personages amongst whom he had mingled abroad, and afflicted too with that *mal du pays* which led him back to home and Ireland for the sources of happiness, he had returned from the Continent with a vacant heart, though not with a fresh or a youthful one. Still the spring of affection was within him, unworn, unsatisfied, and although cautious and backward in bestowing this, he still had seen in Anastasia Burton a fair form, a pure spirit, and above all, an appreciation of his merits, which moved him to direct his devotion towards her. ♦

Love-making is a somewhat tedious and common-place procedure to give or describe in the pages of a narrative ; it is one too, which though we delight to imagine indistinctly, we blush to act or to witness upon all occasions. Hence the many walks, and conversations, the quarrels, perhaps, and reconciliations which took place between Chef O'Mahon and Anastasia, in the interval that has elapsed since the commencement of the narrative ; all this has been left in the shade to be descried there by the reader's power of discernment. The consequences of Garret's relapse to his religion, in alienating again the two families from each other, and interrupting their intercourse, proved painful to the two individuals. And now, the death met by young Christopher, and the consequences, both public and private, that were to be expected from it, would probably render the fulfilment of such hopes, as Roger or Anastasia might have mutually formed, absolutely impossible.

Here was food for thought, both serious and bitter—thought, that rendered Roger O'Mahon an ungallant and pre-occupied companion to Lady Auchinlech. Her very first appearance in the country had been a source of perplexity to the *Chef*. Destitute as she was, widowed, and in peril, he could not refuse her protection, shelter ; nor even, had he never known her, could he have denied her interest. But she was his ancient flame, his first love ; and feelings

painful and pleasant were connected with her name. Her widowed state, her position of peril, her advanced years too, thought O'Mahon, will silence them. But he was surprised to find the widow and the fugitive little less gay, despite also of the religious weeds in which she concealed herself, than if she trod the marble pavements of Versailles. Neither years nor clime had changed her, and save the "purple bloom of youth," Lady Auchinlech had not lost one of the girlish feelings of Lady Susan.

Anastasia had not remained ignorant of the domiciliation of Sister Susan at Corramahon. The intelligence had been conveyed to her by Willomer, and conveyed too in terms, that did not allow it to pass as inconsequential. A slight coolness had hence ensued betwixt her and the *Chef*, which, disunited as the families were, he still had the means of perceiving, though not of altogether comprehending it.

All this tends to explain the sober sadness in which the *Chef* met Lady Auchinlech's mirth, the dullness with which he received her coquetry. She was herself not a little piqued.

"I can assure you, *Chef*," said her Ladyship, "that I feel the *mal du pays*, the longing after my own country, as strong, as even you ever felt it. But Erin, with all her greenness of field and of mind," (another smile came) "her hospitality, her generosity of friendship and of hate, her love of strife and lack of courtesy, is not the land. It is that of my adoption, *la belle France*, that I sigh for, even as Mary Queen of Scotland did, when she stretched forth her hands towards it from the parting vessel, never to return."

"You speak words of evil omen, my dear Lady," said *Chef* Roger, drawing up his rein, and then diverging from the route.

"How! what do ye look at?"

"We have ridden hard, and yet may possibly be intercepted. Yonder are a troop of horsemen. We shall not be able to pass Leighlin bridge."

"Let us return then."

"With our jaded steeds, impossible! To turn were to bring them upon us. They reconnoitre at this moment,—they advance,—we must submit to fate."

The fugitives were in a very few moments surrounded, being commanded to stand in the Queen's name. And they were constituted prisoners without delay. Lady Auchinlech

was unable to master her terrors until she perceived that the commander of the light troop was no other than Major Willomer.

After paying his respects to the lady, and excusing himself for performing the duty imposed upon him, of intercepting and making prisoners all persons whatsoever, who issued from the wild tract, called O'More's country, he addressed similar excuses to the *Chef*, who received them with cold and silent politeness.

"An awkward squabble that of last night, I am informed," said Willomer.

"It was in truth, Sir," replied the *Chef*; "young Burton has lost his life, and——"

"Life! said you?" exclaimed the Major, "I did not hear so much. Life!" and Willomer's eyes gradually opened wide as his lids permitted, and gradually closed again with some very interesting thought. This, however, he passed over for the moment, and said to Roger O'Mahon,

"Silly of you, comrade, to appear to fly: I mean, to take the road from home after such a catastrophe."

"It just now strikes me, for the first time, that it was," replied Roger, somewhat touched by the sympathy of his captor.

"By the by, is the Palestine property entailed?" asked Willomer, with a careless air, through which, however, Roger could perceive that self, not sympathy, was at the bottom of his thought.

"I can't say truly," said the *Chef*, who then pondered too an instant, and for the first time, on the probable consequences to Anastasia of her brother's death. Thus two of the most important and obvious reflections in his way, were not even glanced at by Roger O'Mahon, till suggested.

"*My religieuse!* the sister, by all the gods!" exclaimed Willomer, as he surveyed at leisure the features of his lady prisoner. "Comrade, it grieves me to the soul, that I dare not let you go free. And, 'faith I am almost tempted that ye might continue together your holy pilgrimage."

"Your prisoner, Sir," said the *Chef*, assuming a stern look, in order to repress the rising banter and licentiousness of the English officer, "is the Lady Auchinlech? Her father was once governor of this realm of Ireland. You will respect her."

"Ay, by this light, will I, and respect thee too, comrade,

for thy knight-errantry towards her ladyship. It will go far to put thee in jeopardy."

"My generous friend," said the lady to O'Mahon, "have I indeed brought you into peril?"

"What I witnessed last night, however innocently, was quite sufficient to crush so obnoxious a creature as an O'Mahon. Think not, lady, that your company or flight could enhance my risk."

"Alas! alas! O'Mahon, your friendship to me has been ever fatal." She felt what she spoke; for as the *Chef* sought to reassure her, and stretched out his hand unconsciously for that purpose, a warm tear fell upon it. Had it scalded where it fell, it could not have produced a more powerful sensation.

"How! here is a demure and quiet gallant," soliloquized Willomer,—“chivalrous as Don Quixote, and as solemn withal! The wrong side of thirty, scorning a jest, and shunning a carouse; and yet this unpretending personage contrives to thrust himself at every step 'twixt Godfrey Willomer and his purpose. Be it love *par amours*, or love *pour ambition*, all the same, in steps Master Roger here to bear away the palm. I have the wight, however, *now*, scenting strong of treason; and if that cannot put down a rival, in this country of sweet summary and military law, why nought will do't."

With such prospects Willomer renewed his civilities to the captives, consoled, whistled, and told good stories; and so buffooned it, and chatted it, as even to lighten O'Mahon's oppression of mind, despite of just cause in circumstances, and at the same time despite of unabated contempt for his agreeable captor.

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN the reconnoitering party of police had thought fit to make an hostile charge upon the multitude assembled at the Hermit's Well, with a view to rescue M'Crosky, there were not long wanting fugitives from the Williamites, especially as soon as the resistance was found to be obstinate, and the

combat engaged. These made the best of their way to Catherlogh and to Palestine, giving tidings of insurrection ; the O'Mahons, young and old, at the head of it ; dreadful battle, young squite Burton overpowered, with such ample additions and exaggerations, as fear and the love of story-telling suggested.

Sir Christopher Burton roused himself accordingly ; but full of confidence, that even in the event of a skirmish, the Irish rabble would disperse after it according to their custom, and their leader perhaps fly to communicate it, and thus spread the flame of insurrection in other counties ; he wisely ordered some cavalry to intercept any fugitives or emissaries, that might attempt to pass from O'More's country southward. The success of this precaution has been already seen in the arrest of Roger O'Mahon and Lady Auchinloch.

The Knight himself, well-armed, and accompanied, rode to the relief of his son. Spur as he might, a throng of fugitives soon informed him, that his aid would come too late. The Williamites were utterly dispersed ; his son and M'Crosky, neither of them seen in the route, and probably therefore, either wounded or captive. With the speed of the chase, the Knight hurried on. The sun had risen ere he entered the wild tract haunted by the Rapparees, and the party were on their guard against a foe, that they might meet at every step. None, however, appeared to intercept their progress ; and they at length mounted the hill that overlooked the Hermit's Well. The Knight's heart beat with anxiety for his only son, as he descended towards it.

The *patron*, as the local holiday was called, seemed to be but ill attended. Of male votaries or attendants there were indeed none. Kerchiefed crones and hooded gossips were alone on the spot, satisfying their love of curiosity, and gathering the materials, as the author himself might, of tales of bloodshed and horror. They were not scared by the coming of the magisterial party, which soon arrived to question them.

"Were any of you present at the battle of last night?" was asked, as soon as the party had looked around, and marked the waifs of the struggle ; such as hats and broken cudgels, and the sword worked into mire, besides the ruddy signs of more serious and mortal strife.

"Battle, your Worship! not myself, in troth. I only heard tell of a bit of a row," replied an old woman.

"Were there any lives lost?"

"None worth the mention—haaf a dozen an' may be."

"What has become of the slain?"

"Ye 'll find 'em on the road, shure. They carried 'em as far as they could."

"Were there any prisoners?"

"Musha, then, myself can't say."

They spurred on apace to examine the dead, described as being scattered at no great distance. They could only discover four, however, and those were amongst the humble followers of M'Crosky. Of the attorney himself, or of young Burton, there were no tokens. To scour the wild waste with the few troops, gathered in haste, that were then collected, were impracticable, even if the Rapparees offered no resistance. They returned to the Well, and recommenced their enquiries, no longer in the mild tone which they had used at first. They were now angered at the sight of their slaughtered comrades, and by their misgivings concerning the fate of the missing. They employed threats, and even made menace of putting some to summary torture, if they refused to reveal all that they knew.

One old woman confessed unwarily, that she had been present on the preceding night; but she seemed not more willing on that account to be communicative.

"Tie a cartridge to her thumb," said the Knight; "and the approach of a match to it will set her tongue free, I warrant."

It was done, and the poor victim beheld the preparations for torture.

"Ye may know then, for whose sake I hold the tongue o' me," said she. "Come along: I'll hobble to the spot. Now look you, Sir Kit, you that threats to put the ould, and the woman to, God help me, to mortal agony, look to yourself. If your Williamite Queen give you the right to torture us, the Saviour yonder," pointing upwards, "gives it to us to torture you."

"Cease your preaching, you Carmelite hag, and say your say," cried a policeman from behind.

"Och, then, it's I that 'll plase you. Sir Christopher Burton, that's your son's heart's blood;" and she pointed to the discoloured mire.

"Brain the hag?" said one.

"Light up her thumb-nail!" quoth another.

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"As you please, gentlemen, I haf said my say."

"Let her go," said the Knight solemnly; "and let some one be dispatched to this assassin O'More for tidings, or, if it be, for—my son's body. I have had enough of Papist-hunting."

Ulick O'More in the meantime having disposed of the living M'Crosky and his dead enemy, as pleased his refined ideas of vengeance, placed his followers in detached lurking-places and positions, so as to overwhelm a weak enemy and escape from an overpowering one. He himself, and unattended, bent his course to Corramahon, determined, if opportunity allowed, to stir up Ignatius to aid him in raising a Jacobite insurrection. Lazy as he knew the Aireach to be, he also knew him to be susceptible; and the present was a moment,—(inevitable ruin from legal vengeance impending, having nothing to risk farther, and having every cause to irritate him,)—when he would, if ever, be disposed to make common and open cause with the enemies of the present English and Irish governments.

Other views had Ulick also, which he also intended to propose, and which indeed he had now come to Corramahon, under the auspices and advice of Patricius, for the express purpose of explaining, when the unexpected visit of Willover and the Burtons occurred to cross him, and make him defer his visit to Ignatius. Until the present moment an opportunity had not since occurred.

Upon his way, the Rapparee heard of what had befallen Roger O'Mahon and Lady Auchinlech, their arrest; and he was not displeased at gaining so powerful an argument wherewith to stir Ignatius. He even meditated taking particular advantage of the circumstance; and full of his politic thoughts he approached Corramahon.

Garret had of course long since reached his home, bringing tidings of all the untoward events that had attended the ceremony of his recanting his errors.

"Unhappy boy!" said Ignatius; "step to the right or left, ill fortune attends thee."

"You know, father, you promised to forget the past," said Rachel.

"Trouble and turmoil still, and now blood has been spilled. Can I not sit down in my native home, in my old age, and live and die in peace?"

"Be humble as we will," said Garret, "they will never

allow us that. I have been of their company, and have heard their plans ; and being such, I would wage outright war with them, whenever a chance offered to do so with success ; and last night, truly, we heard that the promised time was come. A friend of friar Patrick preached so, with a world of fine tidings and promises from over sea. O'More declared himself ready, but uncle Roger held back."

"More net-work round us, as if there were not enough."

"I will visit Anastasia without delay, said Rachel, rising.

"Visit Anastasia ! better perish, girl ! What ails thee ?"

"We made a vow to see one another, whenever a serious feud was about to take place betwixt the families."

"Let *her* come then, girl. 'Tis Palestine that seeks the feud."

"Here is the lady," observed Garret ; and Anastasia entered. She had not heard of her brother's fate, but learning that a kind of encounter had taken place betwixt a party of her brother's followers and some, probably, of O'Mahon's people, at the Hermit's well, she had come according to their promise, to divert, aided by Rachel, the enmity that threatened to arise. The friends retired together to interchange sentiments, regret differences, and devise new supports of friendship in the walks and recesses of the grove. Garret's presence was not over-agreeable to Anastasia, nor her's indeed to him. Her glance of curiosity and astonishment brought to his mind his late attempt, as well as the past hopes, which led to his apostasy and dissipation. Anastasia and Rachel walked forth alone.

Garret remained with his father, who was perplexed and low.

"For all our precautions," said the latter, "it seems that the ceremony of last night was witnessed."

"By M'Crosky himself," replied Garret.

"Then, indeed, we may expect the law's worst stretch."

"That we may on other accounts. The action, and the fate of Kit Burton were enough."

"Young Kit slain ! that indeed is a blow."

"And M'Crosky vulture's food, for O'More seldom breaks word."

It was not long after that Ulick O'More entered, having first taken care to ascertain that no Saxon whom he need fear was paying untimely visit there. He was greeted by

the Aireach, but not with the most cordial welcome: The peaceable Ignatius, whose race held some sort of supremacy over the O'Mores and their wild people, and who had abdicated or ceased to make use of such influence, had been always held in contempt by the outlawed chieftain, who measured his expressions as little as he moderated his thoughts. Then the trade of rapine carried on by the Rapparees, ever since the ancient wars of William's time, had become a stigma as the age grew civilized, although it had not many years back been considered a service of honour and reputation. At present, however, O'Mahon thought otherwise.

After some few formal greetings, Ulick said, that he came to consult with O'Mahon about the common safety; that war had been in a manner declared against them by the wanton outrage of the Williamites on the preceding night; and that to answer the challenge like men, was now all left to either.

"And what would you have me do?" asked Ignatius.

"Act like an O'Mahon—raise your kerns, take to the hill-side and the wild country, till a proper force be gathered, then march on Catherlogh, and drive the Hanoverians before us."

Ignatius disapproved utterly of the mighty step of raising an Irish rebellion against English power for the hundredth time, and with less promise of success than had ever falsely flattered the country into the luckless attempt. It was not that he shrunk from peril, he said; and this was no false boast, for the Aireach was by nature brave, though indolent, and dreaded trouble or exertion far more than he did risk. Neither would he stir the country to blood, and expose his followers to destruction, upon his own individual wrong.

To this Ulick stood not in want of reply. Jacobite arguments were at hand, obvious and ample; but whatever weight they might have, they had not enough to persuade Ignatius O'Mahon that he should join in the Rapparee's wild proposal. He had seen enough of James at the Boyne. Ulick urged the noised death of the Queen, the meditated rising in Scotland and in England.

"Ulick, my friend," exclaimed the Aireach, "friar Patri-cius has been preaching all this over for the last month. It has been his theme feasting and fasting. I have heard

these promises too often to trust in them; and am too weary of the argument to abide by its conclusion."

"You will stand then in all your might, O'Mahon, like a sturdy ox, to be slaughtered, or more mortifying still, you will suffer yourself to be turned out of the old habitation of your forefathers. You know that Master Garret's man at the well has placed you in the fangs of the law."

"Its letter is cruel, I grant you, Ulick, and black in spirit as the hearts that framed it. But not so always its execution. I have suffered much, and yet been peaceable. They will not be so unjust as to press the ruin of a lethargic old man."

"What! not they who drove ye to Connaught, O'Mahon,—who settled a stranger upon two thirds of your broad lands,—who charmed the weapons from your brave hands, with the promise that ye should be freemen, and straight thereafter chained them with the fetters of slaves,—who bribed your only son to impiety against ye, and now threatens your whole race with ruin, merely because he has returned to virtue?"

"Thou shouldest have been a friar, Ulick, and no Rapparee. You move me more than even the shaven-crowned Patrice.

"And yet I appealed but to your interest, O'Mahon. Your wrongs, the ruin that gazes for you, the crisis of the hour, in which alone perhaps, for ages, a stand may be made for our rights. Durst I appeal to your honour?"

"And why not, Sir? Why not, Ulick? exclaimed Ignatius flushing.

"You have been too long a lover of ease, Aireach; a follower and bepraiser of moderation; content to be but half-robbed, half-degraded, half-enslaved, and from the poor stock of quiet and of comfort such conduct has given you, you have been too apt to mock at the wretchedness of us, utter outlaws, who scorned to stoop, and who chose to live in caves, since our rightful palaces were denied us. You looked on us from the superiority, not of your old blood, O'Mahon, but from that of modern cunning and time-serving, which kept for you your state, your roof-tree, and your cup, while to us was left but the barren hill, the rude lurking-place, and yet no lack, at times, of wealth and plenty."

"Where didst learn rhetoric, O'More?"

"In the Irish college at the Quartier St. Jaques, at Paris. Why ask you?"

"I would my son Garret were there. And thou comest back to learn robbery in the Irish mountains?"

"To levy contributions on my enemies, O'Mahon; even as mightier potentates, save that these confiscate solid acres to their own and their creatures' uses, whereas I for the same honest purpose do but confiscate purses, or now and then perhaps take tithe of a herd, if it be an Englisher's. I have King James's commission for the war."

"I quarrel not with thy mode of life: but, I pray you keep your rhetoric from instituting comparison 'twixt it and mine."

"But you will join standards with me? I will lead or follow," said Ulick. "The possession of Catherlogh would be an important blow, easily struck, affording arms, ammunition, and plunder for an army, and would entitle us to high reward under the restored dynasty."

"Dynasty!—ay, there is the cant of revolutions."

"What say you, Garret O'Mahon?" said Ulick.

"That I am ready for battle, and wonder now at my father's supineness, as last night I wondered at my uncle's."

"There spake the old O'Mahons," said O'More.

"And well spoken for youth," observed Ignatius.

"Age itself must echo the cry."

"It will require time, Master Ulick," said the Aireach; "no precipitation. Measures are not taken at the moment. We must first await my brother's return."

"You may wait then till the day of doom," said the Rapparee. "Roger O'Mahon is a prisoner."

"A prisoner! for what crime?"

"The crime of having heard mass, no doubt," said O'More; "the crime of having witnessed his nephew's penitence—that too of having been attacked in his devotions by a Williamite crew, and of having seen them slain by us in our defence—the crime, Aireach, it may be, of escorting the widow of Lord Auchinlech—the crime, in short,—for why should words be wasted?—of being an Irishman."

The feelings of Ignatius were now indeed aroused. He agitated his crutch, advanced one foot, like my uncle Toby, upon its stool, and endeavoured to arise. And these proofs of feebleness, which might reasonably have calmed his zeal, had for the present only the effect of irritating it. The

wily Ulick had reserved the tidings of the *Chef's* capture for the moment in which it was likely to produce full effect, for that, in which the wavering mind of the Aireach needed the excitement of passion to produce a decision.

"What is to be done?" asked Ignatius.

To wait till you and your children also occupy a cell in a state prison. Or else——"

"Or else——"

"Make a dash to rescue him; and then all of us stand up together."

"Roger must be rescued," said Ignatius; "the lady too, whose capture would implicate us all."

"Nay, if you yet think of the dangers of being implicated, when an open struggle is your only safety——"

"A rescue at any rate must be effected. O'More, your bands are organised, are ready?"

"Not only so; but preparing at this moment for the very attempt. Leave it to me. I have, however, not yet spoken of that for which I came. It is a weighty matter; and I should have chosen a more peaceful moment to propose it."

The look of Ignatius seemed to demand whither so solemn a preface tended.

"Ulick O'More comes to demand in marriage the daughter of O'Mahon," uttered the Rapparee.

"O'More does me honour. But is this a time to speak of alliances?"

"The fittest of all times. Family alliances are true seals of politic ones."

"By our lady! a diplomatic suit and suitor. But we aspire not to princely rank, good Ulick; at least, we have long since lost all the beneficial privileges, and certainly hold none of the inconvenient ones, of which the cruellest I take to be the disposal of a maiden's heart and hand by policy, as you call it. I suppose your next proposal would be to wed, as you at present ask to woo, by proxy, and we should have a glibbed and bearded rapparee for O'More's envoy."

Ignatius laughed aloud, and somewhat maliciously; for the proposal did not altogether please him, or meet his wishes, although he thought better to allow no appearance

of pride : and O'More had an equal portion of resentment on his side to repress.

"I ask but O'Mahon's consent to become a suitor," said Ulick.

"I am glad to hear you so limit your request. 'Tis granted. I could scarcely suspect you of the un-Irish trick of bargaining for a wife, without consulting the object of your choice. With Rachel lies the award ; her will is her own."

"'Tis well," said the Rapparee Chief, who had as little doubt of his powers of persuasion, as he had of his talents in insurrectionary war.

"And remember, that a lady's heart is not carried by an ambuscade, or a *coup de main*."

"I have heard good authority to the contrary," said Ulick.

"At least the rescue of a captive friend is more pressing."

"But where is the fair Rachel ? I have but once seen her, and that but for an instant. I durst not have ventured into your gay saloons."

"And for that reason you make an hasty choice. Anon, the successful lieutenant of the Stuarts may choose amidst the beauties of the Court, instead of swearing fealty to a rustic damsel."

Shulah, when called and questioned, informed the father and suitor that Rachel had departed with Miss Burton—it was possible, for Palestine ; and Ulick was consequently obliged to forego, for the present, his wish of beholding his self-promised bride.

As the Rapparee took his departure, it was understood on his part that he should make an attempt upon the escort that guarded Roger O'Mahon, in order to liberate him and his companion ; and it was at the same time understood by him, that in guerdon for the deed, the O'Mahons would be ready to commence an insurrection with him, which their power and influence in the country would enable them to do with effect. Perhaps too, Ulick flattered himself that the rescue of her uncle would be one of the strongest pleas he could offer for himself in order to gain the good will of Rachel.

The Aireach, however, had no such distinct idea of the compact. His first wish certainly was, that his brother and the Lady Auchinlech might have the power of escape ; it being evident, that their remaining captive might prove not

only fatal to them, but to the family. As to purpose of insurrection, however, Ignatius was by no means decided; he hoped, indeed, that all was true which he heard respecting the hopes of the Stuarts; but he hesitated to bestir himself, until these should appear better-founded or more manifest. He shrunk from putting into a state of outlawry and destruction, a numerous host of followers, that trusted to his prudence as to his chieftainship, and who were ready to obey his nod.

The celerity of Willomer in the mean time disappointed Ulick of his immediate purpose. The prisoners were conveyed to Catherlough without impediment or opposition, and the Rapparee was compelled to defer his project of rescue until Roger O'Mahon should be on his road to the metropolis. This removal, in the case of an important prisoner, was probable.

CHAPTER XIII.

MISS BURTON had quitted Palestine for the purpose of seeing and conversing with Rachel O'Mahon, before she had heard of the sad death of her brother. A tumult, or a fierce struggle betwixt the oppressing and the oppressed party in the country, was not a circumstance of so rare occurrence, as to terrify any on account of the possible consequences. These indeed might at times be fatal, but fatal for the most part to some bold ringleader of the peasantry.

Other interests occupied for the time the young lady's thoughts. Betwixt her and Chef O'Mahon, as before observed, as between him and the family of Palestine, there had existed a distance and a coolness, owing in the first place to the relapse of Garret. This cause, although it might produce momentary separation, was not sufficient to have produced mutual coldness or pique. Such, however, on Anastasia's side existed, and was produced by Major Willomer's insidious information, and as insidious comments thereon.

It fully bespeaks the state of Anastasia's feelings, that the slight hints thrown out by the English officer's malice

respecting what he had witnessed of the interior of Corramahon, were sufficient to disquiet her, not only upon the hearing, but materially to disturb her peace afterwards. She longed to see Rachel O'Mahon, in order to solve her doubts, to relieve her anxiety, even by becoming assured of what pained her. An excuse or opportunity were both long wanting. Their mutual promise to see one another, when an open feud threatened to take place between the families, now offered it: for although the tidings of her brother's fate had not then reached her, it was now rumoured at Palestine, that the O'Mahons had been the "head and front" of this desperate violation of law and public peace.

"It is the last time, I fear, that we shall meet, Rachel," said Anastasia, "and I am come to take advantage of it. These gathering feuds will put another long interval of coldness betwixt the families. That unfortunate, fickle Garret is the cause of all."

"Yet he lays the original blame with you. Had you but hearkened to his suit—"

"Neither the Aireach nor his daughter would have forgiven me. Your father would have said, that the Williamite knight's daughter looked to the remaining lands of Corramahon."

"And was that your reason for coolness, Anastasia?"

"No, in truth, Rachel; there were others as strong and inexplicable as those which, cherished in another breast, drove my cousin, Amyas Burton, from his home and native land."

"Well, it glads me to hear this. It is then neither the name nor the papist connexion of O'Mahon, that caused you to turn from my brother."

"To share your opinion of his impiety and ingratitude, Rachel, was reason enough; and for him now to impute his errors and misfortunes to my cruelty, forsooth!—but we, womankind, are sure to be made to bear the blame of all men's errors."

For some time the friends thus conversed together, each avoiding the topic that most interested them. This was the case, at least, with Anastasia, who knew not how or on what pretext to question Rachel respecting the fair unknown, the *religieuse* of Corramahon.

Shulah was at length seen making towards them, breathless with haste, and the importance of the news she had gathered

and brought, either from overhearing Ulick, or having extracted it from his followers.

"Ruined and undone!" was the first words of her communication,—*"ruined and undone, quite and entirely."*

"What is the matter, Shulah?"

"Sir Kit Burton's dochter 'll know that, fast enough. M'Crosky's a dead man. at any rate. 'Torney that he was, and sheriff to boot, he didn't escape black Ulick."

"He was no friend nor favourite of mine," said Anastasia; "but I am sorry for the unfortunate man."

"Keep your sorrow, agra: you'll want it."

"What can the old woman mean? Surely my brother—"

"Roger O'Mahon's taken by the Williamites," said Shulah.

"Taken! What, made a prisoner of?"

"Ay, in troth, and Shister Shusan wid him."

"It is some idle report," said Miss Burton; "for what should he be taken? But who is Sister Susan?"

"From whom have you heard this?" asked Rachel.

"Ulick O'More's own mouth."

"Who is Sister Susan?" repeated Anastasia.

"A fugitive nun, that the priest, Patrick, brought hither for refuge; or rather, a lady of the court of St. Germain's, in a nun's habit."

"What could have brought such a personage hither?" re-asked Miss Burton.

"I know not. What crime can they have found in my poor uncle?"

"Musha! it's ay to find the like agin one of us. Sine to crass oneself is trason; to go to hear mass at the Well, still worse; and to have seen Master Garret on his knees again afore a true priest, after having put up his horse with a false one, is the devil an all."

"There must be more cause than this, Ursula, I am certain," said Miss Burton.

"If Master Roger was caught running away with the shister," said Shulah, "wouldn't that be the devil to pay? And myself 'll be bound he was; for he was a wild bit of a gossoon when he had'n't a beard to his face; and it'd be odd, if foreign parts had mended his manners in that."

"Now, get you gone, Shulah," said Rachel; "you calumniate the lady, and wrong my uncle."

"If you go to big words, Missie, I'm done wid you. I owe naughting to the lady or the shister; and nun as she is, she can look from the corner of her eye, as if it warn't her beads she was thinking of. That myself 'll swear. And what's Roger the worse for gallanting her off: he has no sworn love to forsake, as ever I heard tell of."

"Ursula is right," said Anastasia; "I see no cause whatever."

"Good luck to me! I forgot the best part of my bidding."

"'Tis time 'twas spoken."

"Ulick O'More would lay his cap at the feet of Rachel O'Mahon."

"What, the Rapparee! Heaven defend us! Good Shulah, give answer, I am gone to Palestine."

"Troth then, he is a bould black fellow; as pretty a sight as a maiden might look at," said Shulah. "If you saw him by the side of the silken-limb Saxon."

"Go, good Shulah; for the present I could not see any one. My uncle's imprisonment afflicts me: I will go to Palestine, to Latherlogh, and learn the cause of his capture."

"A glance of your eye to black Ulick would free Roger O'Mahon faster than all the power of the Burtons," said Shulah, lingering. But the young ladies had turned upon the path, and left the old woman to return with the excuse of Rachel, which she did, muttering imprecations upon Willomer for having turned the head and stolen the heart of her master's daughter.

"I feared that woman would bring us some misfortune," said Rachel.

"Our sex in fault again," rejoined Miss Burton. "Do you suppose that the gallant *Chef* was passive in this elopement, or do you account him a boy, whom if bright eyes entice, bright eyes are to bear the blame?"

"You mistake. How can you talk of elopement? This, a fugitive lady, one whom your Williamite friends sought often, and whose liberty or whose life was in danger. She came to Corramahon for protection."

"And why to Corramahon?"

"The Jacobites think the old Irish their friends, naturally. Besides, my uncle knew her of old, in France."

"Indeed! then she had the claim of acquaintance, of intimacy, perhaps."

coming! They questioned her most perseveringly, with insinuating mildness, with menace, with cunning; but the lady had nought to produce, or to discover. What meddling fool, thought they, amongst our legislature, could have abolished the wholesome use of torture, that efficient interrogator?

Willomer had in the meantime reached his quarters, and was soon greeted by his friend and brother officer, Morley, with the salutation,

"Oh! what cheer, comrade? Did you fall in with the rebel forces?"

"Icod did I! and have taken with my own hand their commandant, being no other than our old acquaintance the priggish *demisolde* of *Louis le Grand*."

"Did he muster strong? The good burgesses here talk of thousands; and their wives and daughters are in such a pretty panic, that I envy the Rapparee rogues, should they prove victorious."

"The *Chef's* force boded more danger to us, sparks, than to the pretty burgessery of Catherlogh, that I promise you. Dame Nature was his general, or brigadier Cupid, for I met the fellow in command, simply, of a very pretty woman."

"Now, by the god of Orange! as little M'Crosky used to swear, thou art more fortunate than Marlborough himself. You obtained the prize you sought."

"What prize?"

"The daughter of the old savage, yonder—the niece of your civilized acquaintance."

"Nay, not her. Your wisdom might suppose some other beauty flying with the swain."

"Who! the Burton?"

"Nor yet her. One clad in all the charms of *incognito*. Do you remember the pretty piece of devotion I caught in the Grove?"

"The nun you so expatiated on."

"Even the *religieuse*, one whose glance would have melted away a convent grate; who has manners such as Versailles alone could teach, and a power of repartee that she must have caught from——"

"Farquhar."

"Farquhar's a vulgar recruiting captain, my dear fellow.

compared with the count wit whom I would name; did I but know of him—”

“Pass for that, gentle Major. Hast thou the gray steed?”

“Stabled. Would I could say as much of the fairer part of the capture.”

“The nun—why not have sent her to quarters?”

“Would the nun’s acquaintance, the *Chef*, have been silent?”

“Let him speak. What care burgess or magistrate for such Papist interlopers. Might we not punish them in our mode, and guard them better than the gaoler?”

“Nay, but the nun’s not a nun, but a fine lady; one too, all as deserving of a state prison, as Master O’Mahon’s self; a mighty capture, the widow of some Jacobite lord, who came hither to die in the bogs.”

“A widow, and fair, and titled! And thou hast delivered up such a victim to those red-hot civilian ruffians?”

“What could I do?”

“Let her escape.”

“With the troops at my back, and Chef Roger at my side. Dost want a step in the regiment, Morely, that you would have me stake my commission?”

“Would I had had the command of the scouring party!” said Morley.

“I wish with all my soul you had,” rejoined his friend; “I but volunteered to go upon it, in order that I might at the same time have been ordered to take military possession of the O’Mahons’ house, a post that would suit me. But our old Colonel, it seems, has ordered it otherwise.”

“Such then was your aim. And art thou not narrow-hearted, Willomer, to be so taken up with this baby-love of thine,—for I’m told she is but a chit,—that you could not find room to play the generous gallant by a lovely and noble dame?” Even if it could not be done in your own favour, had you not comrades?”

“Zounds! Morely, what would you make of me?—go to! There is the dame, lodged at old Whittle’s; the mayor or sovereign, or what you will,—chief magistrate of the town. The churl has been so awed and won upon by the lady’s nobleness and loveliness, that he vows the gaol is no fit lodgment for such a traitor; so his own house is to be her prison.”

"Say you so? Then there is the possibility of a *coup de main*."

"Nay, but we must first reconnoitre."

After a convivial hour or two spent together, the brother officers, warming in their project, resolved to go forward in it, uncertain as they were as yet what it should be. Accordingly, they left their barracks and proceeded to Master Whittle's, the worshipful chief of the municipality of Catherlogh, head magistrate for the nonce, owing to the disappearance of M'Crosky and the seclusion of Sir Christopher Burton since the death of his son, and, what was more important to the pair of gallants, self-constituted goaler of the state prisoners brought in during the day.

They found the citizen's mansion wearing the signs of its new character. A guard of police were in possession of hall and hall-door, and were kept employed in answering or non-answering the questions of the curious, who gathered in crowds around, and in now and then using force to keep off the more obtrusively inquisitive! The plumed and braided heroes of Deloraine's were not so to be denied. They pushed on their way, regardless of sword or baton; and although the constabulary gentlemen eyed their military brethren with jealousy, and desired much to apply to them the same rigours which they used to the crowd, they nevertheless shrunk from the attempt, and the dragoon officers entered.

Honest Master Whittle and his dame were destined to be perplexed and pestered this same day, and in a manner, truly, least to be expected by them. A soul of truer blue, a greater friend of Protestant ascendancy, and to the Hanover succession, could not be than the magistrate, as far at least as he understood those things: and to a plebeian papist who came within the exercise of his legal authority, he would have shown his political leanings severely. Even Roger O'Mahon he might have dismissed unceremoniously to gaol; but to the Lady Auchinlech, a peeress, even though but a Jacobite one, he felt more respect. His first impulse was indeed that of humanity, to afford such accommodation as his walls contained. But his deference soon increased to a pitch, neither reconcilable with his politics or his equanimity, when he found himself in the company of the noble dame, at once awed and fascinated by her manners and her bearing.

It is not without reason that princes and their representatives show themselves so scrupulous about points of etiquette and precedence. Trifling as these seem, the success of pretension or resistance in them, often decides matters of vital importance. And this holds in merely social life, as well as in that which is public or political. There, address will always overcome talent, firmness bear away the palm from modesty, and reserve from candour.

The deference and respect shown by Mr. Whittle to his prisoner was so extreme, that the Lady Auchinleck could not but take advantage of it. In her wild traverses and sojourning through Connaught and other parts of Ireland, her ideas of self-importance had been worn away in rude collision with danger, with rude enemies, and barbarian friends. At Corramahon even, and elsewhere, her disguise had made her used and reconciled to the habits of common life. Now a captive, homely fare and cold reception would not have come unexpected to her. But the Williamite magistrate and enemy, on the contrary, recalled by his courtesy the rank that she held, and the respect she had been accustomed to. And when proffered, she accepted it proudly, as her due.

When the officers entered, they accordingly found the fair captive, whom they came to visit, enthroned in a high-backed chair of state, usually reserved in the mansion for such dignitaries as the Knight of Palestine or his lady. Her bearing became her seat, her countenance expressing high disdain, under which, however, an experienced eye, like Willomer's could discover the enjoyment of the pain to which she put her hosts. Roger O'Mahon sat silent. The lady had grown almost weary of her game, when the entry of the two military gallants came to add fresh interest to the scene.

"We came to see how your prisoners fared, Master Whittle," said Willomer, after divers salutations.

"They have had the best of the farm-yard and the cellar," said the host.

"Better welcome than our son Neddy," quoth the dame, "were he home and of age the morrow."

"These are good and loyal folk in truth, Sir. King James himself could not have been better tended, were his royal self in Catherlogh," said Lady Auchinleck.

"Defend us," said the magistrate, "that's treason."

"What, to give King James wherewith to stay his stomach, or to suppose the thing?"

"M'Crosky would make it treason to have overheard it. So bless you, good lady, and spake no more of King Shanus, and Lewis Katturz, or they'll be hauling me over the coals for listening to it."

"You had better speak these unutterable things in French, lady, if you must utter them, and so not offend our right Protestant ears by political blasphemy, in English at least. Pardon me, lovely lady," continued Willomer, in the foreign tongue he recommended, "that I have been instrumental in depriving you of your liberty."

"Um!" said the lady, with the malice that was dear to her; "late repentance. You have done your *devoirs*, I must say, more as a *lieutenant de police*, than as an officer of cavalry."

"Just what I told him," said Morley, "and my reproaches have brought him hither to make you amends."

"Or to make them yourself, since I am so unworthy."

"And what amends, good gentlemen, have ye in your power or intention to make?"

Morley here came forward, making a string of gallant protestations, and at length stretched forth his hand to seize that of Lady A ——. She allowed him to advance so far as to be in the most ridiculous posture if checked, and then burst forth into a loud laugh, that seemed as if it had been some time repressed, and the poor dragoon was driven aback and prostrated in impudence at least, as by the explosion of a cannon.

This was foreseen by Willomer, who had put forward his more rude companion on purpose that he might receive a check, and be henceforward a more humble associate. He himself continued, but more covertly and cautiously, the homage that his comrade displayed so abruptly, and joined with it his offers to rescue her from her confinement.

"It would be indeed a service rendered, to rescue us from the hands of our enemies," said Lady A.; "but how is it to be done?"

"Love has wings," said Willomer; "at least, to be more prosaic, it has ladders, and—"

"I would have no implements of escape taken from that

store-house," rejoined the lady. "I am afraid that you take the worthy Mr. Whittle's parlour for the stage of Drury-Lane; and yourselves for his majesty's servants in another department from that in which your coats bespeak you. As for me, I must seem Mrs. Verbruggen to you, else you surely would not address your common-place gallantry to me."

She was interrupted by a world of excuses and protestations on the part of Willomer; intermixed, however, with gaiety and irony, so that he might turn all into ridicule, and draw back as from an idle pastime, if his advances were honoured by no serious return.

"What say you, O'Mahon, to these offers?" demanded the lady of her fellow prisoner.

"Lady Auchinlech is the best judge," said Roger; "her escape is important, and all is to be risked to attain it; although I had rather that the blame of want of diligence should fall upon a professional gaoler, than on poor Whittle here, who has been so civil and considerate."

"Poor man!" said Lady Auchinlech, "but we are not to forego our own safety, in order to spare him a scolding."

"No, in truth, that were an extreme of generosity. For myself, however, I am resolved to abide here, and await the award of law upon my brother. I cannot abandon him."

"You will be as near him in O'More's fastnesses as here, or perhaps in Dublin prison."

"I will neither trust, nor ally with the Rapparee," quoth Roger. "I have not conspired against the English Government, of which, whatever opinion I may have, I despair the overthrow: I despise the imbecile Stuarts, and am no longer of their partizans."

"What! thou too, Brutus!" said Willomer, in a tone half ironic.

"In truth, I might repeat it," said Lady Auchinlech; "but Chief O'Mahon will think better of this, when he sees he path of safety open to both of us. However he may be regardless of himself, he will surely not desert me."

"Are not here two trusty squires," quoth the Chief, "whom, if vows and honour bind, you may trust?"

"If, Chief O'Mahon; a prisoner should not insult us, as we can have no amends."

"True, Sir; and it is not my aim."

"I regret, Sir," said Willomer, "that we have it in our power to be of use to this lady—it seems to grieve you."

"Yet be of use, and we shall be friends—for the time, at least."

"Rather a churlish sample of the renowned Court of Louis; but let it pass. Lady, we are at your service."

"And I accept your duty."

"But we must begone; for old Whittle seems to read our plans in his wonderment."

CHAPTER XIV.

ULICK O'More had left Corramahon for the purpose of hastily collecting a band of his followers, and of making an attempt therewith to rescue the Aireach's brother from the hands of his captors. These, however, had made great celerity, and Ulick arrived only in time to observe their triumphant entry into the town. He vented his disappointment in the only way he now might, in words, and vowed vengeance for the future with a resolve not again to miss his purpose. The failure thwarted him. He had now to return to Corramahon, to press his council and suit upon Ignatius O'Mahon, not backed, as he expected, with the strong claim of having liberated Roger, but with the necessity of offering excuses, and of making promises of future success, instead of bringing an earnest of present.

Rachel had in the meantime returned from Palestine, where she found that one of her name could no longer be welcomed. She had witnessed Anastasia's grief, and was affected by it. She did not want to be so reminded of those that hung over her family and home. The consequences to be expected from the mere circumstances of Garret's open relapse were known to her. What must these be, when aggravated by its having given rise to a tumult and to the spilling of blood? The sudden arrest of her uncle spoke sufficiently; and on her father the blow could not fail to fall likewise.

She found the Aireach in a state of extreme anxiety, in

expectation of some tidings of Roger's fate, or of Ulick's attempt.

"No tidings of Roger?" asked he.

"None, save that he is a prisoner."

"Why did he return to this fated land, to see us an instant forsooth, and share our misfortunes? Are not all countries, save his own, a home to the Irishman, a safer home, a more honourable sojourn? But we will save him. O'More will rescue him, and Roger shall bear my children to safety beyond the seas, whilst I myself remain to combat with the English vultures."

"What say you, father?" said Rachel. "I will never forsake you."

"And you would tawny!—for what fate?"

"To be thy guard, father, to watch and tend thee."

"And if a gaoler should take thy place, what would become of thee, girl?"

"Nay, they will not separate us."

"Or stay, and be the wife of Ulick, the bloody O'More. I shrink from it; and yet why? He is Irish, true Irish, Rachel; and in his very barbarism, but what a true Irishman should be. He is independent."

"Talk not to me of black Ulick. I will not look upon him."

"What, if he rescue thy uncle?"

"Pay him his price. Let not Rachel O'Mahon become a robber's guerdon."

"My proud girl, my Rachel! Be thy will free for me; I would not bind you with a rush. But if Ulick O'More does by us the friendly deed, he should be courteously treated."

"If he read my smile of courtesy too freely, I would have your frown, father, to second mine."

"But tell me, girl," said the Aireach, drawing his daughter towards him,—“what a time for such questioning; yet little leisure of parley may exist between us hereafter;—whom wouldst thou wed?”—A long pause.—“’Tis time, full time, though I never would allow myself to think so till this moment; for I loved thee selfishly, and would have kept thee, ay, even from happiness. But now, the thunder-storm is about to burst, and may separate us—thine own father gone, thou shouldst have somewhere to fly for succour; and

selfish men may pursue thee, or worse beings, though these I dread not. You have been haughty, girl, proud."

"And should I not have been so?"

"A jot, but not over-much. The pride of women so often falls over into misfortune. You contemned Amyas Burton; you scorn Ulick O'More; you—" Rachel here grew pale,—"I could mention others."

"Do you blame me thus, that I do not love?" asked Rachel.

"No, not so. I do but regret, that in the hour of coming misfortune, fate has not provided thee with a stay, perhaps with an avenger."

"Regret! ah, my father, what words!" and Rachel leant her head upon her parent's hand, sobbing with fulness of heart, that was far beyond his comprehension, and at the same time mustering up courage for a confession of what the Aireach's wishes seemed half to meet. She was interrupted, however, by the re-appearance of Ulick O'More and her brother Garret.

"Roger O'Mahon is free!" half exclaimed, half asked the Aireach.

"Not for this once," replied the Rapparee. "The dragons sped fast to the shelter of the town. We could scarcely obtain a glimpse of them."

"And my brother and this unlucky lady?"

"Are under Williamite custody; not in gaol, however; so far I learned—but in Master Whittle's mansion, of which, mayhap, we may try the strength."

"It would be in vain, O'More—would but exasperate. We will abide our fates."

"Nay, I can half promise, that Roger O'Mahon shall be free ere to-morrow's dawn. Let not the first shade of ill success break the solemn purposes of manhood."

The conversation continued, Ulick exhorting, promising, boasting and expostulating, screwing up with all his powers of eloquence the Aireach to resentment, and laying down plans of warfare and resistance, that his passive auditor neither assented to, nor gainsayed. The Rapparee all this time took slight or no notice of Rachel O'Mahon, who, bowed in sorrow, and seated by chance on a low seat or stool, wore little the appearance of the daughter of the mansion. Ulick once cast his eyes towards her, and no more. The reader will remember, that long since, when the Rapparee

came upon a similar quest as at present, and was prevented from prosecuting it by the visitors at Corramahon, who compelled him to ensconce himself with Friar Patricius in the fort, he burst forth abruptly upon the alarm of old Ursula's tidings. He then perceived a fair form leaning upon the arm of Roger O'Mahon, and to her he hastened to pay his gallant salutations, as to the daughter of Ignatius. Such he at once concluded her to be, and ever since, the commanding figure of Anastasia Burton represented in his idea the daughter of O'Mahon. To it his heart, as well as his policy, became devoted; and had he encountered the daughter of the Knight of Palestine by chance, to her he would have poured forth all the ardent vows of a wild Irishman's affection.

His present neglect of Rachel is hence not to be wondered at. And much reason as had the young lady to rejoice at this, or be indifferent to it, it nevertheless piqued her. A savage to have first the audacity to come as a suitor to one whom he had never seen, and moreover the impertinence to overlook the object of his seeking, when first seen:—the petulant and proud girl forgot her sorrow in her resentment.

She still, however, preserved her humble posture, and viewed with disgust the mixture of ferocity and cunning that marked the Rapparee's council and converse with her father. Not even the patriotic theme, which he took up and swelled with some eloquence, had the power to move her; she thought of the bland and accomplished Willomer, the good-humoured apathy with which he ever treated these stirring subjects, and the mockery which he was wont to pour upon such barbarous and idle enthusiasm. The English gallant had, in fact, killed the virtue of patriotism within her; and at the same time his baleful tongue had made progress in perverting or destroying other virtues no less essential. How could she resist, or discover, or disbelieve the artful man of the world? the rude, uninstructed, idealess, the child of nature abandoned to herself, sufficiently stocked with pride to keep off all mistrust of others or herself, and equally so with vanity, which gave the insidious such power over her."

"But where is the fair Rachel?" exclaimed the Rapparee, interrupting himself, as he perceived the attention of O'Mahon to relax, and the old man to sway his body and roll his eye, as if to escape from a wearisome theme. "One

would think I were an ogre, that she so shuns me. Palestine surely can be no bower for her to haunt in such times as these?"

Ignatius looked almost angrily at the dulness of Ulick, and his friend Garret endeavoured to set him right, when a laugh, and a sharply sardonic one from the insignificant and forgotten little female personage at the Aireach's feet startled O'More.

The Rapparee took her for the bower maid, probably, of the absent daughter of the mansion; and as she arose somewhat, her disheveled hair and garments in no trim order, occasioned by her hurrying to Palestine, her return, her sorrow and anxiety, together with the late words of her father, which had produced in her a paroxysm of feeling--these appearances confirmed Ulick in his double mistake.

"What do you laugh at, Miss Malapert?" quoth he.

"At the Ogre, agra! what else?" replied Rachel, assuming the tongue and accent of a peasant of that class in which the estimation of the Rapparee evidently placed her.

"And you do take me for one?" said Ulick, not pleased.

"Ye are a dawning little man, in troth, to be the fee-fawsum of the story-book; but your talk, and your doings, and your cut-purse look make up."

Ignatius endeavoured to restrain his daughter, while the nettled Rapparee actually laid his hand upon his skene.

"Look you! the gallant, that comes a wooing," cried Rachel, "and that grasps his knife at the shrill sound of a girl's tongue, could he do less than plunge it in her breast, were she his? Bless you, my sweet Mistress Rachel, you have been lucky to escape the sight of him. May the coronach be sung over your grave, afore the bridal song be raised for you with the like of him."

This bitter railing was a dreadful trial for the Rapparee, who, with all his national respect for womankind, having yet never enjoyed their society, or herded in fact but with beings rude as himself, could with difficulty restrain his anger, and could not restrain it from showing itself by the same signs with which he was accustomed to menace or respond to a manly enemy. As to Garret he stood aghast, and Ignatius, though perplexed, was neither unmused nor displeased at the artifice made use of by his daughter. He shared, indeed, her resentment at O'More's awkwardness, rudeness, and want of

discernment, and was not sorry to see him punished and repulsed.

"If a maiden durst so have wagged her tongue in the Castle of O'More——"

"In his cave, you mean, Sir," said the unrelenting Rachel.

"She should be turned forth to the wild."

"And the maiden would bless the punishment."

"Enough girl," said the Aireach. "You forget the courtesy due to a friend. Were you what O'More supposes you, I promise you no less punishment than that which he threatens should be yours. As it is, the punishment be on him, and his rudeness, and his blunders. He has merited every blow he hath received."

"How, Aireach!" exclaimed the Rapparee; "this the commencement of your alliance?"

"Aye, truly, Ulick, and mayhap its termination too. This girl of the sharp tongue, this bower-maid, she at my feet, is the daughter of O'Mahon."

Ulick O'More started back in astonishment, and stared at Rachel, who returned the gaze with a malicious smile.

"This is some trick," cried O'More: "I have beheld the daughter of O'Mahon."

"And where, good gallant?"

"In yonder grove, upon Roger O'Mahon's arm. She was tall and fair, majestic——"

"And as queen-like as poor Rachel O'Mahon is not," said Rachel. "Hie thee to Palestine for a bride, Master Ulick; for she, you speak of, was Anastasia Burton. Hie thee to Palestine. The Knight will welcome the slayer of his son, the daughter the slayer of her brother; the Williamite grandee will stretch forth the hand to the Jacobite outlaw. You have prudence, as well as taste."

"Confusion!" said Ulick; "can he speak truth?"

"Nought else," said the Aireach.

"Nought else," repeated Garret. "Ulick, my friend, you have been dreaming."

"I will be avenged for all the world."

"Pity thou couldst not woo and wed it. That would be vengeance," said Rachel.

"Peace! young bitter tongue;—you may want an aveng-

er ere long, maiden, and 'twere better have a friend, than find an enemy in O'More."

"And that is but the truth, Rachel," said the Aireach.

"My humour is satisfied," said Rachel; "and I forgive him, though I care little for his friendship."

"Forgive!" said the Rapparee; "that should be my part."

"Now; out upon thee for a gallant! But where should gallantry be learned in the bogs?"

"It has not been wanting there, as English courts of old, and more than English courts, could tell," still argued Ulick.

"Then the bogs have degenerated," said Rachel.

"They have truly, since the daughters of Erin make a mockery of its sons, and prefer to them the smooth-bearded and the wily Saxon."

Rachel's colour here arose, and her pride fell. She felt herself at the mercy of him whom she had been so long-tormenting. But the Rapparee relieved her.

"Farewell, Rachel O'Mahon!" said he; "let our feud cease with our tongues. May your pride never stand in need of a warm friend, nor your wit of a good-humoured foe. Farewell, Aireach! to-morrow will tell you more of Roger O'Mahon's fate." So saying, he took his departure, Garret accompanying him. The youth had become of late attached to the Rapparee, and at all events he felt himself more secure with the outlaw, than within the precincts of Corramahon, which were each moment liable to a visit from the Williamite troops or police.

Ulick bent his course moodily from Corramahon. He soon cleared grove and enclosure, and gaining the open heath, he brushed across it freer, and his pride gathered as if he felt himself in his natural element.

"I was not made for wooing, that is God's truth of it," was his first reflection. For all the despondent force of this, he did not fling at once his amorous or matrimonial ideas to the winds. He was solitary in his mountain fastness, and although he might have remained contented with its solitude, had no means of breaking or varying it occurred, yet now for months he had promised himself to raise up the ruined walls of his castle, to place therein a dame, and have an honoured home as a place of refuge from toil, and a cynosure to which he might revert his view while unfurl-

ing and advancing his standard in the war that he foresaw to be immediate. The moment was ill-chosen for such thoughts; but when do they not love to come out of season, and contrary to all the rules of policy and prudence?

Ulick thought of bearing away Anastasia Burton. Abduction has been a mode of wooing frequent, and indeed traditional amongst the ancient Irish. Their most regular wedding mimics it in its ceremony. For a full half hour the idea pleased the Rapparee; and he was full of it, of resolutions and plans consequent upon it, as his steps bore him at a pace which Garret O'Mahon breathlessly followed.

At once Ulick paused, and opened his scheme to his companion. It was a daring and a difficult one, and had need of being seconded by the approval of another. For some latent reason it jarred upon Garret O'Mahon's ear, and was displeasing to him. True, he had himself no longer any hopes of obtaining Anastasia; nay, he might entertain some slight wish of being avenged upon her,—but not in this fashion. He shrunk from seeing her the captive of a savage, and he accordingly set himself to combat the wild and sudden idea that had sprung up in the breast of O'More, with all the ingenuity of which he was master. He represented the difficulties, the vengeance, the force that the outrage would call down; its interference with his political views and hopes, and the evil colour that could be put upon such a purely selfish attempt of a Jacobite partizan, at a time when all his efforts were demanded to be put forth in the common cause. His choice of a wife from a high Williamite family might in a similar manner be represented to his disadvantage. To these arguments Garret added the aversion of the lady; the cruelty that should be exercised, the time, and force, and attention that the retention of such a captive would demand.

None of this reasoning made, however, any impression upon O'More; and had not chance suggested another argument to Garret, the Rapparee might have persisted in his design upon Anastasia.

"You seem sadly bent upon a spouse," said Garret; "the seeking of one led me far enough to perdition."

"Some take the road thither from instinct," replied the Rapparee drily.

"Are not insurrection, political intrigues and hopes, my
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uncle's rescue, your own defence against the vengeance of the Burtons and the Williamites, enough to occupy you?"

"No! I have set my heart upon a wife, and a wife will I bear to the fastnesses of O'More's county. Have I not bid the crones prepare a bower, and think you I will go back empty-handed and empty-armed to be mocked by them?"

"And you would bear thither the termagant daughter of Palestine, that will require all the chains and arms of your people? Is not there the widow of King James's ambassador?—a woman of rank, title, consideration—the daughter of Tyrconnel—lovely too even in a nun's wimple—what would she not be in courtly garb? Were not she the fit spouse for O'More? perhaps the willing one, for your rude courtship might better suit the woman than the maiden."

"Now, by my father's head! Garret O'Mahon thou art worth all the wisdom of your house. Thou art a Solomon: the thought is magnificent. It puts a coronet upon my head: I am thine for ever;" and Ulick embraced Garret on the spot, flung aloft his hand, and showed other symptoms of ecstasy that savoured almost of the maniac.

"In rescuing my uncle too, you grasp her," urged Garret.

"True, true! and the blood of O'Mahon deserves all at my hands, for teaching me so noble a thought. For thy sake, Garret, I forgive your father his lethargy; thine uncle his supercilious apathy, his coldness and estrangement; even your saucy sister I could almost forgive, but that her tricks and her taunts still burn, like nettle-stings, about my ears."

Garret, strong in the Rapparee's friendship, on account of his last suggestion, thought he might now safely indulge the inclination, that the scene betwixt his sister and Ulick had excited, and he gave vent accordingly to the laugh, that his terror of O'More could alone have so long repressed.

"Even that, too, I can forgive," said the Rapparee; "though it costs me a struggle."

"Though a veteran warrior, you are but little used to war with womankind."

"'Twas the first time I ever stood their fire; and, by St. Patrick! I trembled like a nine days' recruit before as

opening battery. But come, for Master Whittle's, and the Lady what——?"

"Auchinlech."

"Auchinlech! How sweet in the throat it sounds. Her will I woo after my own fashion—an escalade, a sturdy band, keen weapons, and an arm, that I would not be the Williamite to cross weapons with."

Night had enveloped the town of Catherlogh and its citizens in darkness and quiet. The agitation of the latter had considerably subsided, not only from being twelve hours old, but also from the capture of O'Mahon, and the good countenance and success of Deloraine's soldiers. So far had many recovered of their panic, that they began to question the existence of insurrection, and even ventured to be so liberal as to conjecture the truth, supposing it very possible, and wisely uttering their suppositions, that the poor Papists had been at some of their masses, and that M'Crosky and Kit Burton, by charging in upon them like over-zealous Protestants, had met with a fate not all-unmerited. These opinions were, however, more muttered than spoken, and were chiefly confined to the parlour and the family supper-table, where cronies met. To have uttered such abroad, were to have incurred the fate of Galileo and other haplessly premature discoverers of truth, and to bring down martyrdom in fact, and for little purpose, on the liberal demurrer to the traditional creed of the Corporation.

Be this as it may or ought, the Carlowites, at any rate, slept on this night more free from panic, on account of these orthodox opinions. Even Master Whittle, secure of the perfect harmlessness of his prisoners, whom he esteemed far too well-bred and courtly to think of breaking prison, retired to rest; whilst the one or two constabulary satellites, who were appointed to keep guard in the hall, slumbered as profoundly as did their brethren the town-watchmen without.

Such was the state of affairs in Catherlogh, and in that particular spot of it most interesting to us, somewhat past midnight. A large garden extended in the rear of Whittle's house down towards the Barrow, and into this the two galleys of Deloraine's had already conveyed themselves, well provided as house-breakers, with the implements and means for effecting the escape of the fascinating Lady Auchinlech. The darkness of the night, the stillness and security of the

household, favoured them ; and nothing seemed untoward or likely to mar their purpose, save that the officers, but more especially Morley, had poured libations too freely to the god of wine.

They approached the house, made use of the trim jessamine that adorned it to clamber up, gained admittance at a window, and applied their ladder. They were not without followers, though they were as few as their purpose would allow ; and it may be supposed, that the military men of enterprise neglected none of those precautions necessary to guard against resistance or interruption, and to ensure success. Old Whittle and his dame were terrified to silence by as truculent a guard as could be selected to watch over them : the slumbering wards of the hall and kitchen were not alarmed ; and nothing remained, but for the prisoners to step forth, and be at safety.

One of them was ready ; the lady was willing, and in haste to begone. But Chef O'Mahon demurred, positively refused to take advantage of the escape offered to him, and expressed his determination not to own himself guilty of any crime by flight, but to await and confront even all the expected injustice and persecution of his party foes.

It was then that a scene ensued, neither flattering nor agreeable to the gallants who had ventured so much in the lady's behalf. She declared that she would not depart without Chef O'Mahon, nor trust herself to strangers whom she did not know. She conjured O'Mahon not to desert her, and appealed to him, as a friend, a man, a knight, not to abandon her in her distress. Since her arrival at Corramahon, however, O'Mahon had perceived, that even under all the distresses and sufferings of the widow and the fugitive, the coquette was not dead within her. Nor was he wrong. Lady Auchinlech did in truth, as of old, endeavour to cast the spell of her charms once more upon her ancient lover. Perhaps, and more certainly than perhaps, she was more sincere than she had been, but the "burnt child" dreaded and shrunk from her. Her fascination recalled painful thoughts to him ; and, although to another, to a man of more vanity, it would have been sweet unction to his once wounded spirit, a sweet revenge, thus to behold repentant, her who had once slighted him ; yet to O'Mahon, who was simple and without vanity, Lady Auchinlech's friendship or tenderness had no such charm. It caused him unmingled

perplexity and pain. How to reply to it he knew not, and his feelings were so at variance with the conduct this courtesy commanded, that, above all things, he wished to be delivered from the society of his fair companion. With her he could not pass the hours light-heartedly, and play the man of the world, be-lying outward devotion of manner with a gaiety that showed he was heart-whole within. With any other woman he might so have wiled; but with her were connected deep feelings, serious thoughts, rooted, as all connected with man's first passion is; and thus, what would have been pastime with another, was torture with her. With this were mingled weaknesses, backslidings to old ideas, though but momentary, soon dissipated and chased away, but still tending to increase the sum of his uneasiness and agitation. In short, O'Mahon would not accompany Lady Auchinlech, aware, too, that his accompanying her would add to the hotness of pursuit, and instead of aiding her escape, render it the less feasible. Willomer would prove faithful for his own sake, as discovery of their rescue would inevitably hurt him; and the lady herself was of that age, and endowed with all that art and self-possession requisite to make use of such a man, without incurring any danger from his insidiousness.

In despite, however, of all O'Mahon's persuasion and firmness, Lady Auchinlech could not prevail upon herself to quit the prison or accompany Willomer. More cogent persuasion was necessary.

Very unexpectedly to all parties this appeared. We left Ulick O'More, on the suggestion of Garret, resolved upon undertaking the self-same enterprise as that determined on by the officers. His plans, his means, were necessarily the same; his band collected, he too scaled the walls of Whittle's garden, some time after Willomer and Morley, and was not a little surprised to find his project anticipated and almost effected by other hands. He had no intention, however, of yielding his promised prize; he awaited the coming forth of prisoners and liberators, in order to wrest the former from the latter, and constitute himself the rescuer and keeper of O'Mahon and his fellow captive.

The delays and caprice of Lady Auchinlech exceeded the patience of the Rapparee. He began to suspect the failure of the scheme which had anticipated his own, and well-seconded, accompanied too by Garret O'Mahon, he mounted

up to the scene of argument, for no other did it prove, by the means of approach that Willemer had provided. He soon burst upon the parley, disarmed in a trice the officers and their followers, who offered resistance, and taking up the lady amidst her protestations, as a portable prize, not a personage to be persuaded, he bore her off, despite of both Whittle and his constables, of Willomer and his soldiers, and of the lady herself with her vociferations.

The path was free for Roger, and he was bidden to take advantage of it both by Ulick and Garret, neither of whom doubted his willingness to seize his liberty. This, however, he tacitly declined, whilst they took their hasty departure. The lady, O'More entrusted to Garret, who acted as his lieutenant, while he himself assumed the more important post of covering the retreat, and obviating alarm. The scheme of O'More were perpetrated with full success, while the discomfited officers, with their followers of Deloraine's, hied mortified and secret to their quarters.

CHAPTER XV.

WHILST the Rapparee sped so far in his matrimonial enterprise, intelligence reached him that more serious employment would soon be likely to interrupt his meditated happiness. The dispatches of the Knight of Palestine had reached the seat of Government, and bodies of troops from the surrounding districts were marched to reinforce those stationed at Catherlogh, to enable them to scour O'More's country, and take vengeance on that audacious rebel. With the troops destined to subdue the country, and ride down its population, came divers legal officers and folk from the metropolis, enticed by the prospect of forfeiture, as ravens by the fore-smell, if one may say so, of the field that is about to be heaped with slain.

M'Crosky's fate no more deterred them, than the death of a superior officer doth the subaltern ambitious to rise. The remnant of the O'Mahon estate still offered desirable carving; and O'More's country, it was to be hoped, might at length be rendered available. The wild tract, it may be

observed, had been forfeited and granted a score of times ; but no one adventurer was found bold enough to take advantage of this legal right, or make good his claim. Even the Knights of Palestine always declared they would not burn their fingers with O'More's country. For a long time it had nominally remained in the possession of the Duke of Norfolk, and had been numbered amongst the forfeited property acquired by the Howard family in Catherlogh. But this was mere collusion ; and the true protestant gentlemen of the law now hoped to reclaim the tract from the Papists by the effectual mode of extirpating them, and thus to restore it to civilization and orthodoxy.

Ulick could not but expect the attack. As soon as he had notice of its immediate approach, he dispatched one of his followers to Corramahon, to urge the Aireach to fulfil his half made and faintly given promises of aid. He sought for Roger O'Mahon in order to make use of his liberation as a claim, but the *Chef* was no where to be found amongst the band of O'More. Ulick, however, placed little reliance upon O'Mahon, and his emissary was directed not to content himself with applying at the great house itself, but to try each cottage, and endeavour to rouse each peasant to the defence of what was really their common strong-hold, the neighbouring mountains.

The Catholic population of Ireland, at this time at the very nadir of degradation and Helotism, had lost all symptoms of spirit : never were they more submissive. Disarmed, and wronged, and spat upon, they scarcely ventured to claim the lowest of their stipulated rights. The recollection of disaster and defeat still weighed upon them ; and the wrongs which they suffered, seemed as yet more a punishment and a momentary reaction for the past, than, what the cruel code afterwards grew into, a continued and unalterable system for compressing the Catholics into an inferior caste. Victory, even although eked out by deceit, seemed to have given the Protestants of that day some right to ascendancy, and this was borne for the time by the vanquished party in patient and loyal submission. They hoped that their brethren might relent, as if selfishness sounded on bigotry has ever done so. Not even the bright opportunity of the Scotch insurrections could stir the Irish. And if they have since agitated and rebelled, they have not done so un-

til wrongs and oppressions, during an entire century, had exhausted their patience.

O'More thus gained few partizans from amongst the tenantry of Corramahon, or from any of the cultivated lands. The Aireach himself was found by his messenger seemingly indisposed from the late trouble and anxieties which he had undergone: and though he granted full permission to those of his followers, who wished it, to step forth in aid of Ulick, still it was evident that Aireach could neither move himself to the Rapparee's support, nor even exert his power and influence to swell his bands.

Whilst Ulick O'More was compelled to neglect his destined dame for preparations and thoughts of defence, the morning broke upon that lady and her rude escort at the Hermit's Well. She recognized the spot, and at the same time, as her companion and guard, the son of Ignatius O'Mahon. She uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"To you then, good Master Penitent, I am indebted for, what shall I call it, my robbery or rescue. In truth you have mustered boldness, since I knew you in sickness and shame-facedness at Corramahon. Bashfulness is not, it appears, as much the O'Mahon temperament, as I concluded," added she, indulging a latent pique against the *Chef*.

"I act but under orders," said Garret.

"Under orders! then you have been wiser than your elders, and have enlisted under King James. If so you owe me deference, if not a portion of obedience."

"It is under the king of the mountains I have enlisted, lady."

"And who may be the doughty personage?"

"He, whose arm bore you from Whittle's window yesternight."

"What, the bearded savage! that almost stifled me with his mantle? Now, good Heavens! why should he have rescued me, or troubled himself with my safety?"

"You cannot find it difficult to conjecture."

"Has Patricius employed him, that faithful old ecclesiastic, or—"

"He would be far more likely to employ Father Patricius. What could have induced the gay officers of Deloraine's to the same deed?"

"I am sure I cannot say," said the lady, pondering, and at length suspecting the cause and purpose of their wild res-

cuer's interference, "He is a robber, is he not?—this is O'More."

"By times."

"He shall have ransom to his content, if he abide the arrival of the first French shallop."

"He is not so mercenary, and looks, I am certain, to no prospect of ransom."

"Nay then, Garret O'Mahon, I have shared the hospitality of your house,—tell me what would this O'More with me. Did he receive an order to liberate me?"

"To be plain with you, lady, and break matters, Ulick O'More, I have reason to believe, is smitten with your charms, and proposes sharing with you his heart and chieftaincy."

"He purposes!—he doth—the condescending potentate!—and thou dost tell me so, thou renegade and robber's minion! Order those men aside, and let me gallop to the coast; and do thou accompany me. I promise you honours and rewards in France."

"It is not in my power, did I wish it. These sturdy followers know too well their chief's temper and his command: You must to O'More's castle, as he calls his cave."

"You surely would not be his helper in so base a part? You an O'Mahon, and deliver me up to the ruffian!"

"He bore you away himself, did O'More; it is O'More you must reproach."

Lady Auchinlech here sunk into silence. She had learned into whose hands she had fallen; with what view she had been rescued, and now remained a captive. With all her coquetry and love of admiration, such rude and serious homage, and from such a quarter, could not please her. And although in her rude peregrinations and perils through the Green Isle, she had always and unfailingly, especially in her widowed state, been pestered and amused by gallantry, this promised to be of a kind that demanded all her ingenuity to escape from. To procure that escape she possessed but a woman's arts and influence, and how to employ these to the best advantage, she now pondered. It soon struck her, that to fascinate Garret O'Mahon,—for to make so selfish and worthless a being her friend, without making him a lover, was hopeless—was the best and almost the only chance of extricating herself from the toils of the Rapparee.

To this, therefore, she applied herself as soon as her resolution was taken. The indignant tone, that at first burst

from her involuntarily, was now discarded for a blandness, and her condescension soon charmed down the Cerberus spirit in which the sullen Garret had wrapped himself.

"And so," said she, "Master O'Mahon, the old lands of Corramahon are to be forfeited to the prim Princess Anne and her Hanoverian heirs, for the mighty crime of a wild youth's being curious enough to attend a *preach*, and sensible enough to return to the *mass*.* Our lady help her votaries, what a penalty on fickleness!"

"The blood-thirsty persecutors!" muttered Garret.

"Nay, I think they are simply land-hungry sons of rapine; somewhat like your friend, O'More, whom I stand in considerable terror of. But is there no hope of baffling these greedy fiends?"

"None in law, or, I should say, in chicane—none, save in the mercy of enemies, that know none."

"And your aged father?"

"Will perish. He never will survive, as Shulah says, his house and hall, and easy-chair."

"And Rachel?"

"Must wander beyond sea."

"Why then did she not—does she not accompany me?"

"You are not yet upon the road thither, lady," said Garret; "besides, Rachel will never forsake her parent."

"And yourself, and your uncle?"

"A dungeon will tell few tales of Uncle Roger, since he prefers it to liberty." Here the feelings, and they were mingled, of Lady Auchinlech, came across her purposes, to throw them into the shade. "For myself," continued young O'Mahon, "I am a robber and an outlaw, and may end on a gibbet the life that had better have been spent in the waters of the Barrow."

Lady Auchinlech was somewhat touched. She perceived that the dire misfortunes, which Garret had brought on himself and his family, hung with their due weight upon him, and had communicated a feeling of manliness to his character and his words, which in his mad and guilty career he had eminently wanted.

"You are over despondent for youth. The old, whose

* *La masse* and *la preche* were the French terms used by writers of Henry the Fourth's time, for the Catholic and the Reformed worship.

course is spent, may not survive : but the son shines in other countries than Ireland."

"And what should I do elsewhere," said Garret, "without knowledge, money, or address?"

"You love the Stuart,—are an injured son of Ireland, and of the Church.—You have claims."

The despondent son of O'Mahon shook his head, though even the slight glimpse of a better future pleased him.

"I at least have influence," insinuatingly urged the lady.

"Where?"

"In France, most certainly. I fear I possess but little here."

Garret held his peace.

"This O'More," said the lady, "whose lieutenant you call yourself, he talked of raising King James's standard, and surely there are hopes of success. Without them, would you be of his following? If he conquer, surely a bright career is even in Ireland before you."

Garret preluded his reply by the same despondent gesture.

"There are troops enough in Catherlogh to cut off him and his fugitive band. They come to punish him. He has nought for it but flight and concealment. Resistance would be impossible."

"A pretty time he seems to have chosen to honour a stranger like myself with the share of his precious chieftaincy," Garret smiled. "But thou wilt be my gentle friend in this emergency."

"'Tis idle to speak for the present, surrounded as we are. You see yonder peak of the mountain, under whose base we wind." The lady assented. "There rest and crumble the remains of two of O'More's enemies, young Burton and the attorney magistrate, that charged upon us at the midnight mass of the Hermit's Well."

Lady Auchinlech shuddered; but conscious she had made some impression upon the interest and fears of her attendant, if not upon his heart, she felt some hope of escaping from the rude durance that seemed to await her. The escort and the captive journeyed on thenceforward, o'er hill and through wild pass in silence.

There was no beauty in the region, nothing to vary or adorn its savage monotony. No wood, ever so stunted, sprung up, to form a feature in the landscape. Furze and

heath alone shared the surface with the sward, the verdure and luxuriance of which marked the land to which the scene belonged, and distinguished the wild from the parched and embrowned, the wind-beaten or sun-struck downs and deserts of other countries.

Descending a hill, the path followed by the band and their captive arrived on the brink of an extensive bog, one of those huge, dark morasses, that lie like lakes surrounded by a shore and limit of hill and high ground. It was immense, extending to the very horizon. Nothing was distinguishable in the shape of hamlet or habitation; no trace of man, in fine, upon its dangerous-seeming surface. O'More's followers nevertheless prepared to venture, or more probably to plunge into it. The horses ridden hitherto by Lady Auchinlech and young O'Mahon were dispensed with, and an osier-seat of very scanty size, borne by two men, was henceforth to serve the lady in lieu of palfrey.

"This is a thick prison-wall to escape through," was her remark.

"And an equally impenetrable fortress wall," said Garrett; "tis O'More's last defence."

They entered the bog, and traversed it with little less speed than they had passed the high and dry land of the hills. It was evident that there once had been a causeway leading through the morass; vestiges of it here and there remained; but it had been broken up, not only by neglect, but by precaution, for the sake of precluding the approach of enemy or stranger. The circuitous path pursued by the band, showed that a straight-forward one was impracticable, and to choose the practicable evidently required a skill, that only those habituated to the region possessed. The scene was not absolutely new to Lady Auchinlech, who had traversed many such in her peregrinations. But it brought to her imagination, now as then, the passage of the African deserts, which the present scene almost equalled in wild extent, monotony and danger. There indeed all was draught, here all damp—the sky of one lofty and cloudless, that of the other brown and low; there were, however, points of resemblance, equal solitude for instance; for the mournful cry of the curlew, the only sound of life in the Irish morass, rather increased than broke upon the loneliness and stillness which it momentarily interrupted.

Weariness at length overcame the captive lady, and fa-

figure outweighed even her terrors, and she longed to arrive at the eagle or cave, or whatever might be the abode or lurking-place of Ulick. She enquired, and was told that it stood in the midst of the very morass she traversed. "*Quelle site !*" was her exclamation—"what a situation for a chieftain's residence!" At length they were enabled to point out to her something like a rocky mound, rising like an island, firm and somewhat above the shaking and insecure mixture of land and water that surrounded it. Approaching nearer, she was enabled to form a perfect idea of this bog-encircled den, which the Rapparee, in his condescension, meditated to share with the daughter and the widow of courtly nobles:

A rocky interval or space arose in the midst of the bog, and on this a castle had been built in ancient times, probably by the old O'Mores, as the Rapparee boasted. The marks of several causeways, which near it were undestroyed, diverging towards different points of the distant mainland, bore witness to its respectability; as indeed did the extent of the ruins likewise. The castle had been rased, its towers and battlements, and chambers all laid low, and nought of it remained, save the arched under-story, as it were, which in old times had served as the cellar of the prison, but which now formed the sole chamber, banqueting-hall, and abode of the O'More. A victorious enemy, perhaps the English, had rased it, but had found it impossible to destroy the arch-work and the foundations. On these arches the ruins of the ancient superstructure still rested, mouldered and returned to clay, and covered with a green sward, which rose in irregular mounds, and which gave it the appearance of an ancient cemetery, such as one might expect to meet in the steppes of Tartary.

At present, however, it wore a more lively appearance; a crowd of women being visible in and before it, who danced, and sung, and vociferated in a manner that betokened glee, though of the fury kind. These, the foremost of whom were honoured as the female relatives of O'More, advanced to meet the band and the lady it bore, with somewhat the appearance of, or attempt at, a procession. Uncouth as they were, the captive was gladdened at the sight of her own sex, and in number, in the rude retreat; and their welcome, in Irish-English, was of a courteous, a complimentary, and

even an elegant turn, that rather contrasted with appearances.

At the threshold of the rocky isle she was met by the young chieftain himself, in no unprincely garb, mantled and adorned with chain and collar. His very beard was trimmed, perhaps for the first time, and it was evident that the savage had taken all pains to humanize himself. Lady Auchinlech's surprise checked the burst of indignation and reproach, that she had meditated to pour forth, and that she had been conning. She regained some confidence on beholding the reverence with which, though a captive, she was welcomed. The rude Rapparee's hand even trembled, as he extended it to receive the high-born and beautiful lady; and the latter instantly knew her power, generally enough acknowledged, indeed; she calmed her fears accordingly, and composed every feeling and feature into the expression of proud and somewhat offended dignity.

O'More made the humblest and blandest salutations to the widow of Lord Auchinlech; and she received them haughtily, thanking him condescendingly for the trouble he had taken in her liberation from the hands of the Williamites; for which, she added, neither Lewis of France, nor James of England, would fail to requite him. O'More answered, that with her, rather than with any potentates, rested the recompense he sought, and he straight poured forth his homage and heart with an humbleness and tenderness as exaggerated, as had been his rudeness to Rachel O'Mahon. Ignorance knows no medium; in both cases he was unlucky, as each extreme offered each lady the opportunity and the means to rid themselves of an unwelcome suitor. The lady received the Rapparee's vows as an homage of course, and, in fact, part of her reception. To hear them nothing moved her, not more than a common salutation. And O'More was at a loss how to convince her of his seriousness, without at once rushing to the extreme of violence, which he had pre-determined to avoid as a faulty mode of wooing.

"We will leave it to time," thought he, "especially as something else than gallantry presses."

He therefore reassured the lady of his intentions to share with her his power and chieftaincy, with a tone too of peremptoriness, that glided into his speech; and she parried the attack with predetermined apathy. The quarrel betwixt them was postponed. The chieftain looking to a successful

defence to put security, as well as a noble wife, completely in his power, and the lady looking to the hour of strife and bustle, as the moment which best afforded the means of escape.

With the arrival of reinforcements to the troops of Catherlogh, in the mean time, the Knight of Palestine had shaken off his inactivity and paternal sorrow. The little army was mustered; its ranks, or rather its rear, swelled with many volunteers from amongst the loyal burgesses of Catherlogh, who were eager to wash away the affront and reproach of want of vigilance and activity put upon them by the rescue of the important prisoner from Whittle's on the preceding night. Deloraine's regiment of horse were also at the rendezvous, and some of its officers were, for reasons not publicly known, all as eager as the citizens, to take vengeance upon the pestilent Rapparee.

They began their march, and entered upon the hostile country without, as usual, meeting with any resistance. Neither pass, nor ravine, nor rock, nor opposing hill-side—no ground, however apt and opportune for defence, showed any symptoms of a Rapparee. The outlaw population seemed to have taken flight for some similar region, to return, no doubt, when their own wilds were again rid of their enemies. Bodies of troops had certainly been sent in other quarters, to intercept the fugitives, and shut in O'More's people in their bogs and hills; but over such an extent the performance of such a duty was impossible. The troops advanced, however; the Knight of Palestine determined this once to reach and destroy the den of the ruffian, that had so long been to him a dangerous and unpunished neighbour. Different tracks were pursued by different bodies of the invaders; no one, however, unseen by, or uncommunicating with the others; and the little army having thus traversed a part of the region without encountering an enemy, united again its different bands on the verge of the morass, not many hours before crossed by Lady Auchinlech and her captors.

The leaders were of course not ignorant of the existence and situation of the Rapparee's den. Sir Christopher had often ardently desired to pay it a hostile visit; but force sufficient had never been at his command, until the late outrage, or repeated outrages of O'More, joined with the fears of

Government of an approaching insurrection, had put into the Knight's power the means of gratifying his wish.

The line of the causeways, of two of them at least, was chosen, and the troops advanced into the morass, Deloraine's horse being compelled to remain behind on the high and dry shore, where they were ordered to cut off the retreat of fugitives. For this purpose they extended their patrol as far round the brink as they could without separating. It was a difficult march for the soldiers, who soon lost all appearance of order, and scrambled on as they might, leaving divers stragglers of their body stuck beyond all possibility of extrication. Here they first encountered opposition. A fire was of a sudden opened upon them, seemingly from the very bog itself, which it seemed idle to reply to. The men of O'More in ambush, were all, in fact, up to their chins in water, their hands and heads, and the arms they bore being among the rushes : and as a kind of camp entrenchment thrown up to protect each submerged bank, a large bog-fosse was formed and placed in front of their ambush, and all approach to it so intersected and insecure, that it was seldom and with difficulty that the soldiers could reach their enemies, and even in some cases when they had reached, they found it as difficult to find them. The troops had great numbers of wounded in this ugly warfare ; and now and then when the head of a Rapparee was descried and seized, the half-drowned wretch pulled up by his wild shock hair, and instantly slain, he was reconsigned to his bog-hole.

Despite of these impediments, that occurred as often as the ground lent itself to them, the troops and the Knight made progress, and Ulick O'More was in despair. He had resolved with a devoted band of his followers, to charge upon the causeway his advancing foes : but their warching in two bodies and in such number, disconcerted him : while in combat with one, his retreat and strong-hold would be taken by the other, nothing remained but flight.

His wooing was thus seriously interrupted. Some time before the near approach of the red-coated enemies, he had entrusted his fair prisoner once more to Garret O'Mahon's keeping and guidance, bidding him make for the hills opposite those occupied by the soldiery, and thence proceed to await him at an appointed spot, far out of the reach of the Williamites. The order for her escape was given in time. In their traversing the rest of the bog, they could perceive

the troopers of Deloraine's extending their numbers around it; and when they gained the brink, and horses were procured for them, some of the leading horsemen, amongst whom an officer was conspicuous, spurred towards them, attracted, no doubt, by the female habit, and the seeming urgency of the lady's flight.

Willomer at once conjectured who it was, and although he was no longer excited by the momentary humour, in which wine and the councils of Morley had the greatest share of the preceding evening, to win and serve the beautiful widow, still, for the sake of vengeance upon the Rapparee, he would have been glad to capture and rescue her back from his hands. Lady Auchinlech, too, might have guessed and favoured it by lingering, as any fate was preferable to the thralldom of Ulick, especially when in discomfiture and ill-humour. Garret O'Mahon, however, during the last traverse, had shown symptoms of an inclination to throw off his lately-assumed allegiance to O'More—ties which common discomfiture, in his idea, had broken. When Lady Auchinlech had proposed the escape of both to the coast of Waterford, and thence to France, young O'Mahon did not seem averse to at once putting himself in safety, and proceeding to the French King's or the Stuarts' Court with a high claim for a gallant character and for reward, in having rescued a lady known and admired in both. To be the companion and protector of the said lady was not without its charm; and the selfish youth determined to forsake his family,—whom, nevertheless, he could in no wise aid by remaining at home,—as well as O'More, in pursuance of his own immediate interest and safety. Even a farewell was not taken by him; and instead of betaking themselves to the rendezvous appointed by Ulick in the far hills, to which he intended to retreat, Garret O'Mahon and Lady Auchinlech soon turned southwards, in the direction of Waterford, and escaped from the immediate danger of being intercepted with more good fortune than had attended the lady's former attempt of the kind under the protection of Chief Roger.

Ulick O'More, in the mean time, retreated also from the seat of his forefathers; so he dignified his cave; and he lamented its approaching profanation by the feet of the Saxon enemy, in terms far more exaggerated and poetical and pathetic, than he made use of some hours after, when informed of the treachery of Garret and the escape of his destined

bride. He retreated, lion-like, exchanging shots and blows with his pursuers. These soon planted their flag upon the topmost mound of O'More's retreat, though upon looking back to their long line of disabled, and dead, and struggling, with which the morass was covered, they might very well remark, that the possession of the outlaw's den had been dearly purchased. The Knight resolved to complete his destruction. Its foundations and arches were undermined and bored ; the ammunition, useless against a fast-flying enemy, was copiously employed for these purposes of vengeance, which would endure as a trophy of success. The Williamites retired from the rocky mound : and in a few minutes all that remained of the ancient Castle of the Chief, or the modern cave of the Rapparees, was shattered into a black and ruined mass.

The fugitive outlaws marked the explosion, and it exasperated them in no slight degree. They still pressed on their flight, and they had need to press it, since Deloraine's horse, warned by the escape of Garret O'Mahon in what direction the Rapparees were likely to pass, were gathering towards the morass to intercept and charge them. Placed between two bodies of foes, the outlaws pushed on to attack the weaker ; for the horse, scattered on all sides of the morass, could not collect in any great body. A considerable number of O'More's men were armed with sythes, set straight on the end of poles, and other weapons of the spear-kind, which Ulick had intended to make use of in charging his enemies. With these in their front, the outlaws marching in a close body, as soon as they emerged from the bog, received the charge of the troopers. It did not disperse them. Their fire, on the contrary, thinned the ranks of the horsemen ; and the outlaws, firm from nature as well as desperation, gained in their flight towards the heathy hill, where the dragoons would infallibly be worsted. These redoubled their efforts, and in the several shocks more confusion ensued on both sides ; man grasped and fought with man, and it became evident, despite their obstinacy, that Deloraine's men would fail in arresting the progress of their enemies.

Willomer commanded the dragoons. He was brave, and a good officer, and did all in his power to make Ulick O'More captive. He even aimed personally at him in their rencontres, and the Rapparee more than once shrunk in good time from the blow of his sabre. Ulick possessed

equal courage and address, but was baffled often in his attempt to grasp his foe, or drag him to the ground, by the curvets, the passing and almost human sagacity of the horse which the English officer rode, a gallant gray ; no other, indeed, than Roger O'Mahon's cherished Saint Gris, which his captor had appropriated to himself.

At length the greater part of the dragoons were disabled, and but a few followed the retreating outlaws ; an obstinacy, the less dangerous, as they had altogether exhausted their ammunition, and could resist only with sword and pike. Ulick himself covered the retreat of his men, and kept at bay Willomer, who was the most indomitable of his foes.

"The thoughts of yester-night must be in your spurs, Master Officer," said Ulick, "or you would abandon what you cannot achieve."

"If I win fair dafnes, it shall not be by force," replied the Major.

"'Twill be by guile then ; not more honourable. Each uses his weapon. If I am a rude, thou art a polished ruffian. Thou hast poisoned the innocent thoughts of one, almost a child, of the noblest and oldest blood in the land, one to whom the Saxon is but dross. I know it ; I have heard it, and I would take vengeance for the same, if you come to close quarters."

"Pretty tales for soldiers to banter—have at you, Master Outlaw !" And the English officer rode straight upon O'More. The Rapparee had by this time become accustomed to the sapient manœuvres of the gray steed and avoiding his awful plunge, he gained his flank, warded with his short sword the down-stroke of Willomer, and seizing him with his left hand, dragged him to the ground. Here they struggled and fought an instant, on more equal terms ; and during it, Ulick contrived to inflict on his adversary a smart wound. 'Twas not enough, however, to disable him, and some dozen of dragoons were riding up to the support of their commander. O'More, therefore, watched his opportunity, and flinging himself upon Saint Gris, who stood by, impartially awaiting the issue of the combat, he spurred him towards his retreating band, his wound and weakness disabling Willomer from retaining either the outlaw or the gray steed.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE expedition against the outlaw, O'More, having thus in a manner terminated, for the small body of troops ordered to follow his retreat, had small hopes of tracking, far less of capturing him, the little army was withdrawn from the morass, not without having left some comrades behind, and resumed its triumphant march back to Catherlogh. Few of O'More's people were made prisoners; some few, however, were so, and these, in order to escape the sword of the Williamites, promised to point out the spot where lay the remains of young Burton, and M'Crosky. A party of the military, accompanied by the Knight of Palestine, clambered up the Eagle's Nest accordingly, and marks of the horrid punishment inflicted by the Rapparee on the unfortunate Sub-sheriff, were manifest to the eyes of the Williamites. The Knight had reason to regret his imperfect revenge. His childless hall was brought to his mind, with all the promises and hopes long associated with him, who was now but a mis-shapen mass before him. Generous as he was, his impartiality was not so strong as to lay the blame of his fate upon his imprudent son; and as the Knight cast his eye over the distant prospect, over the wilds that extended beneath the height he stood on, he paused to mark if he could catch any marks of the outlaw's flight, and he thought if it were still possible to turn again and pursue him to the last gasp. The march forward, nevertheless, continued.

The wound of Willomer was in the arm, and not of dangerous or material consequence: it did not prevent him returning on horseback, though the exertion might inconvenience him. When, therefore, it was signified to the commander of Deloraine's, that a small body of horse should be dispatched to take possession of a mansion in the neighbourhood, the late conduct of whose proprietor was suspected, Willomer asked to be allowed to command them. He knew the suspected mansion could be no other than that of O'Mahon; and to be at once the inmate and master of it, suited his every view. His superior officer advised him rather to seek a medical man in Carlow; Willomer pleaded extreme fatigue, the vicinity of the house to be occupied, and his greater need of repose than of aught else. Then the

command but suited a subaltern. Willomer was contented, he said, to waive his rank, provided he could have repose away from the noise and turmoil of the garrison.

"All night long," said he, "these good citizen volunteers will be firing *feus de joye* for their victory over O'More's bog-hovel. For heaven's sake, let me be out of hearing of them, quiet in yonder woods."

"But the family of the proud Irish rebel will be any thing but kind toward a wounded officer of Her Majesty," urged the kind old Colonel.

Willomer could scarcely repress a smile, but did repress it to add that, "his troop-servant was nurse enough for him."

Colonel ——— of course acquiesced, and Willomer, followed by a certain number of the dragoons of his regiment, turned from the line of march, in the direction of Corramahon.

It was not very distant; Willomer led the way without a guide, exciting some astonishment in his red-coated followers, by the perfect knowledge of the ground which he displayed, and which it was incomprehensible to them how he could have procured. As they rode over the very ground where O'More, but a short time since, had caught the idea of snatching the captive Lady Auchinlech to himself, Willomer's anxieties were no longer directed towards that noble dame, but towards the lovely maiden of Corramahon, of whom he was really enamoured, if ever woman truly touched him.

As he descried the roof of the venerable old mansion in the grove beneath him, he began to reflect, a thing unusual to him, on the views with which he approached it: they were certainly not honest—scarcely honourable, though an indecision hung over them, so as to satisfy his conscientious moments, that he could not be the villain, which he sometimes meditated. All this misgiving train and tone of thought the gay Willomer, of any other day or morn, would have shaken off, and put every whisper of conscience or of high feeling to the rout, by a quotation from Rochefoucault or Farquhar, or De Grammont: but in the last twenty-four hours he had suffered two discomfitures: he was wounded too, slightly but painfully; he was weak, low-spirited, nervous also, for he fancied that fortune had declared against him, not capriciously, but in retributive justice for his insidious and unworthy plans. An incredible weakness, this, for his age, his years, and his profession; 'tis, however, but

what the boldest of us in all ages have been subject to, and what the light-hearted and ignorant man of the world, above all others, falls into when deprived of the buoyancy of his natural spirits, and left to float upon his small stock of good sense. No one is so hippish as the wit or the buffoon.

He literally loved Rachel O'Mahon, however, as far as he was capable of the sentiment; and this inspired him with ever-recurring bursts and qualms of generous thought, which did not at all harmonize with the spirit of a gay gentleman of that day, and which, causing him a vast deal of uneasiness, it required all the raillery of his friends and his own, all their good examples, and all the dire and selfish thoughtlessness of a regimental life, — I cannot call mess and parade a military one, — to keep down. Even at present the spirit of good and evil fought within him, and neither could gain the ascendancy. It was necessary, as usual, to still the combatants, and defer to decide betwixt them, thus leaving chance to guide events, and so take much of the responsibility upon itself. Such is the favourite path, such the usual moral sophism of the weak and the bad mind.

Meantime the party of troops approached the house, and some few kept at different points around, whilst the rest, with their commander, rode into the court. There was a bustle within, as if preparing for defence. The troopers dismounted hastily to take possession of the ever-open door, and were met in the threshold by the chief force of the attacked fortress, consisting of old Shulah alone, formidable, armed with more than one kitchen utensil. The soldiers, however brave, certainly shrunk from spit and flesh-fork in the hands of an old woman, and Shulah might have the honour of driving the enemy from the breach, and shutting the door in their faces, the utmost triumph she meditated, had not the bland salutation of Willomer reached her.

"What, my old friend, Mistress Ursula, to offer a spit's point, instead of a spit's burden, to an old friend, and on Corramahon threshold too!"

This did not all allay Shulah's warlike and angry determination, until she looked at Willomer, pale, with his arm bound up, and indeed no longer himself.

"Hullabaloo?" exclaimed the old woman in a term that I shall not translate, — "by the powers, it's baten ye've been! and it's myself that's glad of it. Ulick O'More for ever! And he's give you your skin-fulls of broken bones.

"Troth then, you're welcome, as poor baten divils, or the misfortunate, C—— (save and help 'em!) ever was to Corramahon. Come in, agra! You shall have the best of the noggin, and the trencher, and the fire-side, and if that won't cure you, what will?"

The way thus opened, the dragoons entered, a part of them taking possession of the kitchen, not a little pleased at Shulah's hospitality, while they understood her tongue too little to comprehend the reason of it. The rest proceeded to stable their steeds in the spacious outhouses that surrounded the bawn. Willomer himself took another direction, and started upon the Aireach slumbering in his chair, tended by Rachel, who, with a glance now and then reverted towards her father, was seeking to catch or learn the cause of the bustle without. She started upon beholding Willomer, but uttered a far louder and more painful exclamation on observing his altered appearance.

The lovers had separated ere the Aireach could shake off his lethargic slumber.

"Who, what is it?" exclaimed he; "'tis vain, Ulick, 'tis useless, to goad me. I am old in body, old in will; the last of the O'Mahons is dead, even whilst he lives. Go thy ways; fight if you will, or lie in your cave; there is no good fortune for Ireland in the book of fate. Ha! head of me, I am mistaken! 'tis an officer armed. Sir, I am your prisoner—take me and my lands; bind me, and deliver them to the Saxon;—but spare my daughter. I forgive all but him who harms *her*. I keep my curse, a father's curse for that."

"You dream, father. This is Major Willomer, our ancient acquaintance, who hath eaten and drank with us. You are no prisoner."

"I would your assertion was true, Rachel," said Willomer; "but your father has divined the fact. All that Corramahon contains are prisoners."

"To you."

"To the Queen's order."

"Alas! you then are our gaoler?"

"Would you have a harsher one? Why, I sought the office, begged for it, intrigued for it. Knowing that Corramahon was to be occupied by troops, I obtained the command, lest some rude subaltern should have come to intrude here, or some careless one, who would have turned the house into free quarters."

" 'Twas kind, Sir, 'twas considerate, if meant so," said the Aireach. " But God knows the heart of the English stranger, if it be capable of aught, save perfidy."

" Nay, father, these are old-world, and unjust ideas. I am sure—"

" Your father has had reason for them, young lady, in his unprosperous life. He has a right to entertain them, and I no desire greater than to disprove them."

" Your paleness—this bound up arm—whence comes it?" asked Rachel.

" We have been destroying O'More's den this morning, and as the rogue showed some little fight, I got a scratch, and something more serious. It was impossible to catch the outlaw—the fellow has wings, at least in his own bogs and wilds, and he escaped; with not many of his gang, however."

Rachel had run for Shulah, who was the medical personage of the household, to come and exert her skill upon Willomer's arm.

The Aireach exclaimed, " And my son, Sir Englishman, my son, was he not in this fight?"

" For your consolation, Sir, I can say, he was not. I saw him, for methinks it was he, escorting a lady, and with good speed."

" A lady! whom, for Heaven's sake! and whither?"

" Your sister Susan, Aireach, the Lady Auchinlech, whom O'More had possession of, and whom my old acquaintance, Garret O'Mahon, hath joined fates with; for some of our troopers followed them far, and saw them turn southward from O'More's country. They were bound, I'll be sworn, for Waterford and France."

" Heaven speed thee, my son! Fair winds bear thee! 'Tis a father's prayer to see thee no more in this ill-fated land."

Even Willomer was touched at the old man's sorrow, who had no time to regret that his only son had not bidden him adieu; and the pity of the English officer was increased from knowing the utter worthlessness of that wretched son. Shulah in the mean time had placed her patient on a couch, and was acting leech, under Willomer's control however, who would hear of no remedy either torturing or complex; and Shulah had great faith in both.

Ignatius in the meantime could not comprehend the fantastic ubiquity of Lady Auchinlech, now guarded by Roger

O'Mahon in her flight, now a prisoner to the Williamites, the next moment in the power of O'More, and then flying with Garret. Willomer, however, explained the chief source of wonder by giving an account of the scene at Master Whittle's, of which he did not altogether conceal his own share from his present hearers. He confessed to have himself found means of ingress to the house of Whittle, and to have offered escape to the prisoners, which Roger O'Mahon, by some unaccountable obstinacy, would not take advantage of. O'More lurking near, as the officer very truly told, had taken advantage of the preparations, and of the open that he found, to bear off the lady to his den. From Willomer's account it would appear, although it was not expressly put forward, that friendship for the uncle of Rachel was the only motive of his night-attempt upon the abode of the Carlow magistrate.

"My poor brother," said Ignatius, "with his high, his soldier-like views of honour, determines to meet his enemies; as if a Williamite court and judge presented a fair field! Alas! how will he be mistaken? We shall be on the same bench. I know of old the ways of those bloodhounds of an unjust law, and our innocent words shall be construed into accusations of one another." Ignatius gave way to his melancholy thoughts, and then burst forth:—"What a vain, light-headed, and light-hearted savage is Ulick O'More! the morning coming as my daughter's suitor, the eve bringing ruder homage to our friend, the noble widow of the envoy, and all the time a price upon his head."

Willomer here learned for the first time, that the Rapparee had been doubly his rival; and his imperfect or baffled vengeance stung him the more.

"But 'tis the mode of the day, caught up from our dear rulers, the English, to be fickle to woman; and the very barbarians of the wilds have learned it. Ye import vanity and vice to occupy and corrupt us, Sir Stranger, whilst ye bring tyranny and chains to load us with. Just similar is your way of traffic to all rude lands, as mariners tell us. You stretch forth toys and beads to the wondering savage, whilst you hold your weapons with the other to awe or slay him."

"Willomer could not help feeling that his conduct had been pretty much the counterpart of that of Ulick, which thus called down the peevish censure of the Aireach—far more criminal, indeed, than the Rapparee's impetuously fol-

lowed whims. He was obliged to parry as gently as he might the attacks of his host and prisoner, both upon his English birth and feelings, and upon his necessary worthlessness as a gay gallant of the day. A witticism or good-humoured denial was all the resistance he made; and both Rachel and her father gave him credit for his forbearance.

Shulah could not proceed so amicably with her guests, whom she began soon to think far too numerous. The quantity of fat bacon that disappeared from before them was quite awful, quite out of proportion with what would have satisfied economical native stomachs; and Shulah, who looked with a housewife's eye to O'Mahon's interest, began to tremble for the goodly store of ham and flitch that adorned the rafters of her kitchen. The fellows too laughed and talked like conquerors; and Shulah, who made divers unsuccessful attempts at comprehending their English provincial twang and bullisms, vowed at length to St. Patrick, "that the Englishers were far worse brogueneers ten million times,"—Irish arithmetic deals in no numbers less than thousands and millions,—“nor the Connaught men.” Shulah's discontent soon made an appeal to her master, and this revealed to her the truth, that the guests whom, in kindness of heart, she welcomed, were no other than the gaolers of the family, the proof of which was to be seen in the armed sentinel, who always paced the bawn. Thus war was commenced in the lower part of the household, as peace and confidence reigned in the upper betwixt the guard and guarded.

Days rolled past in this state of things, the Aireach resting in his lethargy, from which the kindness as well as the designs of Willomer would not allow him to be aroused. Thus the officer kept his troops in strict subordination; obtained provision for them from the town, despite the order he received to live upon the rebel O'Mahon; and even the legal processes on paper, which from time to time arrived or were served, as the term is, at Corramahon, were not allowed to reach Ignatius, lest they might rouse him to fiercer bursts of indignation than those which he habitually vented. These had influence upon Rachel, and indisposed her to all the tenderness of the English officer: they were therefore to be avoided. To her it was represented that the thick-coming citations would but injure the health of Ignatius: they were therefore with her consent dispatched to Roger

O'Mahon, retained in Carlow prison, or to the courageous man of law, who managed the affairs and had undertaken the defence of the devoted family of Carramahon.

Willomer had thus all the scope that he could have wished for his designs upon Rachel. No friend was near to warn, to guard, to interfere. All were scattered, all aloof; and her only parent was for the most part sunk into the stupor which precedes the dissolution of a weak and over-exhausted frame. The girl herself was untaught; she had known no mother's tending, and had stored in her memory no precepts that time and their justice, and the mouth which delivered them, might hallow. Religious instruction too was wanting; that had not come to supply the want of all others. The law frightened from the land every minister of the national worship, and forbid the perpetration of instruction by them under pain of death. Ignatius could never supply all these wants. He early sunk in the self-abandonment that marked the individual Irish Catholic of that day, as well as it marked the collected mass. All tended to ruin, all was forced to degenerate under the iron code that pressed on them. The Irishman was shut up to himself; commerce, social or intellectual, was denied him; nay, even that of honest gain and livelihood was taken from him.

"The herd is condemned to rot in the pasture, the child in his father's hall. Like the plague of Egypt, the laws made by the English for the Irish fall both on man and beast."

So complained an Irish writer of the time, alluding at once with a strange but not infelicitous combination to the law for preventing the exportation of Irish cattle, and to that for preventing the education of the young Irish either at home or abroad.

The "child rotting in his father's hall," was not exaggerated, as has been seen in the conduct of Garret O'Mahon, — a conduct of which the private history of that day offers numerous examples. And his sister Rachel was equally abandoned to the insidiousness of a man of the world, unarmed but by native modesty and a sense of pride. The insolent approach of the seducer she no doubt had spurned; but the wily arts of assailing womanhood, which formed the most prized science and accomplishment of the day, — of these she was ignorant; against these, as they came in ho-

nourable guise, she was not prepared. Nor knew she how to discern in the peculiar language or waverings of a lover the yet hidden proof that his heart was false and his views dishonourable.

The gloom which circumstances flung over Rachel most annoyed Willomer, and counteracted his attempts at persuasion. There is a solidity of mind accompanying sorrow that renders it acute, that arms it, and that makes the deceiver, the trifler, or the false one shrink. Willomer had rather have seen the light-hearted, vain, capricious girl whom first he knew, and first was taken by. Not that she was less fascinating to him, surrounded by the interest of filial sorrow and feeling; but as he was compelled in some degree at least, to wear the same feelings and thoughts, or feign them, these constrained him, and even wrought compunction in him, which at times threatened to deliver up him into her power, rather than her into his. Such a conclusion shocked him excessively, as the most dreadful of all chances: it would ruin his character as a man of the world, belie all his boasts, expose him to everlasting ridicule. Vanity, in short, had so encircled him, that to be honest was impossible.

"Whither have all your spirits fled, my pretty Rachel? They used to be so buoyant."

"Fled with the peace of home, with the last gleam of good fortune."

"Nay, but the threatened storm may blow over; Sir Christopher himself, I am assured, relents, and will intercede with Government. Your brother is safe, your uncle with scarcely a crime to his charge; your father escapes from painful thoughts in a seasonable lethargy, that good fortune may dissipate, like a rising sun."

"But did fortune ever so smile in all these ways, could you, Willomer, expect me to be gay—or do you hope, or can you wish ever to see me again the thoughtless girl?"

"And why not? These clouds, that I spoke of, blown over, have you not all causes of happiness? Are you not beloved? Do you not love?"

"True," said Rachel, looking down; "but that is such a serious kind of happiness, that even were its hopes made sure, I think I should wear the mien of almost sadness still."

"What a promise of dolefulness! Now with me, 'tis strange, thoughts of thee have a most contrary effect. I could play the fool with over-mirth, fly almost, if imagination

could give me wings, or 'pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,' with a most 'easy leap.'"

"Whence come, then, Willomer, all those sentiments you whisper, those railings against the world, those praises of retirement, where hearts are united in freedom; and all the pictures of happy love, that you draw? surely they are not gay. Do you not place them rather in the sombre shade?"

"Ha!" and Willomer vented what was half ejaculation, half laugh. "See the contradictoriness of our nature! I, whose life has been in the world, whose principle has been gaiety, build my ideal bower of bliss in soft retirement, removed from the hum, the envy, the pestering passions, the prejudices and turmoil of the world. Thou, whose few years have been spent in retirement, nurtured in sentiment, and whose sensibilities and feelings, put forth and cherished here in solitude, would be rudely checked and hurtled in the world, yet *there*, in the very midst of its throng, in the blaze of admiration and gaiety and noisy joy, there you build your castle. Have I caught you,—have I penetrated your thoughts, young Mistress? Nay, 'tis vain to deny, I see it."

"And I do not deny," said Rachel, "since you charge me with it, with what I have of hope and curiosity I look worldwards."

"Whilst I, who have known its hollowness, look to the cottage and grove."

"But I would form the conclusion for myself, and then no misgivings would come to discontent me."

"I would forsake all for thee, Rachel."

"When you find all worthless."

"She is sharp-witted," said Willomer to himself, "and I must press this argument no further, lest I awaken suspicions that I preach against the world and its prejudices with a view to our setting aside prejudices or laws at nought. But I have been on the wrong scent, labouring to undermine principle where there is none; and to sophisticate feeling, where good sense is too strong to permit it. She is vain, proud, and desires to shine. Her affection has thus its dross mingled with its gold, as mine has. Here the tongue will never effect the conquest; artifice or trick must aid. But is this right? though in love, as in war, all stratagems are sanctioned—by success."

At other times, the suitor would act the sentimental and the impassioned, and in these Rachel joined with full enthu-

siasm. Her discernment was not then awakened, as it was when Willomer approached her with false reasoning, or insidious colouring of things. She was not experienced enough to perceive that the ardour of her lover was not the true; that it was exaggerated; eloquent sometimes in language, but never in silence,—so inconsistent too, seemingly, in its views and wishes, that such could not proceed from one all-occupying sentiment, but were each evidently feigned and brought forth for the occasion and the immediate effect. Willomer loved to quote Dryden; and the extravagant and false heat of the bard, and his “Almanzors,” suited his passion. Rachel loved poetry; it was new to her. What other language then can express the train and extravagance of thought?

In the character of Willomer, as here sketched, rather the worst qualities of the gay man of that day have been delineated; and these certainly were most prominent. To be a woman-killer was the first requisite for fashion. The next was, to be possessed of wit, and consequently of taste, of information, and to be master of a certain circle of light and elegant studies. Willomer was wanting in none of these; and if they rendered him the more dangerous, they made him the more sensible and agreeable companion. He knew of and possessed the early works of Pope, that young and promising poet, of whom rumours already ran in the coffee-houses: and the English gallant had actually brought from England during his last trip, the “Rape of the Lock,” that charming poem, in which the vanity of womankind is at once immortalized, and visited with so fine an irony, that no flattery could be more intoxicating to them. With such topics and occupations did he beset the mind of Rachel, introducing her to new ideas, new pleasures, whilst she looked up to him as to a being of stamp and clay superior to what her rude country produced.

Despite of all this mastery acquired, Willomer could not overcome the pure, and true good sense of Rachel by any of his sophisms. Her pride, the acquired pride of birth, and innate pride of nature, served her as noble instincts, pointing too directly to what was right and honourable, to admit of her sinking into the certain views of “Gods and things and men,” that at times he would have her. And she, though she withheld conviction, entertained no suspicion, deeming such arguments to be merely plays of intellect, and pursuits

akin to the reasonings of taste and criticism, which the perusal of verse, or the sight of Nature, were apt to excite betwixt them. The means, in fact, which Willomer had put in practice to degrade the mind of the artless girl, had, on the contrary, communicated to it new dignity and force.

It was reported; in the mean time, amongst the officers in garrison, that troops were to be called from Ireland to England. The Queen's death was thought not distant; and there were fears of a rebellion, of a struggle—England, in fine, offered more symptoms of fever than even Ireland, which had been too well physicked and bled to admit of the same. Morley sent off word to his friend the Major at Corramahon, who wrote in answer:—

“Your tidings are welcome, Morley. I am sick of ruralizing, as ever I was of recruiting; and not from satiety, which I feel nought of, except touching the sight, I was going to say, of green fields, but I may truly say, of a closed sick-room, and no sweet-seeming farm-court. Recruiting! why, 'tis paradise to this—there is more true game to be had in your smallest town than here, and with one-tenth part of the beating.

“—on the chit; I am almost sick of the pursuit. A dozen of fine ladies would have given less trouble. Those who know the world, let you have your answer or divine it, one way or other, in some trifling space: but she knows nought under heaven, save what is in her mirror and her imagination. How she reasons! She had made as great a reasoner as the Spectator—and—as to love, I have knelt every way—and have not pleased her? ask you in surprise.—’Sdeath, man! I have pleased her, rapt, fascinated, mystified her; raised her to the seventh heaven of Platonic nonsense—but nothing comes of it. She is so susceptible; so proud, so delicate, so lovely, that I actually stand in awe of her, and shall in some weak moment sacrifice myself at her feet without thy aid and counsel.

“I must run to the old stratagem. ’Tis common-place, mean, wrong, if you will—I never thought to be compelled to stoop to it—but what to do?—abandon the game after such a pursuit?—no—I must have the old, damned, stage-trick of a mock parson, Morley. And then—why I can always make her amends, you know, and it leaves me free. But it must be artfully managed; nothing slovenly, no rent in the surplice for the cloven-foot to come through, for she is keen-

eyed as Lucifer. And what necessitates the measure, as well as hastens, is the stirring news you send me? Are we to have the Stuarts back? Nothing would surprise me; for never, surely, was an aristocracy more rotten and be-perjured, every way, than ours, nor yet one more capable of great things. Greatness! such are thy tools!

“ADIEU.”

Such was the communication of Major Willomer to his confidant, at the very time that his language changed towards the daughter of O'Mahon. He quitted the vague, the argumentation, the impassioned trifling, that had hitherto been his converse, and at one began to propose and press the step of a secret union.

A public one would have been at the moment impracticable. On her part it would anger her father, perhaps to death; and he had also reasons of prudence to assign. But why precipitate it? The regiment was about to be ordered for. This alarmed Rachel's fears. The bond once sealed, separation would at least be supported by mutual confidence. But why dwell on scenes and arguments so oft occurring both on page and in life?

CHAPTER XVII.

MEANTIME the law did not slack in its pursuit of the O'Mahons. Every form was gone through, every warning given. Ignatius O'Mahon himself was declared by a medical gentleman incapable of responding, or of being moved from Corramahon. He was represented as on the point of death, and Willomer had not been a little instrumental in procuring the document, which thus saved his host from the town-prison, and which left him and his daughter under Willomer's own guardianship at Corramahon. Certain commissioners, however, came out to him, and no doubt all the ceremonies and circumstances necessary to legal exactness were gone through.

Proofs were abundant of the diverse crimes alleged against the family. The conversion of Garret O'Mahon to the Pro-

testant religion, and his subsequent relapse, rendered him incapable of inheriting or possessing lands in the country ; and there was somewhat more criminal proved in his connection with the Rapparee O'More, that rendered his flight prudent, and his outlawry inevitable. The accusation against Ignatius and Roger, was their having abetted and produced this relapse on the part of their son and nephew. For this act of parental and natural influence—the crime, and its being considered such, instantly transports one in imagination to the Church of the East, to the countries where Islamism prevails, and where the bigot Mahometan punishes the act of differing with him after having once agreed with him, with death—for this supposed act, the brothers, if found guilty of it, were to incur the penalties of premunire, before explained, their lands forfeited, their persons outlawed, &c. Lest, however, this should fail, a charge of conspiracy and treason was got up. The midnight mass of the Hermit's Well was asserted to be, and indeed proved unfortunately, in a degree, to have been a treasonable meeting, though the wretched emissary, who spoke from the altar with the friar and one or two others, could alone be said to participate in the treasonable thought. The Rapparee's audacity and attempt was coupled with this,—his visits to Corramahon known,—the presence of Garret in his band equally notorious, and a hundred other circumstances were carefully collected to damn with overwhelming evidence the last remnant of the old and obnoxious house of O'Mahon.

Roger's refusal to escape told, however, in his favour : and, what had great influence in directing the course of justice into a fairer channel, the Knight of Palestine declared himself rather in favour of the O'Mahons ; thus, unlike his countrymen of the same race and rank, waiving all thoughts of sweeping vengeance, which, however seeming absurd, are most prevalent. The first step of bigotry is to consider a body of men, united by the tie of common religion, in the light of a savage tribe ; and then concluding, in a spirit similarly savage, that the wrong committed by one, is imputable to the body, as much as to the individual. Thus if the toe of the Irish peasant treads, on the kibe of the Anglo-Irish courtier, it is owing to his opinion upon transubstantiation, the Pope, and indulgences, more than to ought else.

Meantime the legal attempt to deprive the O'Mahons of their last nook of territory, raised a sensation in the

country, that really did look threatening. Louder thereon grew the instances of the ultra party to make an example,—of the moderate to forbear. In this crisis the proceedings were staid by an express order from the Lord Lieutenant, that the brother of O'Mahon should be sent up to the Castle of Dublin. His foes and friends were both delighted at this: the one opining the cause to be the discovery of more serious treason, of more extended conspiracy; others hoping better things from the mild character of the Viceroy.

The most cruel privations that the Chef O'Mahon suffered, was the being separated from his brother in their common difficulties. He was himself, since the rescue of Lady Auchinlech, guarded like a state prisoner of mighty importance; and although he had shown a manifest reluctance to escape, the gaoler at least suspected him the more, and they certainly in this were joined by the hot Williamites, the Orangemen of the day. He had expected, however, that Ignatius in this crisis would have at length put forth some activity; and that, by some means or other, he would have contrived to visit him in his prison. But this was really beyond the power of the Aireach, who was fast escaping from his enemies, and sinking into that lethargy, by which death is not unhappily preceded in overgrown and indolent subjects.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland at that time was, as has been no doubt before mentioned, the Duke of Shrewsbury, a mild, amiable, and even a timid character. He is one of those many great men amongst us, who, if he had not inherited consideration, would certainly never have achieved it. His timidity and political bashfulness, those very qualities that we should think would render a personage a cypher in political life, were precisely those which procured him influence. Although calling himself a Whig, and acting as a staunch friend to the principles of the Revolution, he kept aloof from the great men who upheld those principles. Somers indeed did not deign to court him, but Montagu did, and received but fair and evasive words in answer. He was equally courted by the Tories, and even trusted by them, as is evident from the offices he held. After the death of Queen Anne, he united in his own person three of the most important posts of the state.

His government of Ireland was of course but nominal. He was resident there for scarcely six weeks in the year;

and the little that he could then effect in the way of moderating or modifying the acts of the governing party, the great legal and church officers, those principally who were Lords Justices in his absence, was, the usual task of Irish Viceroy's, working at the web of Penelope. An individual act of benevolence, of justice, or of mercy, was almost the only good that lay in his power. And this faint prerogative Lord Shrewsbury was fond of exercising. He was at the same time, however, possessed of so little activity or application, that such opportunities of benevolence universally escaped him, except when some friend of the parties found the means of approaching him, of informing him of the circumstances, and exciting his interest thereon.

In the present case the rumour, which attended the persecution of the O'Mahons, might have attracted the Viceroy's attention. It threatened and disturbed the public tranquillity, and to obviate this, it were best to remove the cause. Lord Shrewsbury was about to sail for England instantly. His presence was required there, as the Queen's health was fast giving way ; and in the crisis that was about to occur there, a true lover of his country, like the Duke of Shrewsbury, knew how important it was to leave the most unruffled tranquillity behind him in the sister Isle.

Whether such were his motives or not, certain his dispatch arrived for Chief O'Mahon to be brought to Dublin. The prisoner was conveyed thither without loss of time, and honoured, moreover, with a lodgment in the Birmingham tower : this, still standing in all the dinginess of reality and sombreness of association, though degraded to be the keep of records, was of old the chosen dungeon for state prisoners of importance. It adjoined the Castle ; in modern Dublin phrase, stood in the Lower Castle-yard. And thus its inmates, removed from under the vulgar guardianship of common authorities, might be approached, and questioned, or perhaps disposed of, especially in the olden time, without those mysteries of state being noised or perhaps printed.

Roger O'Mahon had some strange misgivings, when he found himself immured in this fated tower. All soldier as he was, he shrunk from being silently disposed of in the *fossé* of a dungeon. He had rather have breathed the corrupt air of a more vulgar prison, than be so honoured ; but resignation succeeded to the last shrug ; and Roger O'Mahon

soon slept to dream of the Bastille, its fashionable and fearful places of lodgment.

On the morrow he was led from his apartment, summoned abruptly enough, and conducted by many a winding and suspicious passage. Roger made up his mind, at least, for an interrogatory before hard legal faces; he blessed himself that the torture was no longer a mode of cross-questioning, and he summoned up all his presence of mind to meet insidious questions, and to obviate unjust conclusions.

Instead of court and council-chamber, he was ushered into a cabinet, wherein sate a personage of noble but effeminate expression of countenance, diminutive, and rendered more so by the large peruke that surmounted it. The peruke, however, was not so utterly destitute of grace as those powdered and plastered absurdities that are in this day beheld. It was of brown hair, more naturally combed, and freely flowing: it framed-in the features, and perhaps gave them importance. From the place as well as from the personage, O'Mahon could not mistake in whose presence he stood.

Another figure present attracted O'Mahon's attention. It was that of a commanding female, foreign in aspect and in tongue, not without beauty. She leaned on the table at which the Duke sate, and spoke to him over it a few words in Italian. She eyed O'Mahon as he entered, as if her eyes were attracted to him by surprise. So thought O'Mahon; another would have read purpose and curiosity in the glance. she immediately retired.

Notwithstanding the interview that Roger O'Mahon was about to have with the Lord Lieutenant, he had time to recollect that her Grace the Duchess of Shrewsbury was a foreigner and an Italian. The story ran, that the Duke had formed an attachment to her, but abated afterwards in his ardour, wavered in his intentions, and hastily took his departure from the Italian city, in which she happened to reside. The fickle lover did not, however, escape. He was followed by the lady and her brother, overtaken at some place in Germany famed for crowds and mineral waters, (Spa probably,) and there compelled by the menace of both to wed the lady. One would willingly, for the sake of our country's courage, say the *tears* in lieu of the *menaces* of the lady. But the Duchess proved through life a "Tartar," and the poor Duke found, that in retreating from the turmoil of politics into the tranquillity of private life, he had

mistaken and inverted the qualities of each ; and this might be one of his motives for recurring to political life again. It was the Duchess whom O'Mahon, on entering, had seen.

The Duke proceeded to question O'Mahon respecting his visit to Ireland, its causes, and the circumstances that attended it. These the *Chef* detailed fully, and at some length, always asserting that a wish to revisit the place of his birth and the surviving members of his family was the only object of his coming. As this was asserted with some vehemence, the Duke smiled, and that smile was a source of huge perplexity to O'Mahon.

"Such," ejaculated he in French, it bursting forth involuntarily, and in an under-tone, "is ever the way with statesmen—they see treason and deep design in all acts, even the most natural and childish ones."

Waiving all argument of course, as dignity is ever bound to do, his Grace's unaccountable curiosity and desire of information turned to the circumstances of O'Mahon's family, of Ignatius, of the lands forfeited to the Burtons. From the questions with which the Viceroy now and then interrupted the *Chef's* recital, it was manifest that he already knew much of the story, and that he had heard of it from some other mouth than that of public fame ; for whilst he was aware of many particularities, a general and true view of events had not been conveyed to him.

"It has been sworn," said the *Chef*, "that at the mass of the Hermit's Well, the circumstances of which I have just recounted to your Grace, I joined with this Jacobite emissary to stir up the people to insurrection. I assert on the contrary, that both I myself and the people turned away from his words and mocked his counsel."

"This is very well, Sir," said the Viceroy ; "yet at the same meeting you were accompanied by a lady, the widow of a notorious eminent Jacobite envoy, to whom this preaching emissary was but a servant. Every thing indeed bears witness to your good sense, Mr. O'Mahon, that I admit. You despaired of this mighty insurrection and rebellion that was to be raised, and you opposed it. But will this clear you of political leaning ?"

"Our thoughts are free, may it please your Grace," said O'Mahon. "I thought that if we kept clear of overt acts we might speculate as we pleased. Laws may bind hands,
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but good and just government can alone bind hearts. Permit me, my lord, to call to your attention the late lesson that the English have taught us, when at the revolution they invaded and sacked our country, destroyed and outlawed us,—the lesson then taught us was, that treason may be a duty, and loyalty a crime, when the rights of the people are not respected—that as to oaths of allegiance, one might forfeit an estate for keeping them, that—”

“ You preach, Sir, but do not plead well, considering why you are here. I charge you with being intimate with the relict of the Jacobite Lord Auchinlech, and you answer me by a political tirade. I conclude you would turn me from the question, and that you seek not to answer it.”

Roger blushed at the supposition of his shrinking from a question, or of making use of any the least art to avoid answering one. His colour and confusion Lord Shrewsbury attributed to another cause. O'Mahon confessed that Lady Auchinlech was there under his protection, and that he intended escorting her to Waterford, that she might escape to France.

“ Whither she has since escaped with your nephew.”

“ I had not heard it before,” replied the *Chef* with surprise.

“ She was an inmate of Corramahon too, this lady, about whom so many are interested, O'Mahons, O'Mores,—Irish Rapparees, English dragoons. Is she handsome, this widowed lady !”

“ She is in truth,” replied Roger ; “ to my mind no one more so !”

“ Frankly spoken !”

“ I beg to mean not a tittle more than I speak.”

“ 'Tis well, Sir, 'tis well. You knew the lady in France ?”

“ I did,” quoth Roger, not firmly.

“ At Versailles, I think ? 'Tis very odd—I have some floating recollection to have heard—”

And Roger O'Mahon was ready to sink with a hundred mingled emotions at the duke's floating recollection. It was ever a painful and mortifying subject. But his Grace paused, observed the *Chef*, and recovered his severity, or rather his gravity, from which his good-natured temper was momentarily relaxing. “ What a wretched magistrate should I make,” thought he.

“ Well, Sir,” continued his Grace, “ you knew this lady in France intimately, at the very court of James, or of the

French King, or of both. Some time after she embarks for Ireland with her lord upon this treasonable mission; she loses her lord, and remains without a protector. You in the very moment embarked too for Ireland, for the purposes of visiting your family, as it should seem. And lo! in a week the widow of Lord Auchinlech is an inmate of Corramahon, so your house is called, I believe."

"I cannot deny a single fact of all this, which has been put together with an ingenuity that I could not have expected. I can but deny the inference."

"What inference, pray?"

"That I was privy to Lord Auchinlech's designs, or to his widow's political ones, if she had any."

"'Tis yourself has drawn it. What mine is, you shall learn. I seek to do justice; nay, more; to exercise the generous privileges of the prerogative entrusted to me, and to show my respect towards an ancient Irish family, mindless of its creed. One return I expect from Chef de Brigade O'Mahon, which is to communicate to me, for the sake of this kingdom's peace, all he may know respecting the insurrection meditated or attempted by the Jacobites."

O'Mahon thanked his Grace for his intended justice, but declared that he possessed no information that could repay it, if it were to be purchased. All he knew of Lady Auchinlech or her lord, all he had heard and witnessed, he had disclosed. No party had trusted him.

"Well, Sir," said the Duke, "I believe we may be contented, that whatever efforts may be made, or machinations carried on, to stir up Ireland at this moment will prove abortive. Let me speak of what concerns yourself and family, Mr. O'Mahon, about which I have been made to interest myself somewhat singularly."

"Your Grace will pardon my curiosity, if I am bold enough to ask to whose friendship I owe this attention towards so humble an individual."

"You will probably learn, Sir. Respecting the settlement of this process, your nephew Garret O'Mahon must be abandoned. He is an *enfant perdu*, convicted in an hundred ways and of every baseness."

"He is young," said Roger, "has been untaught, but will learn from adversity. He is the only heir of these poor lands, for which so many foes struggle."

"There is no use in pleading. On this point I am pe-

remptory. The law has pronounced outlawry against him justly, and we will not interfere. Exert your influence for him beyond sea: hither he never returns. Your brother, Sir, shall keep his lands, and shall have the King's pardon, if necessary:—I will disappoint the harpies that press his ruin."

Roger O'Mahon sank on his knee to kiss the hand of the Viceroy, and return him thanks for the fulness of generosity, which he thought all declared.

"You forget yourself, Mr. O'Mahon." Roger felt that he had done so, and awaited to hear his own fate. "You are aware," continued the Chief Governor, "that we must sacrifice somewhat to the dominant party here. They must be satisfied as well as you, (I explain myself to a man of secrecy and honour;) and your nephew's exile will never compensate in their idea for the restoration of so much good papist land. You must, therefore, expatriate yourself for some half dozen years, which, considering that the Continent, where you voluntarily passed your life, is to be your place of exile, cannot seem harsh or cruel to you."

It seemed very extraordinary to the Viceroy, that Chief O'Mahon should not be contented with this. "My brother," said he, "is represented as sinking into the grave."

"You may crave delay of any time, to attend him. Should it be so, it will be granted."

Roger pleaded, for the first time in truth, his attachment to Ireland, and his opinion that "exile was a punishment, especially for no crime; but he was contented," he added, "and must be grateful."

"'Tis very odd, Sir," said the Duke. "It is seldom, notwithstanding my station, that circumstances allow me thus to act the good genius, and I would do it to the full wish of all. Why, your friends all agree in pointing out France as your chosen land, as your earthly paradise."

"My friends!" quoth Roger; "friends, and in communication with your Grace!"

"Ay, in troth, I vouch the miracle, if it be one. Here are symptoms of a friend." The Duke took up and extended towards Roger a paper, and bade him look over it. 'Twas a statement of all the circumstances attending the O'Mahon case, drawn up with all the care and warmth of friendship. It was unsigned. Roger was puzzled. "It accompanied a dispatch," continued the Duke, "more brief, but of simi-

lar tenor from Sir Christopher Burton's of Palestine, a man whose word weighs much with me in this matter. Indeed, without it, I do not think I durst have stirred."

"This is not his writing," observed Roger.

"His clerk, probably," said the Duke, carelessly, and rising.

Roger O'Mahon did not utter what he observed, viz. that it was in a female hand, which he had no doubt to be that of Anastasia.

"And this, you see," said his Grace, "recommends your self-expatriation, as a thing agreeable to yourself, and satisfactory to your enemies."

"I am grateful," said Roger, "both to the generous Sir Christopher and to his clerk."

He then, after having warmly thanked the Lord Lieutenant for his interference and kindness, looked round for some one to re-conduct him to his prison. The Duke, however, signified, that O'Mahon was to follow him.

He led the way with a step somewhat infirm into an adjoining saloon, where sate the Duchess, a lady by her side, a foreigner also, it should seem, for they were conversing with all the rapidity and gesticulation of continentals, with the joyousness of acquaintances not met after long separation.

The Duke honoured Roger by mentioning his name, as he came forward to the Duchess. He made his obeisance, in some wonder where this scene would end; until, in answering a question, his eyes for the first time fell upon the features of the Duchess's companion. She was the ever-escaping, but never-departed Lady Auchinlech.

The widow of the Jacobite envoy enjoying the protection of the Chief Governor of Ireland! Even so. To reach Waterford, or escape from thence, they had found a most difficult enterprise. Master Garret had proved to be no doughty squire; and in an alarm caused by the sudden appearance of a band either of Rapparees, or Police, the son of O'Mahon had obeyed his panic rather than his gallantry, by flying and separating from his charge. Lady Auchinlech, thus abandoned, assumed the disguise of a peasant, travelled to the metropolis, and flung herself, as the best means of escape, on the generosity of the Viceroy's lady, with whom she had been intimate abroad. She was kindly received. Herself thus in safety, Lady Auchinlech's

thoughts recurred to the companion, of whose captivity and misfortune she had in part been the cause. What other feelings increased her interest, need not be examined. Her account interested the Duke and Duchess, and thus happily led to the active interference of the former.

A conversation of a gay complexion ensued betwixt O'Mahon and his liberators; and it was the more gay, as all were acquainted with those foreign tongues and topics which in nothing are more delightful than in their enlarging and varying their stock of exchangeable ideas. At length, when it had lasted so long, that the *Chef* thought his presence might weary his noble interlocutors, he alluded to his retiring to his lodgment.

"We shall no longer lodge you at our expense, Mr. O'Mahon," said the Duke; "you are free from our chains at least."

The expression made the allusion of our chains evident. Lady Auchinlech, who might have coloured, did not; but the bachelor O'Mahon did.

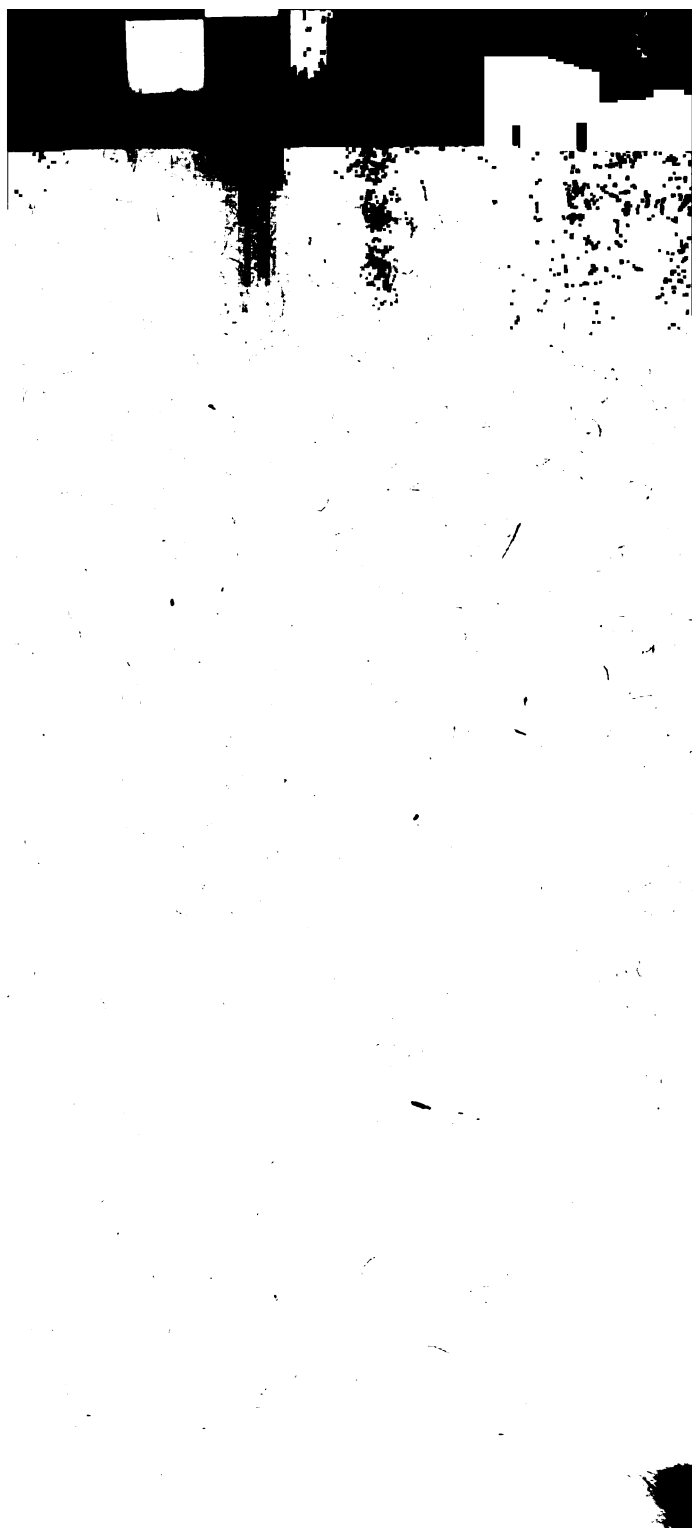
"We post for England in a day or two, Lady Susan, so we name her, in our suite. You, of course will be occupied for a time in Carlowshire; but we shall expect you in London in some time, to act the liberator to this lady, as she has done to you; and we will procure your passes to France."

"You will be of our private Ombre-party this evening, Mr. O'Mahon," said her Grace, "to make you some amends for your solitary prisons of last night."

This the Duke thought imprudent, as the presence of O'Mahon would be a terrible eye-sore to one or two of those, whom he called the Dominant, and who would be present. But even the policy of his Government could not urge him to interfere with the wishes of his lady. O'Mahon expressed himself naturally as one deeply honoured and highly grateful; his thanks to Lady Auchinlech were as copious, they were also as courteous; and there was none of that warmth and gallantry about them, that from some conjectures, the vice-regal pair—and vice-regals occupy their interests with things as trivial—seemed to expect.



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